


Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

VOL. XLVII., No. 5 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey NOVEMBER, 1909
George S. Viereck

A Review of the World

BOUT one-twentieth of all the inhabitants of this broad land of ours were massed on Manhattan Island last month, every day for a week, to help celebrate Hudson's discovery and Fulton's subjugation of the Hudson river. The population of the island was about doubled, one million visitors and another million of suburban sojourners, it is estimated, being added to New York's already congested millions of residents. Thirty-five nations sent representatives to see the big show and to participate therein. Five nations beside our own sent warships, and the cannonading that greeted the *Half Moon* and the *Clermont*, as they went somewhat ingloriously up the river, each at the end of a tow-line, lasted nearly two hours. There were water-parades and land-parades, day-parades and night-parades. Civic societies marched, the military marched, the children marched. Wright flew up the Hudson and Curtis fluttered a little around Governor's Island. The biplane in which the latter won the international cup at Rheims was on exhibition in one department store and the monoplane in which Bleriot crossed over the British channel was in another. Peary and Cook were here, the former with his victorious ship *The Roosevelt*. There were banquets and speech-makings, dedications of monuments that are or are to be, and art-exhibits. And when it was all ended in New York city, the towns and cities on both sides of the Hudson, up to Troy and Albany, took their turn and kept the joy-bells ringing for another week. Then, in a chain of signal-fires one hundred and fifty miles long, extending from Fort Wadsworth to the capitol hill at Albany, the world was informed that the celebration was all over.

NOT yet, however, have we mentioned the most remarkable feature of the whole celebration—the one thing that made it not

only big but magnificent. One parade is as much like another parade as one battleship is like another battleship. But the world has never before seen such a spectacle as was presented by the night-illuminations of New York City. Nowhere else on either side of the sea could such a spectacle be reproduced to-day, for nowhere else can such a combination be found of towering sky-scrapers and myriads of electric lights. All the rest of the celebration was more or less imitative of other celebrations, and the spectacular effects were rather poorly handled. But the illuminated city was a spectacle that had for its background the whole pulsing industrial and commercial life of the metropolis, as typified in the piled-up stories of stone and brick. It was a unique twentieth century spectacle, in which all the activities and triumphs of a great modern city were glorified and made truly sublime.

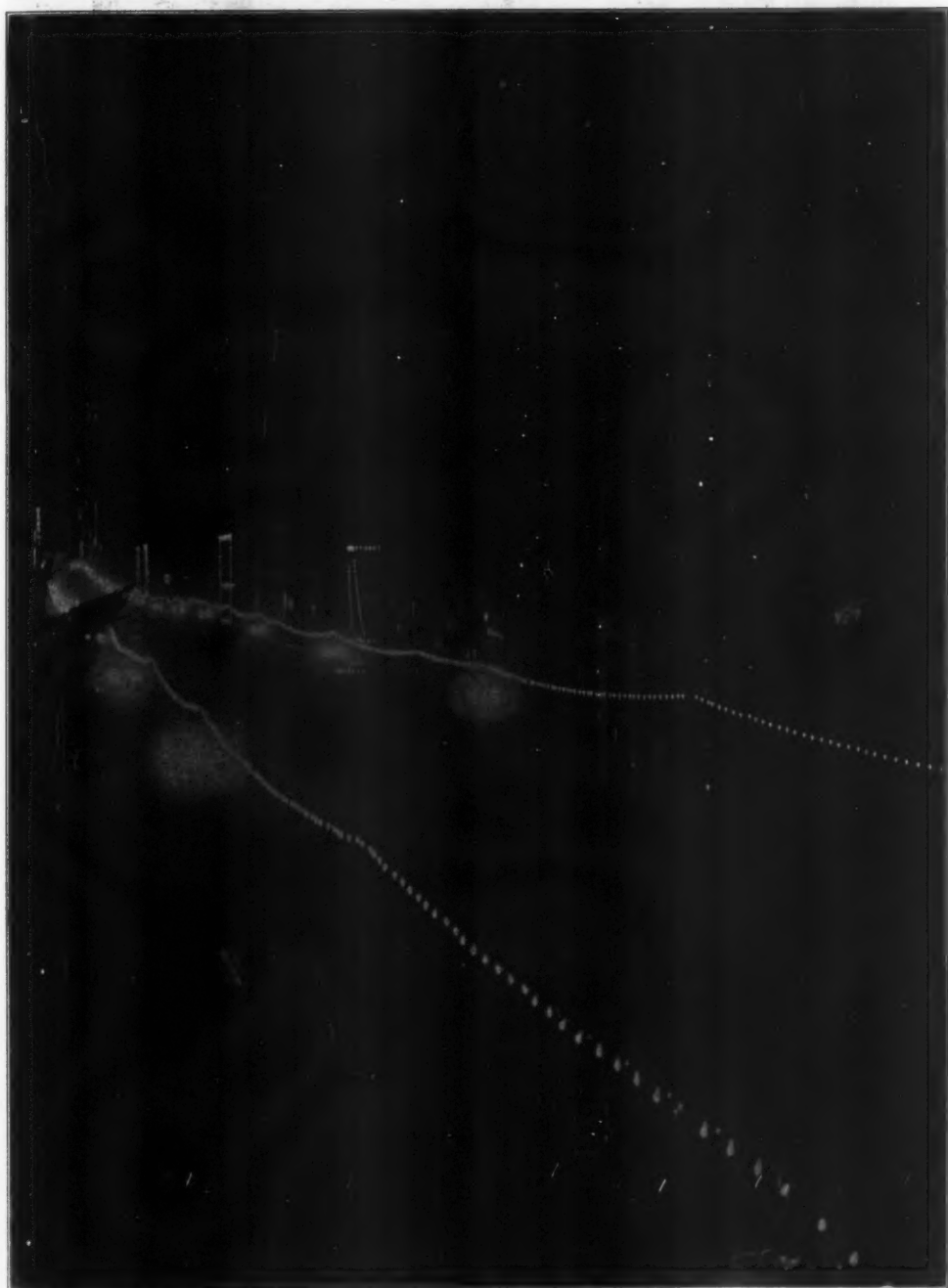
ASIDE from the night-illuminations, the one big note in the celebration, sounding more or less clearly through all the pageants and ceremonies, was the cosmopolitan note. Zangwill's conception of the mission of America as the great "melting pot" of the nations is peculiarly appropriate for New York, the most cosmopolitan city, probably, on the globe. The note was sounded in the historical pageant with its fifty-five floats, symbolizing the different periods of American history and escorted by New York societies and brotherhoods representing nearly all the races of the earth. The same note could be heard in the marching sailors and marines from the visiting warships, who, as they swung down through the six-mile lane of shouting spectators, heard cheers in nearly every language indicating that each foreign flag found many hearts to which it spoke of former allegiance and present affection. It was heard again in the big banquet hall of the Hotel Astor, where



Photograph by van der weyde

A TOWER OF LIGHT

Fifty stories high, every window agleam with electric lights, the Metropolitan Tower on Madison Square was conspicuous for many miles in every direction.



Photograph by van der Weyde

A GLORIFIED FIFTH AVENUE

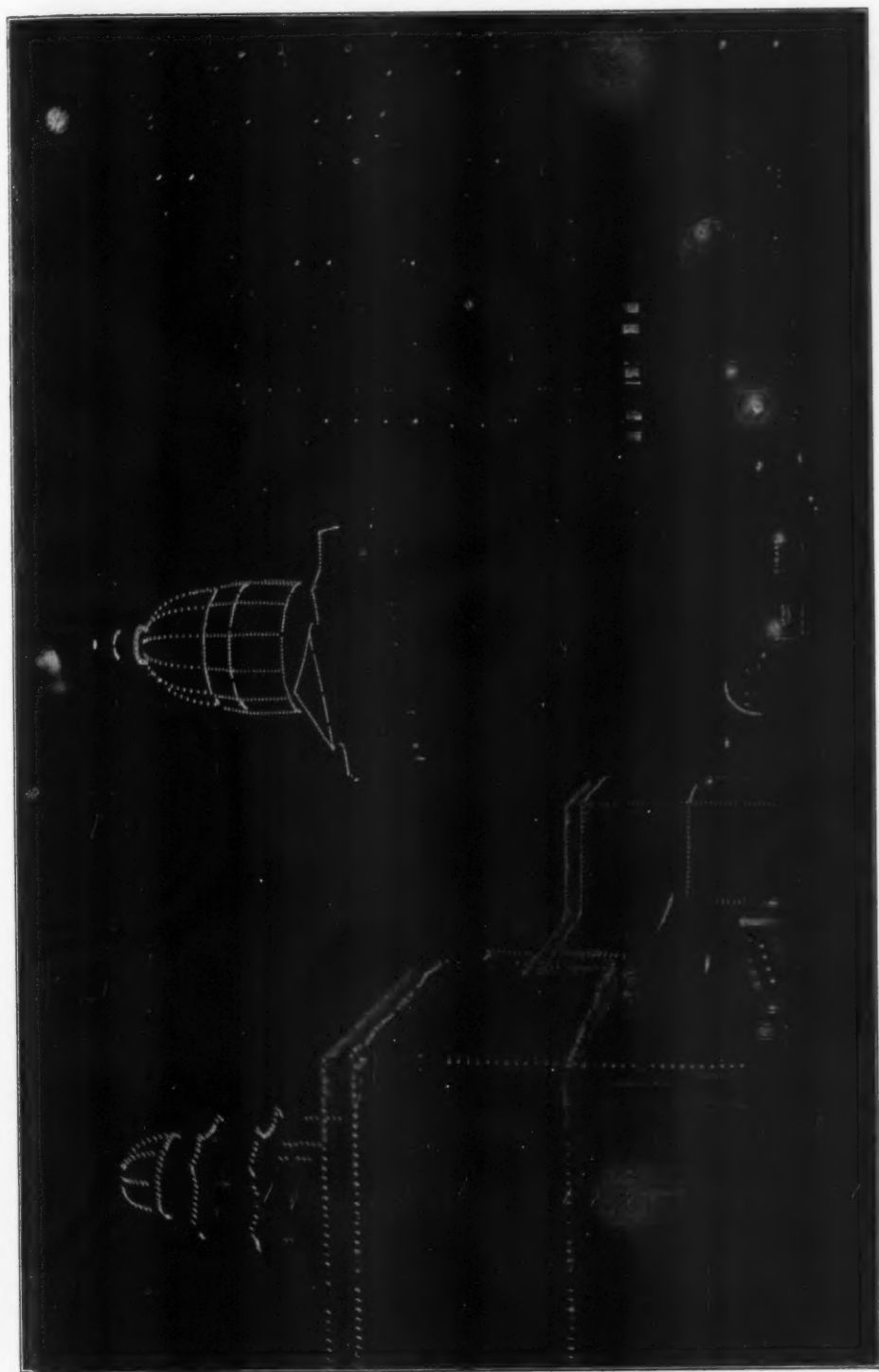
For miles the street was festooned on each side with incandescent lights, which, with the arc-lights at each block and the illuminations of the buildings, formed a scene that lured a continuous stream of sightseers.



Photo: News Company.

AN EAST RIVER VISION

The three bridges connecting Manhattan Island with Long Island were gleaming lines of incandescence, and from the right point of view these lines were repeated by the reflection of the water beneath.



THE FAIRY-LIKE SCENE IN CITY HALL PARK

The beautiful proportions of the City Hall, one of the most admired buildings in America, were marked with lines of light, and, high above, the dome of the *World* building seemed floating in mid-air.



Brown Brothers

UP THE HUDSON RIVER IN AN AEROPLANE

Starting from Governor's Island, Wilbur Wright soared for ten miles up the river, over the anchored battleships of six nations and back to his point of departure. An interested flock of sea gulls followed part of the way, but was soon distanced.

the representatives of thirty-five nations mingled among the guests, bearing strange names, many of them, and garbed in strange attire. But this big note of the celebration attained

the clearest utterance of all in the altogether admirable speech of Senator Root at this same banquet. It was the one adequate speech of the occasion. Said our ex-secretary of state:



Pictorial News Company

THE COURT OF HONOR BY NIGHT

Here, on Fifth Avenue, the review of the many parades and pageants took place between rows of noble columns erected for the occasion.



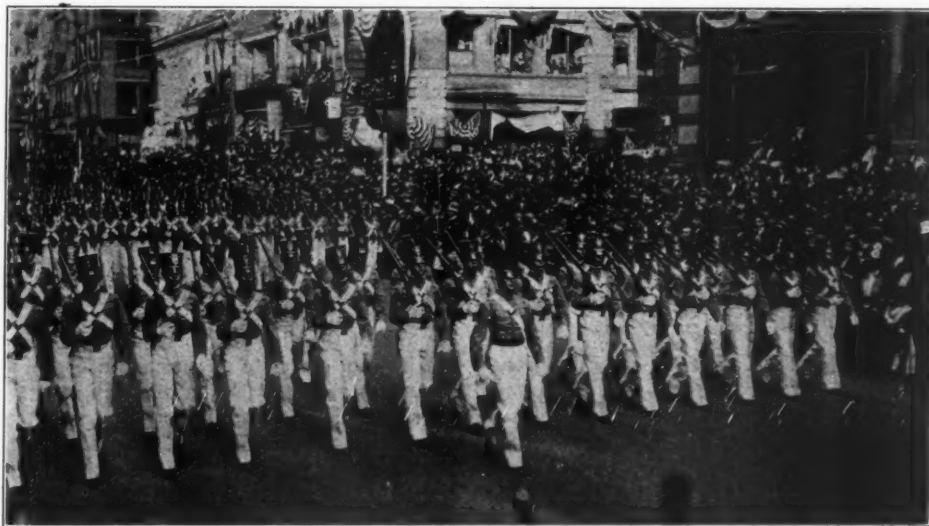
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WHEN THE HALF MOON ATTACKED THE CLERMONT

The effort to sail the new *Half Moon* in the bay was fairly succesful until the time came to stop her. Then, as if jealous of her rival in the parade, she bumped into the *Clermont*, carrying away some of the latter's taffrail, and started next to assail some of the American gunboats, but was induced to desist from her warlike efforts.

"You, my friends from abroad, find here, from whatsoever country you may come, the children of your own fatherland. We gave to them their opportunity, and we found our comfort and reward in their achievements for progress and for civilization. We have freed

them from the fetters of age-worn customs; we have been trying out your experiments for you, and back from this virgin field has gone to each one of your lands, by the testimony of your own sons, lesson after lesson of supreme value in your guidance in peace and justice



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE BOYS WHO GOT THE WILDEST CHEERS

As usual, the West Point cadets marched in splendid form and as usual the enthusiasm of their reception amounted to a continuous ovation.

and liberty. This is indeed your celebration as well as ours."

MR. ROOT continued for sometime in the same felicitous vein, concluding as follows:

"We celebrate the march of mankind from the days of Hudson to this hour, along the pathway from cruelty and oppression and slavery to enlightenment and charity and brotherly love among men of the twentieth century. This gathering of millions on the shores of the New World, whose fathers have spoken a language of every land under the sun—the meeting of all these millions here, rejoicing in peace, prosperity, and all the fruits of civilization, in which every nation has a part—marks the progress from the early day when the Dutch and the English and the Swedes and the Spanish butchered each other in the forests of the Atlantic Coast and contended for mastery that proved to be needless to enable all mankind and every race to enjoy the fruits to be gathered on this virgin soil.

"May the fraternal feeling that marks this happy gathering never give way to the hatred and cruelty and selfishness of those earlier times. May these fruits of civilization, which we have acclaimed, never again be cast aside and the steady progress of man be turned backward by wars such as disgraced the days of old. May the harmony and fraternity of this festival be an augury for the future. May the blending race which has made possible all that we now celebrate never be brought to naught by conflict or internal strife. May the spirit of this day persist and be the precursor of many a festival in years to come, marking the steady progress of all peoples who have united to make America what it is, and to bring it upward and onward along the path that leads to perfect justice and peace and liberty."

That was the big note of what the German admiral, Von Koester, is said to have pronounced "the greatest celebration that history has known." The conception of it, at least, was great, really Napoleonic in its scope. The execution left much to be desired in matters of detail.



IN THE first half of his long thirteen-thousand-mile journey, President Taft has passed through fourteen states, visited twenty-eight cities, and made ninety speeches. He has handled any number of "live wires" and the courage and candor he has displayed have been commended even by those most hostile to the conclusions he has reached. The Taft policy that has emerged

from his utterances is viewed with strangely mixed emotions. The Taft personality seems to be viewed with but one emotion—that of appreciative delight. "The Taft personality and the Taft courage have asserted themselves again," says the New York *World* correspondent, summing up the results of the first half of the tour, "and have left a favorable impression at every stop." "If the President's trip is a success for the administration," says the New York *Sun's* correspondent in his summing up, "it will be because of the personality of Mr. Taft and the prosperity of the country; and every indication at this time, one-half of the trip completed, is that personality and prosperity have won—as long as the crops remain good."

AS TO the Taft policy and its relations to the Roosevelt policy, an important distinction must be made between the measures he advocates and the men with whom he seems to be allying himself. There is in his measures no clear digression from the Roosevelt policy. On the contrary, he reiterates with all the appearance of sincerity his adherence to the measures comprised in that policy. "Perhaps the most important revelation that has attended President Taft's tour thus far," says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*—an enthusiastic Roosevelt organ—"is the unmistakable revelation that he has not been taken into camp by the gumshoe agents of the reactionaries, but is thoroly imbued with the essential spirit of the Roosevelt reforms and is determined that what was gained for the people in the last administration shall not be lost." Going over the different measures advocated on this tour, the same paper finds in the program ample evidence "that effectually disposes of the once prevalent notion of Wall street that Mr. Taft was going to use soothing syrup where Mr. Roosevelt was wont to use the Big Stick." The Rooseveltian New York *Tribune* takes the same view. "There can be," it thinks, "no reasonable doubt, as the features of Mr. Taft's legislative program are noted, that he is honestly and earnestly seeking to carry to a successful issue the Roosevelt policies." "The one thing that the President did for himself," says a special correspondent in the Chicago *Tribune*, "in the Rocky mountain states, and in the Pacific states as well, was to convince the people that he is still behind Theodore Roosevelt's policies, and that, as a matter of fact, was all he needed to do. The Ballinger-Pinchot row and the President's signing of the tariff bill had

rooted the idea in the West that Mr. Taft was backsliding from the Roosevelt standard. To kill this notion before its growth really had got under way was one of the incidental purposes of the Taft jaunt, and in this Mr. Taft's personality again has stood him in good stead. The West has accepted his promises and the distrust has faded." All these journals, it will be noticed, are considering the measures with which the President has aligned himself, rather than the men.

VERY different is the tone taken by the more radical Roosevelt organs when discussing the men whom President Taft has been lining up with in the political game. Their indictment begins with the President's refusal to aid the House insurgents who sought, in the late extra session of Congress, to defeat the re-election of Cannon as speaker. His refusal to aid the Senate insurgents in their contest to force lower rates in the tariff bill is the second count in the indictment. He furnished a third count in his speech in Boston, at the very beginning of his tour, when he gave a glowing testimonial to the character and purposes of Senator Aldrich, who stands to radicals everywhere as the foremost champion of special privilege. Count number four in the indictment came when, a little later in his tour, he decided the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot controversy by upholding Secretary Ballinger's course at every point. But the very climax of the President's offending came when, at Winona, Minnesota, he defended Congressman Tawney, who, alone of all the Minnesota congressmen, voted for the Payne-Aldrich bill on final passage. Running over the various counts in this indictment, the *Duluth Herald* says bitterly: "President Taft has praised and applauded the people's servants who have been faithful to Special Privilege and its organization in control of the government, and has upbraided and held up to public scorn the people's servants who have been faithful to the people and have revolted from the galling rule of the vice-regents of organized greed. Could machine rule in politics, the rule of greed in government, ask or hope for more than this?" The lively Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—W. S. Couch—says that "Throw Out the Life Line" has been the rallying hymn for this political camp meeting series. "The President began at Boston by tossing a coil of it to Senator Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich. A cast en route was intended to rescue Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, who

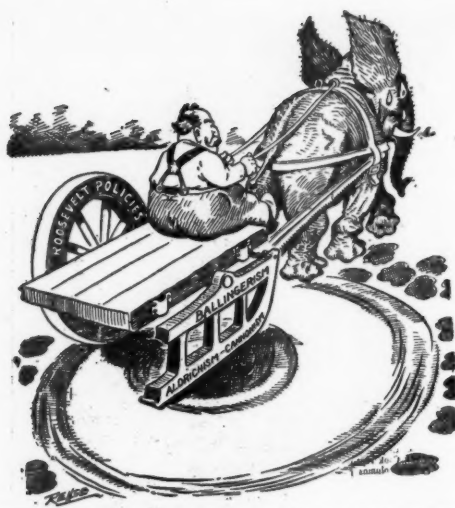


HELLO, PEOPLE!

President Taft greets the cheering crowd in Chicago and waves his hat at some young imitators of that Zaccheus who once climbed up a tree.

had raised a storm by monkeying with the Roosevelt conservation policy. At Winona the President hurled a generous loop of slack toward the sinking form of Representative James A. Tawney."

NOTHING else, indeed, that President Taft has done or said has excited such hostile comment as has been called forth, in Republican as well as Democratic papers, by his Winona speech. The *Des Moines News*, which is a sort of speaking tube for Senator Cummins, expresses a hope that Colonel Roosevelt may ever be haunted by the ghosts of all the wild animals he has killed in South Africa for having brought about the nomination of Mr. Taft. This Winona speech was not merely a defence of Tawney—that was a mere incident—but a defence, as well, of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The President began by marshaling figures to show that that tariff is "a substantial downward revision on articles entering into the general consumption of the country that can be termed necessities." The figures he gives indicate that the articles of necessity on which the tariff was raised are consumed in this country to the amount of



ROUGH SLEDDIN', OR WHEELIN', OR SOMETHIN'.
—Rehse in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

\$300,000,000; while those on which the tariff has been lowered are consumed to the amount of nearly \$5,000,000,000. The one important defect in the tariff bill, he admitted, is the failure to lower rates in the wool schedule. But, he says, in explanation, Mr. Payne in the House and Mr. Aldrich in the Senate "found that in the Republican party the inter-

ests of the wool growers of the Far West and the interests of the woolen manufacturers in the East and in other States reflected through their representatives in Congress, was sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the woolen tariff, and that had it been attempted it would have beaten the bill reported from either committee." As to the cotton schedule, Mr. Taft said that Congress acted according to such evidence as it had from "the statements of cotton manufacturers" and such other evidence as it could avail itself of. "I agree," he added, "that the method of taking evidence and the determination was made in a general way. There ought to be other methods of obtaining the evidence and reaching a conclusion before that evidence is satisfactory." Summing up the case as a whole, he pronounced the Payne Tariff bill "the best tariff bill that the Republican party has ever passed, and, therefore, the best tariff bill that has been passed at all," and he thinks it would be useless and distressing to talk of another revision in the immediate future.

COMING to James Tawney and his record, Mr. Taft, speaking in the Congressman's home, tossed out the life line in these words:

"Mr. Tawney was a downward revisionist, like myself. He is a low tariff man, and has been known to be such in Congress all the time he has been there. He is a prominent Republican, the head of the Appropriations Committee, and when a man votes as I think he ought to vote, and an opportunity such as this presents itself, I am glad to speak in behalf of what he did, not in defense of it, but in support of it."

"Had Mr. Tawney voted against the bill, and had there been others of the House sufficient in number to have defeated the bill, or if I had vetoed the bill because of the absence of a reduction of rates in the wool schedule, when there was a general downward revision, and a substantial one tho not a complete one, we would have left the party in a condition of demoralization that would have prevented the accomplishment of its purpose and a fulfillment of other promises which we had made just as solemnly as we had entered into that with respect to the tariff."

Inasmuch as the other ten Minnesota congressmen voted against the tariff bill, Mr. Taft's action in picking out Tawney for commendation has been widely construed as an attempt to read the other ten and all the other Republican tariff "insurgents" out of the party. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Taft went on explicitly to assert the right of these men to stay in the party and to continue their



THRICE WELCOME
—Chicago Tribune.

agitation for lower rates. He said: "I am glad to see that a number of those who thought it their duty to vote against the bill insist that they are still Republicans and intend to carry on their battle in favor of lower duties and lower revision within the lines of the party. That is their right, and, in view of things, their duty. It is vastly better that they should seek action of the party than that they should break off from it and seek to organize another party, which would probably not result in accomplishing anything more than merely in defeating our party and inviting in the opposition party, which does not believe, or says that it does not believe, in protection."

TO understand the bitterness awakened by this support of Tawney, one needs only to recall the closing fight of the Roosevelt administration. The effort to limit the field of activity of the secret service department was attributed chiefly to Mr. Tawney, then as now chairman of the appropriations committee of the lower house. He was explicitly named in President Roosevelt's message on the subject and every devoted Rooseveltian at that time considered it his duty to sit up nights hating Tawney and Cannon. A movement was then started to prevent Tawney's re-election. That was barely a year ago. Now, on top of that dissatisfaction with his course, comes the further discontent caused by his support of



FALL ATHLETICS

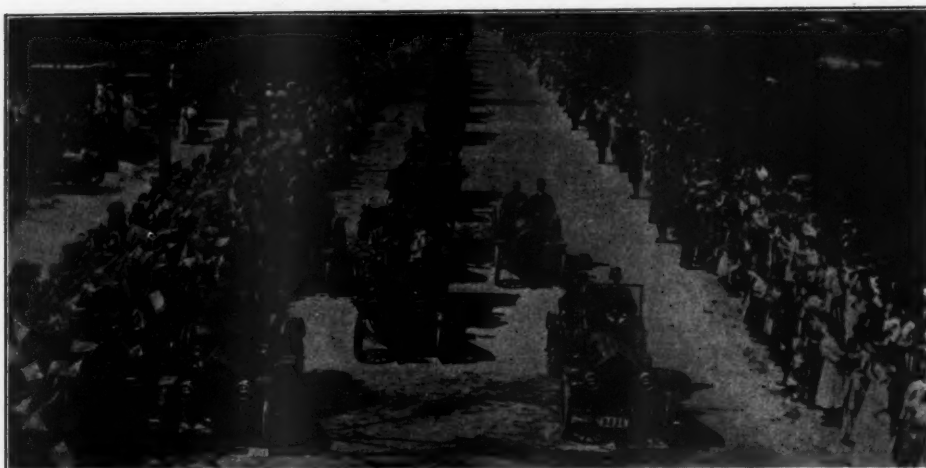
—Phil Porter in *Boston Traveler*.

the Payne-Aldrich bill. In short, Tawney's record was a sort of third-rail proposition, marked "Dangerous; don't touch" when the President went to Winona. He touched it and what the *San Francisco Call* describes as "a tremendous shock" followed—not to Taft but to "the great body of the Republican electors." Even the *Chicago Tribune*, loyal both to Roosevelt and Taft, accuses him of inconsistency—"the inconsistency of a superlatively



SHOO!

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE GREETING OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

Thousands of them in Chicago waved flags and cheered for the President, as, escorted by the Hamilton Club, he rode down the avenue carrying the famous Taft smile with him.

honest man trying to reconcile his theoretical views of the tariff with the tariff 'standpaters' of his party, forced upon him that the party may not be injured." "None but a very frank and very brave man would have made that Winona speech," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, which regards it, however, as the "least explicable" of anything he has done. "Nothing less than amazing" is the way the *Kansas City Star* regards it; and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* uses the same word "amazing" to characterize it. It says: "The President announced amazing doctrine in his Winona speech defending Representative Tawney and denouncing the Republican representatives who voted against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. It thrusts aside principle for policy. It makes party harmony the first consideration, and its presentation the highest obligation of statesmanship."

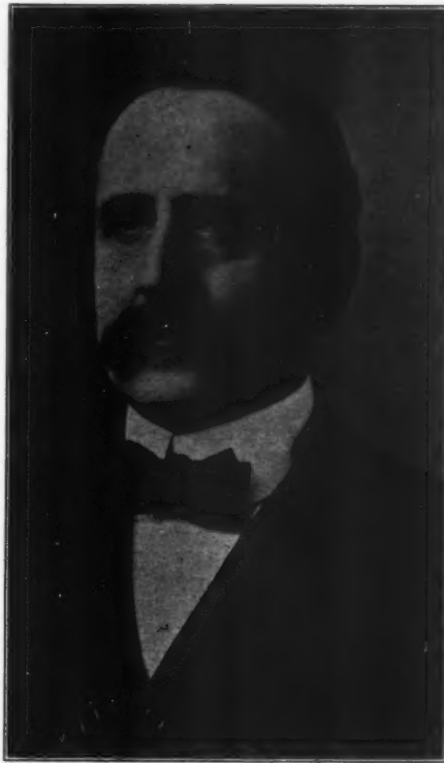
IT WOULD be a mistake, however, to assume that all the press even of the Middle West, where discontent over tariff revision is the keenest, condemn President Taft's stand. Many influential papers praise the speech and predict good political effects from it. For instance, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* says: "Proofs begin to fall in thick and fast that our big, sunny-tempered President is also the first-class fighting man. Last Friday night President Taft leaped into the arena with his ringing challenge to the half-baked Republicanism that is trying to split the party on the tariff. He waited until he had reached the hotbed of in-

surgency to do it. Then he hit out." From *The Times*, of Leavenworth, Kansas, comes comment in a similar vein: "President Taft's speech in support of the Payne tariff bill at Winona is hailed with satisfaction by the great mass of the Republicans. The sentiment of Kansas has been misrepresented by the utterances of grandstand players on the congressional delegation and by a few trade newspapers who have asserted that the President was with them. This hypocritical pretense is now ended." The *Des Moines Daily Capital*, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Spokane Spokesman-Review*; the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Cedar Rapids Republican* and many other journals take a like view. Says the last named paper: "Taft's speech at Winona on Friday was the political sensation of the year. It was staggering. Those who have believed in party regularity and in the tariff as enacted certainly were not looking for such an indorsement from the President himself. The President has rendered his party a signal service. It has been drifting, here in the Middle West, under the leadership of a few men who never have been Republicans at heart, into a state of anarchy. The verdict of the country will be that the President has spoken the words of wisdom as well as of courage."

BUT the Winona speech was only one of ninety delivered by the President on his way out to the Pacific slope. One might compare the trip to a golf-course, each of the twenty-eight cities being one of the holes in

the course out and the various speeches counting as so many strokes. There were full swings with drivers and brassies when he talked of the tariff, monetary reform, conservation of our resources and revision of our judicial procedure. There were three-quarter and half-swings with mashie and cleek and mid-iron when he talked of postal savings banks, federal supervision of stock issues, a railway court, injunctions, inheritance tax, and ship subsidies. And there was some delicate "putting" when he preached to the Mormons or talked about closer relations with Oriental nations, or made after-dinner talks on personal topics. It is not an easy game over this great national course from Boston to Los Angeles, and he had some pretty bad "lies" and formidable "bunkers" and treacherous sand traps to negotiate. If he did some "slicing" and "pulling" occasionally, it may be said that none of his strokes was positively "foozled," his recovery was good, and he played the game with unfailing good humor. It is his choice of caddies that has given the greatest dissatisfaction. Some of his defenders, however, believe his personality will win these caddies to the Roosevelt policy and use them to make it a success.

THE verdict on Mr. Taft's game of political golf as a whole is varied. The New York *Times* thinks that he has advocated so many palliatives that he has lost some force by his "scattering fire." The San Francisco *Chronicle* thinks he has conducted his discussions too much like a judge on the bench construing a statute. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* thinks he has given the West many things to think about but not much to get excited over. The New York *Globe* welcomes the absence of glittering generality and resounding platitude, and thinks that his astonishing directness and openness make his speeches, tho in no way brilliant and at times even dull, like a breath of fresh air to a people who have been indefinitely preached at by their public men. The Baltimore *American* thinks he has been the representative of no party or faction, no class or creed, but has been the bearer of cordial good will to all who work for the common cause of American civilization. As for President Taft himself, he expressed his own view of the game in a speech at Helena, telling of the wonderful impression the country, the people and their prosperity have made upon him and saying: "I am like the old Dutchman who said, 'The more you live the more you find, by golly, out!'"



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HE PRESIDES OVER THE "PORK BARREL"

James Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the appropriations committee in the lower house of Congress, was the only Minnesota congressman to vote for the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. For praising him for his course, President Taft has incurred severe criticism from the "insurgent" element of the party. Tawney must fight hard for re-election.



HERE are times," remarked Fred-
eric Harrison once, "when I feel
about education nothing but this:
wipe it out and let us begin it all
afresh." Something of this same
spirit is increasingly evident in the utter-
ances of our college presidents and of educa-
tors generally. It was evident in the state-
ment made about a year ago by President
King, of Oberlin, to the effect that the next
field for the muckraker to get to work in is
that of American colleges and universities,
which are not "making good." It was distinctly
evident in the Phi Beta Kappa address of
President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, last
June, in which he deplored the growing chasm
that has opened between college studies and
college life and frankly declared that if some
improvements can not be effected he does not
care to continue in the educational field. It

was discernible in the annual address this year at the opening of Cornell, by President Schurman, wherein he regretted the over-importance of what are called "student activities" and expressed his opinion that the real hero of a university is the student who "grinds." It was indicated in some measure in the recent inaugural address in Winnipeg, Canada, of the President of the British Association, when he deprecated the results of "premature specialization" in the University of Cambridge, England, saying that out of 202 scholarships awarded there he could find but three awarded for proficiency in more than one subject. And the same spirit of profound discontent is present throughout the inaugural address last month of the new president of Harvard.

DR. LOWELL'S installation at the head of the largest of our universities, which has 23,000 living alumni and over 5,000 undergraduates, was an event of first class importance in educational affairs. It has been forty years since Harvard witnessed the inauguration of President Eliot. Its faculty then contained twenty-three members; now it contains about 200. Its collegiate department then contained 529 students; today the number exceeds 2300. Its endowment has multiplied at least fourfold. If growth in size is any indication of growth in excellence and in serviceableness, here is a record to inspire a new president. Somewhat the same degree of growth in size and in the facilities of education are seen on all sides. Money has been lavished by millions upon our colleges and universities. Students have come to them by the thousands. And the result? General and poignant discontent on the part of all earnest educators. "There is no adequate return," says the late dean of Radcliffe College, Agnes Irwin, LL.D., "for the enormous expenditure on education of time, strength and priceless gifts, to say nothing of money." And she was writing in an optimistic vein, too, when she said that.

THE new president of Harvard is not despondent, but he is very evidently deeply discontented with the condition of affairs. He began his inaugural address by pointing out the "solidarity" of the college of the old type. He goes on to point out that today college life shows "a marked tendency to disintegrate both intellectually and socially," and he very clearly traces this disintegration to the elective system, which "brought a divergence in the courses of study pursued by individual students, an intellectual isolation, which broke down the old

solidarity." The one common interest left to the students, "the only striking occasion for a display of solidarity," is in the athletic contests, and to that fact is due the "exaggerated prominence" now given to such contests. "May we not," he asks, "say of the extreme elective system what Edmond Sherer said of democracy—that it is but one stage in an irresistible march toward an unknown goal?" Now if an "extreme elective system" is seen anywhere today, it is in Harvard. "As every one knows," says William Bennett Munro, in *Harper's Weekly*, "the boy who enters Harvard College has been expected to take his intellectual nourishment *à la carte*; he is given an elaborate menu in the form of an 'elective pamphlet,' which is, by the way, a respectable volume of one hundred and forty-one pages, and is told to do his own choosing. Practically no studies are prescribed. Harvard was the first American university to adopt this system in its unrestricted form; her sister institutions have not in the main followed the lead, and after a score of years she remains more or less alone in the retention of it." The new president's attitude, therefore, presages some important changes.

PRESIDENT LOWELL went on to discuss as if it were an open question whether the American college is to survive at all or is to be swallowed up, the lower half of it in the preparatory school and the upper half in the professional school. This would give us the German system, which, he thinks, excellent as it is for Germany, "is not wholly suited to our republic," because we require a "freedom of thought, a breadth of outlook, a training for citizenship" which neither the secondary nor the professional school can give us in equal degree with that given by the college. The college, he thinks, can be and should be saved, but to do so we must construct a new solidarity to replace that which is gone. He calls attention to the fact that students in a law school talk law interminably and take a fierce pleasure in debating legal points in season and out of season, chiefly because they are all "tilling the same field." No sensible man, he adds, "would propose today to set up a fixed curriculum in order that college undergraduates might be joint tenants of the same scholastic property; but the intellectual estrangement need not be so wide as it is." The key to a solution of the other side of the problem, that of greater social solidarity, he finds in the freshman. The difficulties would be much lessened "if the freshmen were

brought together in a group of dormitories and dining halls under the comradeship of older men who appreciated the possibilities of college life and took a keen interest in their work and their pleasures." Accordingly, as the *Boston Transcript* points out, a system has already been started at Harvard by which the instructors who now act as freshmen advisers are reinforced by selected seniors, "who now help in the preliminary discussion of the freshman's problems, referring to the advising instructor only those which require a more authoritative judgment."

ANOTHER interesting and disquieting contribution to the literature of discontent appears in *Scribner's* from Professor Paul van Dyke, of Princeton University. He finds that the increase of wealth in America is having a deteriorating influence upon the character of college students. He cites ex-President Eliot as having recently spoken "most emphatically" of the very small percentage of boys coming from the larger, more expensive and fashionable schools who prove unsatisfactory students. A similar statement, we are told, has been made by a member of Yale's faculty. The experience of Princeton is the same; "the boys from the high schools carry off honors out of all proportion to their numbers." Some eloquent figures are furnished on this subject by Professor Van Dyke. He took the "New York Social Register" and examined into the record of the sons of the families found therein who were in attendance as seniors at Yale, Harvard and Princeton during five successive years. The number of these sons was 166. He examined their records upon graduation. This is what he found:

"Of these 166 boys with the best chances in life, only one—the son of a minister—took an honor of the first class. At Harvard College about one man in three of the graduating classes during these five years received a degree indicating some sort of distinction. Only one man in eight of these representatives of the 'best social circles' gained any distinction, and that was invariably of the least distinguished grade. At Princeton on the average one graduate in two during these five years had the opportunity for some honor or prize; only one in four of these lads, favored of fortune, received distinction. The custom at Yale of recording in the catalog a large number of minor honors fortunately enables an investigator to test this matter very thoroly. Four-fifths of the graduates of the five years considered had their names printed under the general caption 'Honors.' The sons of this group

of families, five per cent. of the students, furnished over twelve per cent. of the *un-distinguished*."

THE lesson that Prof. van Dyke draws from these statistics is that we are spoiling those of our boys who ought to have the best chance in life. "The peril," he says, "which threatens many boys of these families whose parents are anxious to fill their children's lives with pleasures is that they grow up accustomed to doing invariably what they want to do, without training any power to make themselves do what they do not want to do at that particular moment. It is not luxury which threatens them, but an incapacity for work, fostered, and even trained, by the willingness of parents to let them follow always the line of least resistance." The formation of this habit of following the line of least resistance is a greater peril, Prof. van Dyke thinks, in the college course of wealthy boys than that from the formation of habits of vice, for it is his experience that "a much smaller proportion of young men between seventeen and twenty-three form vicious habits in college than out of it." The harm, too, which comes from shirking all unpleasant effort and demanding a ceaseless round of petty excitement is considered by him "more general and inevitable" even than that which comes from possible surrender to vicious appetites. "To let a boy drift along through youth to manhood along the lines of least resistance, without the power of making himself do anything he does not want to do at the moment, is to send him out into the world a cripple, even when he happens to be heir to millions."

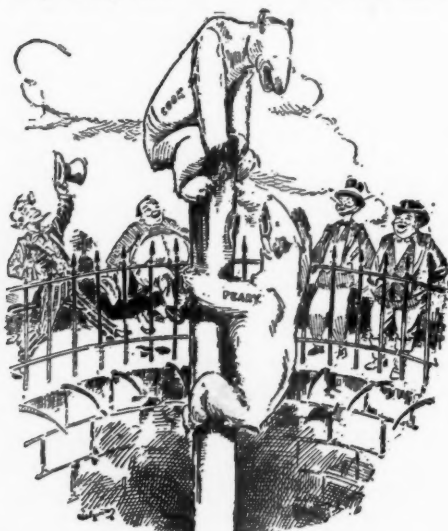


FOUR weeks more of the Cook-Pearcy controversy have brought no alleviation to a distracted public. Instead, the dispute seems to be more bitter than ever and the certainty of each side a little more fixed and dogmatic. There are two questions involved in the controversy and the attitude of any individual seems to be determined chiefly by the relative importance he attaches to these two questions. The first question is, Did Dr. Cook actually reach the North Pole? The second question is: Is Lieutenant Percy acting in a sportsmanlike manner toward Cook? The newspaper press and the public seem to be interested in the latter question chiefly. They are for Cook because they dislike the way Percy has acted. The scientists and those who



AN UNDISPUTED CLAIM
American Eagle: My pole, anyway.
—Bernard Partridge in *London Punch*.

take a subject of this kind more seriously and not as a mere sporting affair are interested in the first question. They are distrustful of Cook and growing apparently more so each day. Here is to be found the dividing line between the two camps. The question whether Peary really reached the North Pole is hardly



THE POINT OF VANTAGE
—Vaugrier in *Philadelphia Telegraph*.

raised, but this is the sort of thing that his critics hand out to him: "Peary may or may not be the explorer that his friends say he is, but, however this may be, he has completely shattered his reputation as a man." That is from the *Florida Times-Union*. This is from the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "So far as the North Pole is concerned, no rational person cares a rap for it. What the public admires is unusual sportsmanship displayed in an unusual way. And on that rock this man Peary has split. He is not a sportsman at all. He belongs in the sure thing game class. There is no generosity in his endeavor and no courtesy to his opponent." On Peary's sportsmanship every person feels privileged to form an opinion. It is distinctly the popular part of the dispute.

WHETHER Cook really found the Pole is, on the contrary, a question that few of us are competent to decide, even when all the data are made accessible, and as yet the most competent have very little to base an opinion upon. The production of Dr. Cook's data seems, whether by design or not, to vanish further and further into the distance as we progress down the grooves of time. When he was at Copenhagen we were given to understand that the data would be forthcoming when he came home. When he came home he announced that he would send his data back to Copenhagen, and that it would take three months to prepare them, tho he had had more than a year in which to prepare them before reaching Copenhagen. A still later announcement is that after he has submitted his records at Copenhagen, he wishes the verdict not to be announced until duplicate records are sent to all the geographical societies on earth. But when this is all done, it will probably become necessary for his instruments to be tested for their accuracy. These were left with Whitney at Etah, and on Mr. Whitney's return last month it transpired that, partly because he did not understand that they were of any particular importance, partly because Peary refused to take on board the *Roosevelt* anything belonging to Cook, all the instruments were left at Etah in a cache subject to the tender mercies of the Eskimos. In the meantime Dr. Cook's lectures have been drawing large and interested audiences.

TO THE Peary Arctic Club has been submitted by Peary the much heralded statement of the evidence he has against Cook. It consists of the testimony of the two Eskimo

boys who were with Cook. The account given of their testimony is signed by Peary, Bartlett, McMillan, Borup and Henson, all of whom were present when the testimony, "elicited neither by threats nor promises," was taken. The boys were examined separately. A chart was shown and the first boy traced on it with his finger, leaving no marks, the general direction taken by Dr. Cook. The second boy, when his turn came, did the same, indicating the same route. Then the father of one of the boys, who is familiar with the region traversed, did the same, the route, the localities where stops were made, and other details corresponding with those given before. Not until then was any one allowed to make any marks on the chart. Then with a pencil the boys traced out the route as seen in the accompanying chart. It corresponds very closely with the route given on Dr. Cook's chart, except that all the trip from Cape Thomas Hubbard to the Pole is left out of the Eskimo chart.



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DR. COOK'S ROUTE AS TRACED BY HIS ESKIMOS

It corresponds surprisingly well with Dr. Cook's own chart except that the Eskimos leave out entirely the dash to the Pole which Dr. Cook claims to have made from the northern point of Axel Heiberg Land.

FOUR of the eight Eskimos that started with Dr. Cook turned back at a point on the west side of Nansen Strait, south of Cape Thomas Hubbard, a cache being formed there. Two other boys went one march farther, and then returned, leaving the last two boys with Cook. What happened then is told as follows in the statement signed by Peary and his four associates (copyrighted, 1909, by the Peary Arctic Club and reprinted here by permission):

"After sleeping at the camp where the last two Eskimos turned back, Dr. Cook and the two boys went in a northerly or northwesterly direction, with two sledges and twenty odd dogs, one more march, when they encountered rough ice and a lead of open water. They did not enter this rough ice, nor cross the lead, but turned westward or southwestward a short distance and returned to Heiberg Land at a point west of where they had left the cache and where the four men had turned back. Here they remained four

or five sleeps, and during that time I took a shoo went back to the cache and got his gun, which he had left there, and a few items of supplies.

"When asked why only a few supplies were taken from the cache the boys replied that only a small amount of provisions had been used in the few days since they left the cache, and that their sledges still had all they could carry, so that they could not take more."

The boys talked as they would talk of any hunting trip, but stated that Dr. Cook had threatened them if they should tell anything. Other Eskimos seen by Peary and his men before getting to Etah told the same story, tho with less definiteness of course as their story was hearsay.

AS WILL be seen by the chart, Dr. Cook's farthest north, according to the boys, was about $81^{\circ} 25'$, or about 500 miles below the North Pole. In regard to the ability of the

Eskimos to chart their travels in this way, Admiral Melville, of the Jeannette expedition, says:

"I have been astonished at the skill displayed by the natives in doing just such work. But all of the arctic explorers mention this trait of the Eskimo. Frobisher, who visited the arctic regions in the period between 1815 and 1820, marvels at this inborn skill of the Eskimo. Sir James Ross and Sir John Ross, English navigators, likewise mention it, while Capt Parry in 1823, Dr. Kane at a much later date, and Dr. Hall still later, in 1870, all refer to the ability of the natives to chart the land in the direction in which they travel."

Dr. Cook, when confronted with this statement made by Peary and his associates, smiled confidently and (according to the Associated Press dispatches) remarked that it simply showed that the two Eskimo boys had kept their word to him not to tell Peary of their trip over the Polar Sea. He denies that there is anything in the statement as "it is based upon the distorted and evasive replies of persons who were told not to give any details." Then came, a few days later, the publication of an affidavit made by Burrille, who accompanied Dr. Cook on his alleged ascent of Mt. McKinley. According to this, Dr. Cook got no nearer than fourteen miles from the top, and the photograph purporting to be of the top was of a peak not half way up. Burrille says he was ordered to doctor his diary to conform to Cook's story.



FORGOTTEN!
—Phil Porter in Boston Traveler.

SO LARGE is the whirlpool of politics in the New York city campaign that the rim of it touches Danville, Illinois, on one side, Albany on another, and Washington on a third side. There be those who conjecture that it reaches as far as central Africa, but that is nothing but conjecture. Vivid and enlivening as the local features of the campaign have been since Mr. Hearst's sudden entry into it as a mayoralty candidate, those features have been, to the country at large, eclipsed by the national scandal involved in the charges made by Congressman Herbert Parsons of a venal alliance between Speaker Cannon and the house machine, party of the first part, Tammany Hall, party of the second part, and up-state Republican leaders, party of the third part. If the charges are sustained, there will go down into history "one of the wickedest political agreements ever made," to use the words of the New York *Evening Post*, and an agreement the disclosure of which may affect national politics in many important features, especially in the matter of the next speaker of the House.

THE man who makes these charges, Herbert Parsons, is congressman from a New York city district, head of the Republican committee of New York county, and supposed to be a man who has the confidence of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is, indeed, considered largely responsible for Parsons's party leadership in this city. Mr. Parsons is regarded by newspaper men as "a man of much protracted silence." His sensational charge is embodied in few words—just seventy-four of them in fact—which are direct and free from all rhetorical flourishes and emotional intensity. Here they are:

"In the last session of the legislature we sought legislation to perfect the signature law. It was defeated through a combination of Tammany men and some up-state Republicans. We discovered that it was part of the deal entered into to get support for Speaker Cannon and the rules in the House of Representatives from Tammany. No information of this deal was given the Republicans from New York city, either at Washington or Albany."

The charge was made in the course of an interview concerning registration in New York city. The "signature law" which is spoken of is a registration law now on the statute books which compels the voter to write his signature in a book at the polls when he registers. It

was passed as a bill to prevent fraudulent registration and illegal voting in New York city. In the last session of the legislature, five amendments to this law were urged by Mr. Parsons and others to stop loopholes that had been found. The amendments were defeated on the last day of the session in a legislature having a clear Republican majority, altho the chairman of the Republican state committee, Mr. Woodruff, was actively working in their support. There was an apparent harmony of effort noted at the time by the Albany correspondents between the Republican leader of the State senate, John Raines, and the Democratic leader, "Tom" Grady.

SO FAR, Mr. Parsons's charge stands before the public with nothing but circumstantial evidence to support it. He promises to make public direct evidence later on. The circumstantial evidence is, of course, inconclusive, as it usually is in political deals unless they are very unskillfully handled. Cannon, it is known, would have failed to get the House rules adopted in the last session but for the votes of twenty-three Democratic congressmen secured for him, eight of whom were from New York city. They were led by Congressman Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, a McCarran man, rather than a straight Tammany man. Fitzgerald received an important committee assignment later from Speaker Cannon against the indignant protests of Champ Clark, the Democratic leader. It is further known that Raines and Grady at Albany were soon after working in apparent alliance to kill the Parsons bills. Says *The Evening Post*: "At times it was difficult to tell who was the real leader of the Senate, Raines or Grady. They played into each other's hand perfectly, and on more than one occasion the Tammany Senator actually took charge of pending legislation."

PARSONS was one of the Republican congressmen who joined the insurgents to defeat the adoption of the Cannon rules. What Cannon was to gain from such a deal as is charged is very clear. The adoption of the rules was essential to his continued control of the House. What Tammany and the Democratic congressmen were to gain is equally clear. But just what Raines and the other Republican upstate leaders were to gain is yet to be made clear. Parsons has stood with Governor

Hughes and is credited with twice having compelled the nomination of Hughes for Governor and with being, in consequence, *persona non grata* with the Raines element,—a fact, however, which hardly seems adequate in itself to account for their participation in such a deal. Ex-Judge Wadhams, of New York city, who has been appointed by Governor Hughes to investigate charges against the superintendent of elections, corroborates Mr. Parsons and says that he "is informed" and "has no doubt" that the alliance as charged existed not simply to defeat the amendments to the signature law, but to defeat as well the direct primary bill, the public service commission measures, the revised New York city charter and the ballot reform laws.

THE New York city papers, with the exception of *The Sun*, treat the charge as one of wide importance. *The Sun* ridicules Mr. Parsons and can see but one admirable purpose his charge can serve: "It will force upon a surprised nation the hitherto unappreciated truth that the Hon. Herbert Parsons is in fact as well as theory a member of the House of Representatives." The very radical Republican paper, *The Press*, is less flippant but more severe. It regards the existence of such a deal as probable, but it doubts whether it will ever be officially exposed, because it considers that Parsons himself has been all along a participant in equally reprehensible deals and it asserts that it has reason to hold that it "would not be justified in believing Parsons under oath." *The New York Tribune*



THE PHOENIX

—Macauley in N. Y. World.



NOTIFYING THE NOMINEES

The gentleman with the paper in his hand is Judge William J. Gaynor, nominated for mayor by Tammany and various other organizations. The gentleman with his thumb in his vest pocket is Robert R. Moore, candidate for controller. To Moore's right is John R. Galvin, candidate for president of the board of aldermen.

thinks judgment must be withheld until Mr. Parsons submits his proofs, but it sees "plenty

of indications" that there was a bipartisan understanding in the legislature by reason of which many bills were killed whose defeat reflected grave discredit on the Republican majority. "Suddenly," says *The Times*, "the issue in the city election has become of national importance, and of more than national significance, since it involves the fundamental integrity of the ballot, which all parties are bound to vindicate."



THE CONSCRIPT
—Macauley in N. Y. World.

THE excitement in the local features of the mayoralty campaign in New York reached such a pitch a few days after the Hudson-Fulton celebration ended as to cause the people of this city almost to forget who Fulton and Hudson were and what they ever did. The nomination of Judge Gaynor for mayor by the regular Democratic party organization (controlled by Tammany) and by about 105 other political and semi-political organizations; the acceptance by Mr. Hearst of an independent nomination for the same office by petition—the petitions containing more than 50,000 names; the nomination of Mr. Bannard, president of a trust company, at the head of the fusion ticket,—these events precipitated a campaign in which—as is usually the case in New York city campaigns—personalities of the most direct and bitter sort have come to the front and general principles and specific measures have dropped almost out of sight. New York is

used to that sort of thing and seemingly can't get really excited over any other kind of a campaign.

"A POLITICAL charlatan shown in the past to be totally destitute of political courage and whose erratic ability is tinged with a morbidness which is almost akin to mental unsoundness,"—this characterization, by Jerome, of Judge Gaynor, just before his nomination, injected a distinct thrill into a campaign that promised up to that time to be unusually tame. Shortly after, Jerome, finding that his independent candidacy for reelection as district attorney was making slow progress, withdrew from the field, and the city was forced to look elsewhere for future thrills. Mr. Hearst proceeded to furnish some of them. His Independence League having been captured by Tammany, he organized a new body, called the Civic Alliance, accepted its nomination for mayor (the rest of the ticket consisting of the fusion candidates), and he and Gaynor were soon charging each other with treachery and deceit. The latter published a letter from Mr. Hearst's own Sunday supplement editor bearing witness to the fact that Hearst had solicited Gaynor to run and had promised to give him his support if he ran "on any ticket." Judge Gaynor proceeded to accuse Mr. Hearst of a "breach of word" such as he had never before seen, and of conduct in other matters calling for indictment by a jury. Hearst replied denying any promise to support Gaynor on a Tammany ticket, accused him of deserting his principles, of "personal treachery" and of "infamous proposals" in asking support for his Tammany associates on the ticket.

THEN Mr. Ivins, Republican candidate for mayor four years ago, but supporting Hearst in the present campaign, came into action accusing Judge Gaynor of conspiracy with McCarren and others for the purpose of nullifying the racing-track laws, and declaring that Judge Gaynor's "whole life is a chapter in political hypocrisy," and that he "will become in political history the symbol for everything that is hypocritical, indirect and disgusting." To this charge of conspiracy Judge Gaynor disdained any other reply than pointing to his life-long record. The charge receives additional support from the assistant district attorney of Kings county who had charge of the enforcement of the race-track laws in that county. The result is that hot and winged words and very many



Pach Bros., N. Y.

HIS CHARGE AGAINST CANNON HAS CREATED A NATIONAL SENSATION

Congressman Herbert Parsons, Republican leader in New York, asserts that Speaker Cannon, Tammany and certain Republican state leaders entered into an alliance last March to re-elect Cannon and defeat laws in New York to prevent illegal voting.

of them have so far given the campaign a lurid character that promises a series of whirlwinds at the close.



CERTAINLY DID SWALLOW HIM

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald.

DESPITE the long interval that must yet elapse before the next diplomatic representative of the United States can present his credentials at Peking, the regent of the Chinese Empire, prompted by his theory that America means to stand between his country and Europe, has commenced elaborate preparations to receive him. Prince Chun, who is practically the supreme personage within the sacred purple town reserved to the Son of Heaven, is affirmed to have satisfied himself that a breach between England and America in all that relates to far eastern policy has actually taken place. That is the impression of the *Paris Temps* and it loses no force from a similar idea broached with reservations in the *London Times*. "Great Britain's alliance with Japan and America's friendship with China are two facts which invite superficial misinterpretation," to quote the English daily. "Unfortunately for Europe," to quote the *Temps*, "the Chinese imagine that Washington will assist them in defying the western powers." One of the first duties of the next American minister in Peking, observes the *Figaro*, will be to convince the mandarins that the new Taft policy in Asia by no means includes a support of the Regent, estimable as Prince Chun has proved himself, in all his disputes with the Europeans. Japan, according to the complaints of the mandarins transmitted, as the *Temps* says, to Washington, has made the most of her opportunities to demand revolutionary concessions from the Chinese and has been backed at every stage by Great Britain. If this be true, the Taft policy in Asia has suffered a check already.

SUSPECTING a Chinese attempt to alienate American opinion from Japan, the Prime Minister in Tokyo has announced that Japanese statesmen are "too circumspect, as well as too moderate in their ambitions, to impose terms on a neighbor which would be humiliating" and would at the same time arouse the opposition of western powers. This language, while found "correct" by the European papers which comment upon it, is suspected of inspiring a certain impression of evasiveness in the Washington official mind. "Malicious and ill-advised accusations against Japanese of stirring up anti-foreign feeling in Peking" are said in the *London Post* to have affected the American State Department unduly. It is taken for granted, however, in many European dailies that the Taft administration is pro-Chinese in the sense in which Great Brit-

ain, through her treaty of alliance, falls under the classification of pro-Japanese. The situation will profoundly affect the relations of Washington with London, according to the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, which foresees a long struggle between the two for control of the Chinese railway system.

UPON the railway problem the whole Taft policy in China is now based, unless the information transmitted to Europe be misleading. President Taft has satisfied himself that the Peking government for years to come will belong to the railroad power that grows up under its wing. He believes, according to the *Figaro*, that no one power should obtain concessions for railway lines to an extent entailing practical sovereignty. This happens, it seems, to be the view of the Prince Regent. In response to urgent local demands, the Regent has cancelled several railroad concessions to foreign syndicates. In such cases Prince Chun usually announces his purposes to go on with the construction of the line through co-operation between the central authority and the local government. A powerful movement has grown of late for the cancellation of coal mining concessions along the lines of projected railroad. Hitherto such action by the Peking authorities has invariably inspired protest of no feeble kind from the diplomatic corps. Lately, however, the United States has held aloof from these combined demonstrations.

WHAT has come to be known in Europe as "the Taft policy in China" embraces, thus, as the *Paris press* infers, the cancellation of many agreements between the Peking government and European capitals. "Yet we see no effective sign of China's ability to construct her own railways," complains the *London Times*, "and where, as in southern China, the intelligent classes have been willing to subscribe towards Chinese owned railways, they have done so solely on the express stipulation that the officials shall have nothing to do with the matter." Chinese students who have been educated in Japan and who so largely constitute the so-called Young China party, defend the policy of excluding foreign co-operation on the ground that Japan did the same. But the parallel, according to the *London Times* again, is only superficial. "Japan had from the first reserved the control of the great arteries of communication and the mineral resources of the empire for her own people. China, on the other hand, admitted the foreigner and thus surrendered the principle of

exclusion once and for all." Here, says the *Temps*, is the point regarding which the "Taft policy in China" differentiates itself with some sharpness of distinction from merely European policy in China. As a result of long and intimate conferences with Chinese and Japanese statesmen during his journeys through the far east, says the *Figaro*, Mr. Taft became wedded to the theory that many Chinese concessions and agreements with foreigners have no real basis in law, equity or the rules of diplomacy. The United States government has already set itself in opposition to Europe, where a multitude of these claims are concerned, and that opposition is not diminishing as time goes on. It has even "imparted rigidity to the attitude of Prince Chun," as the *Temps* says, and made negotiation with the mandarin state a far more difficult thing than it was in the easy going days of the Empress Dowager, when any ambassador could get an edict for the asking. The American ambassador who takes the place of that Charles R. Crane, whose career in world politics was so unconventional while it lasted, will find it difficult even to talk about edicts.

AMONG the results of the Taft policy in China, as they are somewhat resentfully summed up in Paris papers, are "contempt for the foreigner when he happens to be European and the growing indifference with which many of the Chinese authorities, both of the central and the local governments, treat offenses committed against the elementary rights of Europeans." Nor is the situation improved by the hatred of Europeans with which Prince Chun is alleged to burn internally, owing to the treatment he received when he headed the mission sent to Germany several years ago to apologize for the assassination of Emperor William's ambassador. The occasion was made needlessly degrading to the pride of the yellow race. Such, at any rate, is the Chinese Regent's idea of his experience in that period of his country's profoundest humiliation, according to the *Temps*, which represents him as peculiarly hostile to Germany in consequence. But the Regent has likewise his grudge against Great Britain because that country is so irreconcilable on the subject of the railway concessions granted to her subjects prior to the war between Russia and Japan. Prince Chun is all for cancellation of every railway agreement dating from those ages of darkness which terminated when Japan sunk the fleet of Admiral Rozhdestvensky in the Sea of Tsushima,



KNOXED OUT

Mr. Charles R. Crane was on the eve of sailing from San Francisco for Peking to assume the post of United States Minister to China when he was recalled and forced to resign by Secretary of State Knox for, as is alleged, talking indiscreetly to a reporter about America's protest against the new treaty between China and Japan.

IN HIS efforts to rule China effectively, Prince Chun has hitherto been embarrassed by the solidarity of the diplomatic corps in Peking. That solidarity has not been invariable, admits the *Matin*, which supplies this information, but, in general terms, it is a fact that at the Chinese capital an ambassador conceives himself to be a representative of the white race facing the yellow. "Even the Japanese ambassador has prided himself, when it came to a test, on being white." It got to be the fashion in Peking for the entire diplomatic corps to form a sort of pool on the basis of common European interests. The United States has hitherto been included in the pool because it had a theoretical interest in the preservation of western civilization menaced by the yellow peril. Practically, however, this theory made the United States a party to the Anglo-Russian agreement in Asia, to the Dual Alliance in Asia, to the concert of Europe in Asia, to the Anglo-Japanese alliance and to any other European policy which the exigencies of diplomacy made dominant in Peking. Whatever the temporary situation might be,

the result was invariably the same—a triumph of some European interest to the neglect of some American interest. The essence of the Taft policy in China, consequently, is taken from Washington's farewell address and amounts to nothing more than that the United States has in Asia, as it has everywhere else, a set of interests quite distinct from those of Europe.

IN CHINA hereafter each power should look out for itself. That, as French papers like the *Matin* understand the matter, is "the Taft policy." Washington does not mean henceforth to be concerned about agreements subsisting between France and Russia or both those powers with Great Britain. Considerations relative to such agreements applied in Peking will not be deemed valid in Washington. The time-honored theory of the solidarity of the white race is likewise obsolete, so far as this country is concerned. It is also understood in Paris organs that the Anglo-Japanese alliance, in some of its aspects, is not wholly palatable to Washington because Tokyo interprets it as a bestowal of special privilege in Peking. To some recent gentle suasion exerted by the Japanese upon our State Department with a view of eliciting a definite formulation of the Taft policy in China, the report is understood to have been made that that policy will develop of itself. Its spirit will not for some time to come be confined within the bars of a definition. When the next American Minister arrives in Peking he will communicate his instructions to the Wai-wu-pu in a form likely to dumbfound the representatives of old world powers, concludes the French organ, but for the time being Prince Chun holds all concessions in abeyance and pays no attention whatever to protests from the diplomatic corps.

* *



ALTHOUGH the expectation of a general election throughout England by January at the latest has been based by London dailies upon a mere report of what the House of Lords will do with a budget deemed "Socialistic," King Edward himself is assumed to take the story quite seriously. His hurried visits to Buckingham Palace, the summons of Prime Minister Asquith to his presence and the anxiety of the whole court of St. James's at what is deemed a grave constitutional crisis prove to British dailies that an appeal to the people at

the ballot box under conditions of unusual excitement, can not be much longer delayed. The Lords, through their recognized spokesmen in the press and on the platform, have categorically affirmed a purpose to throw out the budget. The London *Spectator* is urging them to revise their ideas on this head. The conservative instincts of the Lords are in revolt first against what they deem the hugeness of the sums for which the budget makes provision, but chiefly on account of the heavy taxes to be levied upon landed property. Thus has the latest of those crises between Lords and Commons which have made the history of the Asquith ministry so exciting resolved itself into a test of King Edward's personal influence. If he can prevent any display of the temper of the Lords, and that is said to be the object of the conferences of last month between himself and various peers at Buckingham Palace, the Prime Minister may regret it. Mr. Asquith is affirmed in all organs to have lashed himself to a pitch of such excessive fury against peers in general that he fairly aches for the defeat of the budget. His majority in the Commons after a fresh election would be the greater.

OLD-AGE pensions and the building of big battleships are held responsible for that system of taxation which, defended again and again in the Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the eloquent and radical David Lloyd-George, has, as the London *Standard* maintains, done away in many respects with ideas of the rights of private property. What the government of Mr. Asquith had to ask itself, when levying the taxes against which the peerage is now in revolt, is pithily put by David Lloyd-George. "Can the whole subject of further social reform be postponed until the increasing demands made upon the national exchequer by the growth of armaments has ceased?" Great Britain has a further question to ask herself, according to her fiery Chancellor of the Exchequer. "If we put off dealing with these social sores, are the evils which arise from them not likely to grow and to fester until finally the loss which the country sustains will be infinitely greater than anything it would have to bear in paying the cost of an immediate remedy?" This, complains the London *Post*, is sheer "Socialistic stump speaking."

MUCH less indulgence in the matter of taxation than British Chancellors of the Exchequer have hitherto allowed them is pre-

dicted for incomes and landed property henceforth by David Lloyd-George, no matter what the outcome of the impending general election may be. The Prime Minister, in the speeches he made last month, went even farther than this. Great landed estates, according to Mr. Asquith, must be taxed until they shrink. The announcement was not received with equanimity by that champion of everything conservative, Arthur James Balfour. He has become fierce in his denunciation of the confiscatory aims of Mr. Asquith's budget. Fierce have been the comments of the Conservative press generally and pointed have been the predictions that the Lords will be sustained at the polls. Yet it seemed a few weeks ago even to such dubious onlookers as the *London Times* that the "socialistic budget" must go through substantially as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has framed it. The possibility has not been jeopardized by the eagerness of King Edward to avert a crisis which affects the prerogatives of the throne.

FROM the constitutional standpoint, the Lords are at a disadvantage, according to the old-fashioned Liberal organs. The peers have theoretically no right to modify any bill for raising revenue, contends the *London News*. England is thus to be committed to a scheme of what the *London Telegraph* deems "legalized spoliation, organized financial profligacy and Socialism in its most naked and repulsive form." Meanwhile, radical papers congratulate the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon "a long step in the direction of social justice," as the *London News* calls it. It is with an eye to his own future as Socialist Prime Minister that Lloyd-George is acting, surmises the *London Chronicle*. King Edward, who is said to have formed an excessive dislike for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been suspected of trying to eliminate the budget from politics as a prelude to the elimination, later on, of Lloyd-George. What that Welshman purposes doing, as the *London Telegraph* believes, is to extract from the landlords a goodly fraction of their acreage in the form of taxation. His idea is based upon "the theories and fallacies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's socialistic namesake, Henry George," theories and fallacies "laid down for the spoliation of those who happen to be possessed of landed property." Be the soundness of this view what it may, the fact remains that the great landowners of England are in a state of panic and that the labor organs are acclaiming

Lloyd-George as the greatest man in England to-day. "Socialism," says the exultant *Clarion*, "has won its first triumph in the House of Commons."

SOCIALISM will win no triumphs in the House of Lords if the King of England possesses any influence there. His dislike of the budget has been freely expressed to the peers in his immediate set, say those who report his attitude for the London society papers. His Majesty attaches importance, none the less, to the contention that the House of Lords has no constitutional right to amend or to reject a bill for the purpose of raising revenue. The reply to this, as formulated by those peers who have led the agitation against the Lloyd-George budget, is that in the form of a measure for raising revenue the Chancellor of the Exchequer has devised a scheme for reconstructing the entire fabric of English society. The point seems well taken to the King. His sudden conspicuity in the political crisis has inspired hints in some Liberal organs to the effect that active participation by the sovereign in the political disputes of the hour is alien to the spirit of the constitution. King Edward is known, on the other hand, to have some doubts respecting the theory that the sovereign of Great Britain reigns but does not govern. He has for several years taken the whole British foreign policy under his wing. His influence in world politics is the most potent factor in London diplomacy. It would now seem that he means to make his personality and his prerogative factors in the domestic crisis. The situation, remarks the *London News*, is unprecedented.

IT IS as a buffer between the rich and the poor that the King injects himself into this crisis, surmises the *Paris Temps*, which from its detached standpoint comments on the situation as the gravest in England since the revolution of 1688. Never, it infers from the remarks of Lloyd-George, have the wealthy and the poverty stricken faced each other with a more sullen determination on each side to prevail. Thousands—Mr. Lloyd-George says he would scarcely err if he placed the total at millions—of people in England are at present precipitated into a condition of acute misery and poverty. "How many people there are of this kind in this wealthy land the figures of old-age pensions have thrown rather a lurid and unpleasant light upon." Is it fair, asked Mr. Lloyd-George recently, is it just, is it humane—more, is it safe?—to subject such



A PILLAR OF PRIVILEGE SUPPORTING THE PEERS .

Arthur James Balfour, at one time Prime Minister, is addressing, in the course of his indefatigable campaign against the "Socialistic Budget," one of the immense meetings recently held in Birmingham.

a multitude of England's poor to a continuance of these miseries until the nations have learned wisdom enough not to squander their resources in huge machines for the destruction of human life? This way of stating the proposition has thrown the German scare into the background.

A MORE important decision is about to be taken by the people of Britain than they have had to arrive at for generations. That is the summing up of former Prime Minister Balfour, and the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, echoing the opposition press as a whole, insists that he does not overstate matters. Like Lord Rosebery, adds this daily, Mr. Balfour "stands at the parting of the ways and points down into the bottomless gulf of the Socialist revolution towards which the budget is a first and long step." Mr. Balfour also indicates the one alternative available to the British—the path of protective tariff legislation, or, as he prefers to term it, tariff "reform." But what every housewife in the country is concerned to know, retorts the *London Leader*, is how long a path this is to be and whither it is to lead the prices of domestic necessities. Mr. Balfour was to have infused energy into the House of Lords by delivering a speech in Joseph Chamberlain's stronghold of Birmingham, notes the *Sheffield Independent*,

an influential provincial organ; but the dramatic episode of the political demonstration was an appeal from Mr. Chamberlain himself.

THAT long political eclipse into which Joseph Chamberlain gravitated when paralysis laid its hold upon him is as dark as ever. Last month a letter from him, written from the seclusion of his splendid home in Highbury, was read with tremendous political effect to the thousands who had gathered to hear Mr. Balfour denounce the budget in Birmingham. "We will have to make up our minds that a general election will have to be fought at the latest in January," was the conclusion of the *Birmingham Post*, which reflects the views of the Chamberlain protective tariff group in the Commons. What Mr. Chamberlain said in his letter amounted to no more than a suggestion that the Lords reject the budget, but that the rejection of the budget by the Lords would entail a protective tariff for England. That is the line of reasoning of both Chamberlain and Balfour, according to the Birmingham organ of this group of politicians. Now Mr. Balfour, while not saying precisely that the Lords will reject the budget, intimates that they may do so. This must mean, says the Birmingham daily, that he has private information to this effect.



LORD ROSEBERY AS A CHAMPION OF THE DUKES

Nothing could have been more sensational in the present juncture of Great Britain's budget crisis than this sudden reappearance of the former Liberal Premier as an enemy of the Liberal scheme of taxation.

REJECTION of the budget by the House of Lords was declared "out of the question" by Prime Minister Asquith a few weeks ago in the course of one of the most animated political demonstrations organized since the upheaval began. All the legal lore for which the head of the ministry is so famed was marshalled to prove to an immense audience that the Lords would exceed their constitutional powers if they reject or "mutilate" the bill after the Commons have sent it "up." He quoted the immortal text-writers on the theme—Coke, Seldon, Blackstone. He read extracts from the speeches of Conservative Prime Ministers supporting the contention that the Lords have nothing to do with money bills. "If the custom of the Constitution is to be upset, a custom that has prevailed for three hundred years," said Mr. Asquith, "he would be a bold man who would forecast the result. That way revolution lies." In truth, as the London *Spectator* complains, "passion and impatience seem to be sweeping everyone away," a result it ascribes to the ministry's "discreditable appeals to the predatory instincts of mankind." Continental European observers of the acute phase of the struggle report that never in their experience have the cool and self-contained people of England been wrought to such a frenzied extreme of emotion. "Whether it be the result of the

prolonged German naval panic," to quote the *Gaulois*, "or the growing tensivity of the relations between rich and poor, the fact remains that in this political agitation the English are manifesting unsuspected tendencies to febrile ebullience, revealing itself to some extent in the violence of the woman suffragists and to an even greater degree in the fury with which the leaders of the great parties hurl abuse, recrimination and taunts at one another."

* * *



BY HALING that most eminent of living Anarchists, Francisco Ferrer, before a military court and having him condemned and shot on a charge of inciting the recent revolutionary upheaval at Barcelona, the Spanish government provided Europe with the sensation of last month. Ferrer enjoys among the Latin nations, observes the *Revue Bleue*, all the prestige of Tolstoy among the Slavs and Anglo-Saxons, and while the philosophical anarchism of the Spaniard differentiates itself markedly from the Christian Anarchism of the Russian, the theories of the two have been the subjects of innumerable comparisons. Francisco Ferrer had been a prisoner since last summer, when he was arrested after the discovery of alleged treasonable correspondence found in his private apartments.

His eminence as an educator, his generosity in distributing his considerable wealth among the poor, the charm of his style as a popularizer of economics among the humbler classes and the industry with which he has disseminated revolutionary theories among the natives of Barcelona have rendered him odious to the clerical and conservative. By making himself the pioneer of lay education in the dominions of King Alfonso, Señor Ferrer attacked the basis of that denominational school system to which the Roman Catholic Church is so attached. He refused to obey the order of the military governor of Barcelona when that official insisted that he withdraw financial support from the trades unions of the city. Neither would he suppress a study of the French Revolution in which he traces the misery of the Spanish masses to their economic condition and their economic condition to their illiteracy.

UNFAMILIAR as the name of Francisco Ferrer has hitherto remained to the Anglo-Saxon public, it has always been mentioned with respect by those thinkers and educators who, for ten years past, have been in the forefront of the liberal movement among the Latin peoples. He has been an intellectual idol to Frenchmen like Anatole France, Francis de Pressensé, Georges Clemenceau and Jean Jaurès. In Italy Ferrer has been hailed as the inaugurator of a new era and only last session the Chamber of Deputies broke into applause at the citation of one of his political axioms. The Spaniards of the north have read his studies of their condition and listened to his lectures at a time when the ecclesiastical authorities were denouncing his heresies and trying to close his schools. The charges connecting him with the sanguinary butcheries at Barcelona were based upon captured correspondence which, from the evidence presented before the court-martial, pointed, says the *London News*, to manifest forgery.

NOTHING very serious might have been decided in the case of Ferrer, says the *Rome Tribuna*, had it not been for the discovery of a quite recent plot for the assassination of the King. When Alfonso was last the target of an Anarchist bomb, Ferrer was promptly arrested, but the inconclusiveness of the evidence led to his speedy release. From time to time since that incarceration, Spanish dailies of dynastic tendency, like the Madrid *Epoca*, have connected Ferrer with plots to

slay Alfonso. There is no doubt that from the standpoint of his philosophical Anarchism, Ferrer deprecates all violence. In some respects he seems to incorporate into his own school of thought those non-resistant attitudes to which Tolstoy is prone. There is too suspicious a nebulousness in the theorizing of Ferrer relative to the right of the oppressed to assassinate a monarch, however, and his essays on the subject have been more than once confiscated by the police. When on his way to jail two years ago, a trade union of teamsters took him by force from the Barcelona constabulary, ever since which event he has been technically outlawed.

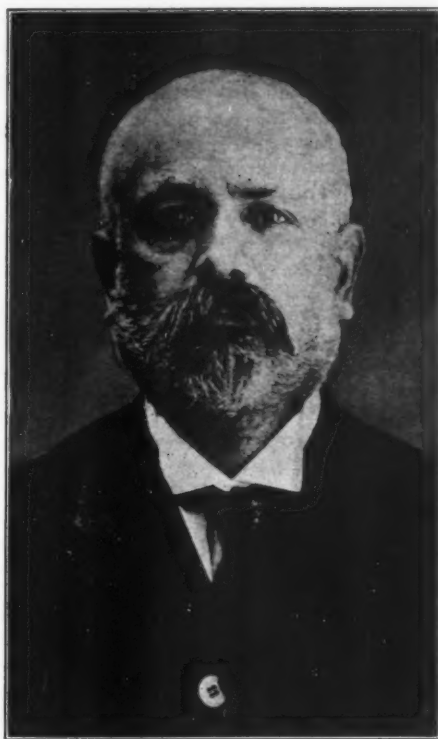
IT SEEMS established that the Anarchist who threw the bomb at the King of Spain in Madrid, when his Majesty's escape was so narrow, had derived his ethics in the "modern school" of which Ferrer is the founder. When the Anarchist congress was held in Amsterdam some time ago, it was thought a striking circumstance that so many of the delegates claimed Ferrer as their master. It has been impossible for Ferrer to live anywhere in Spain for several years past without incurring arrest on one ground or another, but the influences exerted to secure his release have been powerful. The *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) has a story to the effect that Prime Minister Briand of France is one of the most ardent admirers Ferrer has ever won. This, however, explains the *Figaro*, was in Monsieur Briand's unregenerate days when he wore a blouse and hailed his constituents as "Comrade." He turned a deaf ear, it is rumored, when his former associate in revolutionary groups, Francis de Pressensé, the President of the famous League of the Rights of Man, pleaded for official intercession in Ferrer's favor.

RESPONSIBILITY for the extreme measures adopted in the case of Ferrer is placed by the Paris *Temps* upon the revolutionary fevers now agitating the whole of Spain. Successful as the censors have been in suppressing the truth, we read in the Paris daily that wealthy citizens of Barcelona are streaming continually over the frontier to escape the fury of what they feel convinced is an inevitable social cataclysm. The suppression of the riots at Barcelona entailed measures of such severity that martial law has spread like a prairie fire. The ordinary guarantees of freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and freedom of the press have not

even a nominal existence in most of the provinces of Spain at this time, insists the *Aurore*, while daily the newspapers of Belgium and Holland give some detail in confirmation of that claim. Spain, the *Tribuna* thinks, shows all the symptoms of a land in the preliminary throes of a thoro-paced revolution, a fact which fully explains the summary fashion of disposing of Francisco Ferrer. He was the embodiment of all that Spaniards understand by revolt.

THE seething excitement into which the masses in the larger Spanish cities have been plunged for weeks justifies the Madrid government, according to the Prime Minister, in court-martialing Ferrer instead of waiting until his trial in a civil court became feasible. No civil court with jurisdiction in the case can legally sit for some months, it appears from what the *Epoca* says. The letters upon which his conviction was based turn out to be forgeries, if we may accept the statements of British dailies of the standing of the *Manchester Guardian*. This Liberal organ suggested that diplomatic intervention was called for; but the *London Spectator*, while expressing sympathy with Ferrer, deprecated what it feared would be deemed unwarranted meddling with the internal affairs of a friendly power. All the same, Ferrer has been condemned not for his acts but for his opinions, declares Anatole France, who is the most conspicuous among the eminent writers who are denouncing the Spanish government just now. That government is understood to be preparing for every emergency in view of the present excitement.

ANTICLERICAL organs in France and Italy agree that the eagerness of the ecclesiastical authorities in Madrid to suppress the lay schools was the leading motive behind the prosecution of Ferrer. King Alfonso is even said in the *Rome Avanti*, a Socialist daily, to be completely in the hands of his reactionary Prime Minister, who has received plenary power from his sovereign to proceed to extremes never yet reached in this stronghold of the Bourbons. Should this turn out to be the case, observes the *Indépendance Belge*, which follows Spanish affairs closely, the monarchy is doomed. It declares that the throne has more than once in the past few years been in peril which Europe has little suspected. A highly sensational story of the plans of the Queen to escape across the frontier in the event of the cataclysm she is said



THE VICTIM OF BOURBON SPAIN

Francisco Ferrer, shot in circumstances that attracted the attention of the civilized world, was a leader in the modern movement for the education of the masses in Spain. He taught a philosophical anarchism which had some resemblance to the doctrines of Tolstoy.

to dread continually, has found its way into a few European papers. The truth seems unattainable, laments the *Temps*, which deploras the fiasco of the Moroccan campaign, undertaken to arouse the patriotic instincts of Spaniards and to divert them from revolution.

* *



OFFICIAL Lisbon has taken alarm at preparations just completed for the extension of the cocoa boycott from Great Britain to our own country as the only effective mode of warfare against the slavery upon which as a basis the wealth of Portugal's African possessions has accumulated. So powerful are the vested interests involved and so great is the export of slave-grown cocoa to the United States that the Portuguese capitalists concerned in this traffic intend, according to some hints in the *London News*, to impress our State Department, through official channels, with the same representations conveyed

so suavely from the Foreign Office in Lisbon to the Foreign Office in London. Cocoa slavery, in the light of Portuguese diplomacy, is not slavery at all but a contractual relation that promotes the welfare of negro wage-earners. This is flatly denied in the London *Spectator* and other organs, which have done so much to make the cocoa boycott general in England that the Portuguese growers are said to contemplate the loss of their American profits with dismay. The agitation is to be inaugurated in this country under auspices too distinguished for the Lisbon government to ignore and the tales of horror to be unfolded will, the London *News* thinks, render the sovereign of the Congo by comparison an angel of mercy to the blacks. Those articles of merchandise which, served up to the American public in cans of powder or cakes of chocolate, have acquired a significance no less tragic than Congo rubber, are to be brought home to our women in anything but the familiar and delightful way.

NO less than thirty thousand blacks from Angola are now kept in the Portuguese Plantations on San Thome and Principe, this authority insists. Their condition is one of abject slavery. The captives work on the island farms against their will and they are kept prisoners until they die. But for this state of affairs, adds Mr. Burtt, the huge exports of cocoa to the United States—thousands of sacks at a time—could not be made at a profit in view of the competition from other sources. At least that is the excuse of the Lisbon capitalists concerned in this traffic. The refusal of large firms in Germany, France and England to handle slave-grown cocoa has not diminished the wealth of the plantation owners, says Mr. Burtt, to the large orders from the United States. This statement is confirmed by the Lisbon *Economista*, which has long agitated the slavery issue at home. It hints that the new American tariff has actually stimulated the industry thus based on servitude by encouraging for the time being larger consignments. Meanwhile the slaves are being forwarded to the plantations at the rate of six thousand a year.

UNTIL the American people have been informed of the horrors of cocoa slavery, says the London *Spectator*, in the course of one of its numerous editorial utterances on this topic, the profits of the system will perpetuate it. "If the people of America would only pledge themselves to drink no more

slave-grown cocoa," says our London contemporary, "they would raise the noblest and most magnificent memorial to Lincoln that the brain of man can conceive. Such a resolve would paralyze the hand of the slave-raider of Angola—the man who now scours the inland regions that he may supply the plantations of the islands with captives." Knowledge that so good a price awaits the arriving caravan for each hapless black defeats every official with good intentions—and there are many such in the Portuguese service—who strives to cope with the evil. "Strange as it sounds," says *The Spectator*, "the innocent demand for cocoa to drink or chocolate to eat by men, women and children in America is only one end of a chain which, at the other end, is shackled to a slave." For the great market to San Thome is the United States!

SHOULD the agitation against cocoa slavery which, to all appearances, is so soon to be made spirited in this country, become a campaign against the colonial system of Portugal, more harm than good, in the opinion of the Paris *Débats*, is bound to ensue. Very few elements in Lisbon, official or commercial, have the slightest financial interest in the maintenance of the horrors of slavery. The evil has grown up in consequence of an active monopoly looking out for private interests in the face of merely general interests. It is extremely difficult to interest the Portuguese generally in the state of their colonial possessions, and it is even hinted that opinion in Lisbon is as uneducated on the subject as it is in the United States. The radical organs which agitate the theme in Portugal are disparaged and impeached as republican or dissident sheets. Attempts have been made likewise to prove that the evils are greatly exaggerated and that the traffic has become humanized if not defunct. It is to the peculiarly low, backward and indolent character of the natives that "the summary mode of recruiting labor" is attributed by cocoa exporters on the plantations. The difficulty experienced by Portuguese colonial officials in controlling the action of "recruiting agents" over an immense tract of country neither wholly opened up nor effectively occupied is conceded by the London *Times*. "The Portuguese law regulating the recruiting of black labor works admirably in Cape Verde, Cabinda and Mozambique. It is only in Angola that the same admirable law fails of its effect through lack of enforcement."

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Persons in the Foreground

LOVETT: A GRUBBER OF STUMPS



HE eternal fitness of things demands that when a man born and bred in Texas comes forth to assume a high position in the world of politics or finance, he shall be a picturesque character with a thrilling and eventful life behind him. What was the use of the war with Mexico—what is the use of having Texas in the Union—if her citizens, when they come to the front, are not to furnish big splashes of bright color in the chronicles of our times? That, at least, is the popular view, and against it the *Dallas News* is making vigorous but ineffectual protest.

Born nearly fifty years ago in the interior of the Lone Star state, where no railroad has even yet penetrated; forced to earn his living at an early age; fighting his way upward and onward, to assume at last one of the most responsible positions in American finance, ex-Judge Robert S. Lovett owes it to the nation, and especially to the journalism of the nation, to show us a record that thrills like a melodrama. He shows us nothing of the kind. His life makes no particular appeal to our cravings for romance. He doesn't seem to have fought duels or to have averted any lynchings or to have killed a single "nigger." He is no hero of a romantic novel. He is instead a grubber of stumps. He began life that way. He has been metaphorically grubbing out stumps ever since. That was what he did for Jay Gould. That was what he did for Collis P. Huntington. That is what he has been doing for the late Edward H. Harriman. If any superlatives are to be used on him, let us call him the most magnificent grubber of stumps the country has produced. It is a very useful and important occupation, and one full of laborious endeavor. But it is not dramatic, and a Texan who is not dramatic is disappointing.

"Unquestionably the central figure in the day's march of human events"—so ran the newspaper accounts last month—"is Lovett. Who is he; what is he; whence came he; how did he arrive; what is his personality; why did the king of the railway world pass over to him the executive reins of thousands of miles of track, millions of securities and an army of employees? These and a hundred

other questions are the queries of the week. The answers have been vague, inconclusive, mostly mere guesses and surmises."

It is known that Judge Lovett was for a number of years Harriman's personal adviser, and, in Union Pacific and Southern Pacific affairs, his understudy. It is known that in 1904 he became general counsel for the whole Harriman system. He developed into a railway vice-president and a member of a number of directorates. But a man like Harriman has many lawyers and many advisers, and they all dwell in a sort of obscurity that is cast like a shadow by all the towering forms of history. Out of the shadow projected by Harriman steps Lovett into the glare of a thousand searchlights. And this is a description of the man as he makes his appearance and is seen by a writer in the *New York World*:

"He stands a little short of six feet in height, a tall, slender, well formed figure, with shoulders square and erect that would seemingly imply a military training, but which he did not have. There is the appearance of a physique in sound health, full of strength and capable of enduring the fatigue of extraordinary strain and labor. The head betokens the qualities of the man. Its measurements would be beyond the average from tip of the chin to the top of the forehead. People sometimes speak of a long head. Here is one in the double sense of size and capabilities. In a general way it is V shaped, rather narrow at the bottom and broadening out wide above. The forehead is wide and high. Everything indicates room and expansion at the top, where the brains lie.

"The hair is brown, smooth, fine and closely cut. The face is smooth shaven. The eyelids open wide revealing an iris of brown. These eyes, undisguised by glasses, look straight at you with unwavering steadiness. Very different they are from Mr. Harriman's snappy, deep sunk eyes, that glared from behind double spectacles. The mouth is wide, with thin lips, cut straight across. At the corners there is just a trifling upward turn that gives another key to character. A faint suspicion of a smile seems to play about these corners, betraying the affable nature of the man, who never lets himself get angry, who knows how to temper firmness with suavity and to smile instead of to frown. The voice is low in tone, smooth and pleasant to the ear, modulated to gravity."

Such is the physical appearance of the man today. He is not quite fifty and his whole career has been fitting him for the task he has now assumed as chairman of the executive committee of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems—the largest transportation system in the world.

The little town of Cold Springs, in San Jacinto county, Texas, has now about 500 inhabitants. It had even less when Robert S. Lovett was born there on the eve of the civil war. His father, William L. Lovett, owned a large plantation, worked, of course, by many slaves. The war stripped the family of most of its wealth. Then the head of the family went on the bond of certain county officials, who left him in the lurch. So between war and political rascality young Lovett was early relieved of the handicap of wealth and realized that he was to be the architect of his own fortunes. His realizing sense of this was so strong, in fact, that when his father arranged to educate the boy for the medical profession, he protested and then went on from protestation to outright refusal. He was determined to be a lawyer. His father was determined he should be a doctor. So he became—for the time being—a farmer! That is to say, he left home, at the age of fifteen, rather than submit to the parental will in regard to his future career, and hired himself out on a farm in an adjoining county.

There, one day, he saw something that made him sit up and take notice. It was a construction train on a new railroad that was being built—the Houston, East and West Texas. He went and applied for a job and got it. Then it was that he began as a grubber of stumps—in the literal, not the metaphorical sense. He was promoted to the job of cutting out and hauling ties. If any great railroad man ever began lower down than that, where is he? He lived with the construction gang, ate coarse food, wore coarse clothes and did coarse work. But he saved his money, kept his eyes open, used his brains as well as his hands, and—

Thirty years later he was made president of the road.

That sounds dramatic, but it came as the result of hard, prosaic, night-and-day toil. When he had \$200 saved up, he chucked his job and went to school in Houston. One of his teachers was a sister of Hoke Smith, and she succeeded in firing the boy's ambition. And one of the pupils was Miss Lavina Abercrombie, who became his wife in 1880. It was a case of

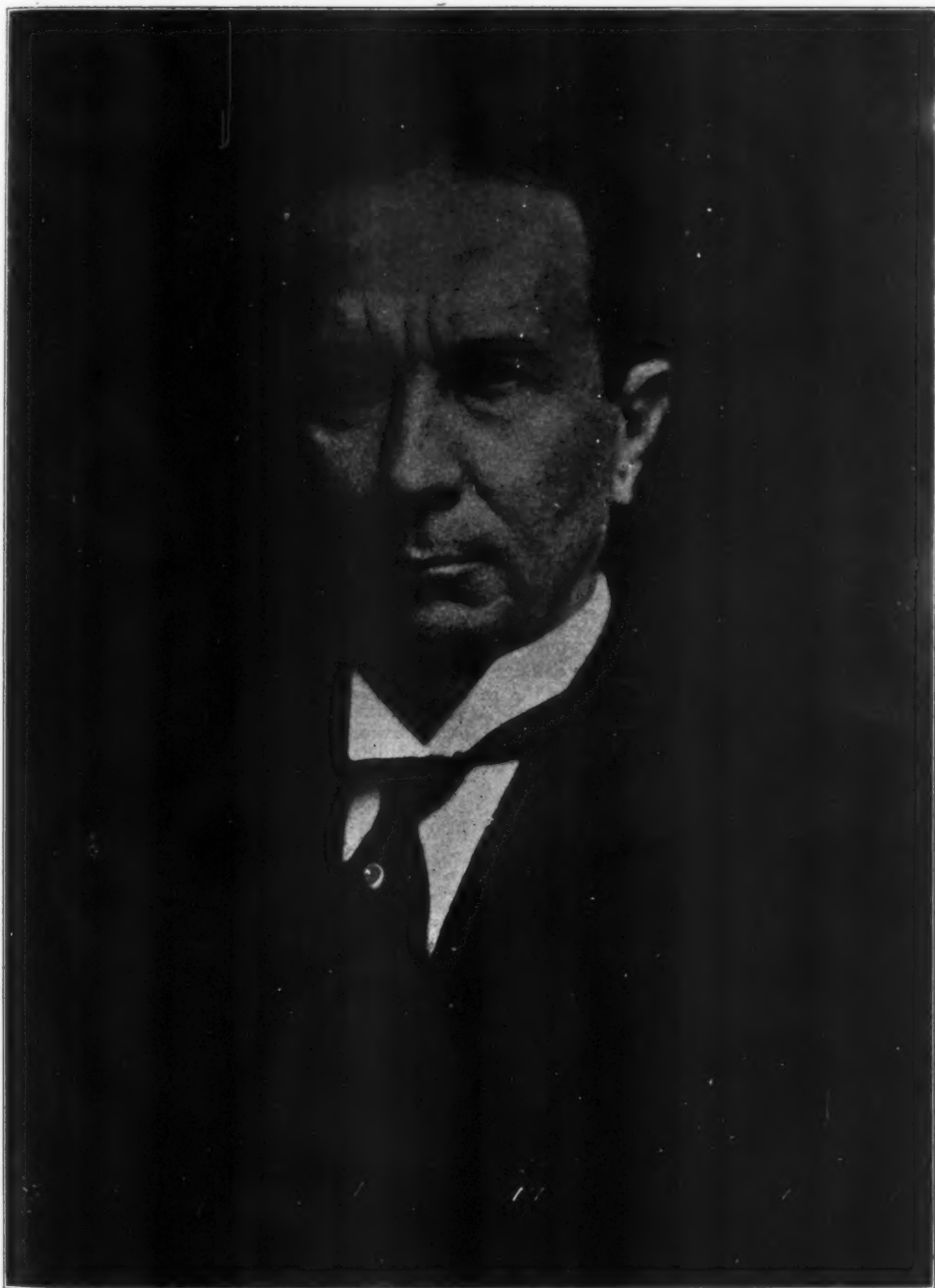
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful, barefoot beau,
When you wrote on a slate, "I love you, Joe,"
When we were a couple of kids.

—except that the Joe of the song should be Bob, and there are some doubts about the calico, as Miss Lavina's parents were very well-to-do indeed.

When young Lovett ran out of funds he went to work again in the town of Shepard. In the daytime he was a station agent on the railroad. In the evening he kept books for a general store, working from seven in the morning until midnight. As the general store undoubtedly included groceries, Lovett may thus be said to be a member of that brigade of illustrious men, including H. H. Rogers, Russell Sage, and many others, who were grocer's clerks in their green and salad days. He went back to Houston later as a bill-clerk, studied law at night, and soon returned in triumph to his native town of Cold Springs, a full-fledged lawyer, and a local attorney for the railway.

He made good as a climber, and at the age of 29 he became general attorney for Texas of the Texas and Pacific Railway. That was the open sesame for many things. He met Jay Gould and captured the latter's fancy. He had already met Miss Abercrombie, as we have narrated, and taken her fancy, and the wedding bells were soon ringing. He became partner in an important law firm having the Southern Pacific for a client, and that brought him a little later to the attention of Collis P. Huntington. Things came his way. He grubbed ceaselessly at legal stumps, political stumps and financial stumps. There was lots and lots of railway litigation, for the spirit of Populism was rampant in Texas and it expended most of its enthusiasm in making trouble for railway corporations. In 1901, when Harriman got control of the Southern Pacific, Lovett was a specialist in railway law and Harriman was not long in finding it out. He called Lovett to New York in 1904 and here he is now, standing erect with both feet on the topmost rung of the financial ladder—a position requiring great balancing skill and a steady nerve, especially when so many hands are striving down below to shake the ladder and so many feet are trying to clamber to the top.

All this tells us what Robert S. Lovett has done. What he is is yet to be revealed in any intimate way to the public. Something more than a hint of the quality of the man's mind may be had from a letter which he wrote last

**FINANCIAL HEAD OF THE LARGEST RAILWAY SYSTEM IN THE COUNTRY**

The solving of many intricate legal problems has wrinkled the brow of ex-Judge Robert S. Lovett, but he is a man who never lets himself get angry, who knows how to smile, and whose voice is low, smooth and pleasant. He is very different in temperament from Mr. Harriman, whom he greatly admires and whose shoes he is now to wear.

June. That was when the attempt was being made in Georgia and other states to oust the negroes from positions as railway brakemen and switchmen. Judge Lovett, as president of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, received a communication, numerous signed, requesting that the road cease to employ negroes as switchmen for the reason that "the positions of railroad switchmen and brakemen are positions of responsibility and standing" and "should not be placed in the hands of ignorant negroes when sober, industrious and reliable experienced white men can be had," and asserting that "positions paying the wages these positions do should be in the hands of white men." The communication was signed by a majority of the members of the Texas legislature and conveyed a covert threat in the statement that "a better feeling between the people of this state and the railroads" would result from such an action.

Judge Lovett answered the petition in a long straightforward letter, firmly refusing to do as requested. He set forth the fact that negro switchmen were originally employed in the yards of Houston "because white switchmen refused to work." He gave statistics showing that in the Houston yard, where negroes were the switchmen, the cost of repairing damaged cars was 1.4 cents per car handled while in all other yards it was 6.8 cents—nearly five times as great! To the plea that white men should have jobs paying such good wages, he replied as follows:

"This simply means that negroes shall not be allowed to do work that pays good wages whenever there are white men who want the job. Where is the line to be drawn upon the rate of wages and the kind of labor negroes shall be allowed? If this company must not employ them as switchmen, may they be employed as section men, porters, sawmill hands, brick makers, teamsters, warehouse laborers, barbers, gardeners, farmers, or in any of the other pursuits in which they must labor to live? It would be just as right and as reasonable to replace the negro in any of these occupations with white men, simply because the latter wants a job, as to replace the negro switchmen of this company who are doing their work well, with white men, merely because they want the positions. If the policy thus urged upon this company be the policy of the South toward the negro; if he is to be allowed to do only such labor as no white man will do and receive only such wages as no white man wants, what is to become of the negroes; how are they to live? Food and clothes they must have. If not by labor, how are they to get the necessities of life? Hunger must and will be satisfied—prisons and chain gangs notwithstanding."

Northern people, added the Judge, no longer want to see negro domination in the South, and look "with tolerance amounting almost to approbation" upon negro disfranchisement. "But," he went on to say, "if, with his political rights, we take away his right to do any work he is fitted to do; if we deny his equal right to earn by any honest labor the necessities and comforts of life for himself and family—the day the North realizes that this is the attitude of the intelligent white people of the South will be an evil day for the South."

This plain speaking, remember, comes from a man born and bred in the South. It indicates courage in withstanding public clamor, breadth of mind and a quick sense of justice. The letter also furnishes an indication of his view of the obligations of a railroad in the matter of the observance of the law. Referring to the desirability of a "better feeling" between the railroads and the people, he says:

"For many years we have been laboring to bring about that 'better feeling.' We have obeyed every law, just or unjust. The records of this company are as an open book, and for the past fifteen years at least I challenge for it comparison with any person, individual or corporate, in the state, for obedience to law and discharge of duty. As lawyer and counsel I have again and again advised the stockholders and owners of the Texas lines, with which I have been connected, to submit to unremunerative rates and discriminatory legislation and many grave wrongs for the sake of that 'better feeling.' I hope and believe it is coming—indeed has already come—but if the sacrifices which the company has made of its own material interests have not brought it, I do not believe the supplanting of these negro switchmen will bring it. The fact is that the people are really as much interested as are the railroads in bringing about this good feeling. They ought to have 'more railroads and better railroads,' but that takes money. The rest of the world cannot be compelled to supply the needs of Texas for adequate railroad facilities. Those already there may be oppressed, but men with money cannot be forced to invest it in building new or rebuilding the old railroads. Sooner or later the people at large will realize that they are to have only as many railroads, and only the kind of railroads, that they are willing to support. If they fix, by a commission or statute, starvation rates, they will have impoverished and inadequate railroads."

These sentiments are irreproachable. But many a railroad president has had irreproachable sentiments for publication and very different sentiments when it came to secret action. Time only can tell to what extent the Judge's published views dominate his policy.

ACHILLES BALLINGER, A KILLER OF SNAKES



AID President Roosevelt, said he: "I thought you liked to kill snakes."

Richard Achilles Ballinger smoked his cigar meditatively and in prolonged silence. The President watched him closely.

"I'll tell you, Mr. President," was the final reply: "I'll kill your snakes for you. But when I'm done, I'm going back home."

"It is the invariable rule of the Biographers' Union," says the facetious Washington correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post*, "when a new public servant connects with the pay-roll and proceeds upward to the dizzy heights of fame, to pin a good, serviceable story to him, a story that can be used on every occasion and that shall be identified as his particular anecdote. We have the Root-and-Taft horse story, the Loeb rabbit story, the Corbin-and-the-King story and many others, each serving its part when occasion arises; and now that Judge Richard Achilles Ballinger has flashed across our gaze we tag him with the story of the snakes. That is his."

The snakes in this particular story were of the two-legged variety, and were located in the Land Office. Mr. Ballinger had been summoned all the way from Seattle and requested to take the office of general land commissioner. He demurred; but the snake-appeal changed the natural hue of his resolution. And that was how he got into national politics in the Roosevelt administration and then stepped into the office of Secretary of the Interior under the Taft administration. Achilles had his heel and Richard Achilles has his passion for killing snakes. Roosevelt always did have a genius for finding a man's most vulnerable spot.

The genesis of Ballinger is typically American. His known pedigree runs back to the days of Mad Anthony Wayne, on whose personal staff was one of the Ballingers. The father of the present Ballinger was one of the "discoverers" of Abraham Lincoln. The two read law together and Lincoln's greatness was asseverated by Ballinger senior before the nation or even the state of Illinois knew there was such a being in Sangamon county. "I want you to know," said Lamon, the biographer of Lincoln, once to the present Ballinger, "that Dick Ballinger, your father, and I were outspoken abolitionists before Lincoln had the courage openly to say a word against slavery." We don't like the impeachment of Lincoln's courage, but that is the way Lamon put it.

One of the earliest memories of the son is of a visit to his father, at Millikens Bend, near Vicksburg, toward the close of the Civil War. His father was then the colonel of a Union regiment of Mississippi negroes. On one of the parades, young Richard was placed by the soldiers with the musicians at the head of the line, with an improvised drum made for him out of a large fig box. This he lustily beat, and when the regiment was mustered out not much later he received formal papers of dismissal signed by his father. So if you want to say that he served in the Civil War at the age of six, there are the papers to prove it.

All sorts of experiences came to young Ballinger at an early age when the passion for accumulating experiences is the keynote in masculine character. His father kept a sheep farm near Milwood, Ill., and young Richard herded the sheep on the prairie, his only companion for hours being a sheep dog. He was but seven then! Later his father became a country postmaster in Virden and young Richard kept a newsstand in a corner of the post-office, selling papers on the streets also. Then the father acquired a country weekly and the son set type and worked the cumbersome old handpress after a fashion. Once in a while he went to school; but for the most part the only school he could attend had a blue arch overhead and a green carpet underfoot and was lighted at night by stellar luminaries. He tells the next part of his boyhood story as follows:

"Next, we went to live in Kansas, settling on a soldier's homestead, two miles from the spot which later became the site of the town of Larned. Indeed, we helped to establish the village. I was fifteen years old. Indians, to the terror of my mother, were to the west of us, and large herds of buffalo could often be seen in the distance. My father bought cattle and I passed three years on horseback in watching them, in reading the poems of Robert Burns, many of which I committed to memory, and in trying to study Greek and Latin. I recited in Latin to a hospital steward at Fort Larned several miles away and in Greek to a clergyman who lived in the vicinity. After four years on the farm, the Texas fever having destroyed nearly all of our cattle, we moved into the village of Larned, where my father again became an editor by the purchase of a weekly publication known as the *Chronoscope*."

Later Richard became deputy clerk and it was part of his duty to receive the skins of jack rabbits, on which there was a bounty of five cents, and to write orders on the treasurer for

the same. "The job," he says, "was a singular mixture of the magisterial function and of banking; but it smelled like a tannery."

With the money earned as clerk he went to the state university in Lawrence, Kansas, and Washington College in Topeka. Then, on the advice of Senator Ingalls, an alumnus of Williams College, he started out for that institution, in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where he kept boarders, helped manage the students' restaurant, pumped the college organ, and, in vacation, acted as janitor of a church. When he graduated at the age of twenty-six, he had "nothing but a lot of nerve, plenty of energy and a decidedly hopeful view of the future." He entered a law office in Chicago practically penniless, and when admitted to the bar he married a Wellesley girl, Miss Julia A. Bradley, whom he met while in college. He went to Alabama as legal representative of some company in which his wife's brother was interested. There he came near being shot by an attorney of the name of Jones; but he got his hand on Jones's throat before the revolver was well out of the latter's hip pocket, and there was no shooting. Then the yellow fever came and Ballinger bade goodbye to Alabama, turning up later at Puget Sound with just \$46 in his possession—the sum total of all his worldly goods.

But things move rapidly in the hustling West. In a few days' time he had formed a law partnership—this was in 1890—and in three years he was elected judge of the county superior court. Four years later he went to Seattle with a legal reputation already made, and with his name on the title pages of "Ballinger on Community Property" and "Ballinger's Codes and Statutes of Washington."

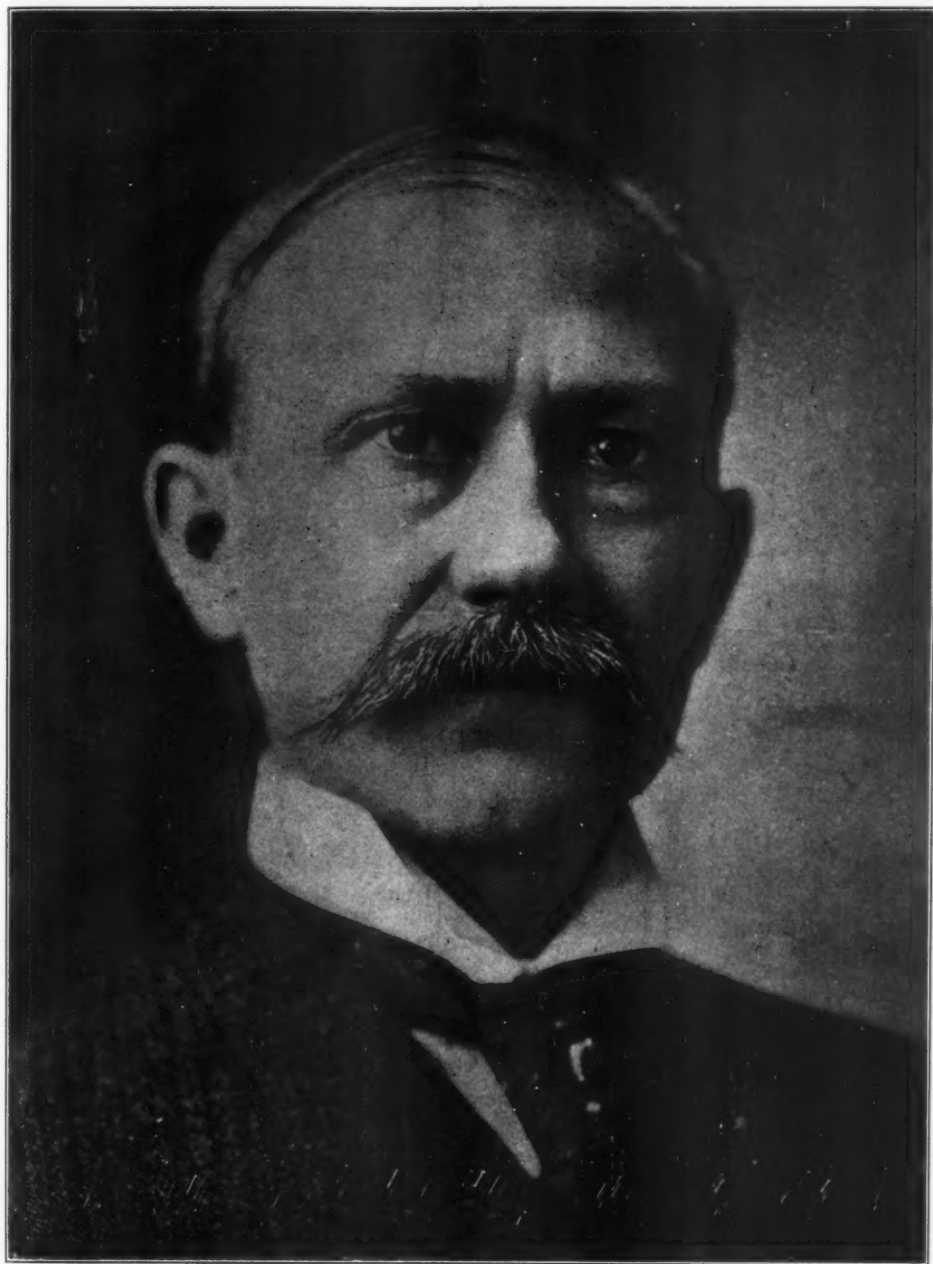
Then came the rush to Alaska for gold through the port of Seattle, and soon the citizens of Seattle were looking around as Roosevelt looked around a year or two later for a killer of snakes. Says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*:

"The city was overrun with gamblers and other allurers. Perhaps at no time was any city so open in its allegiance to vice as was Seattle in those days of hurly-burly and carousal. The very life of the town was threatened, for man had meanwhile come to stay in Seattle, not merely for a brief sojourn. The poison that emanated from the red light district was in its veins and arteries, and heroic measures were required to stop the flow.

"The righteous people rose in anger, and the call came for a man. Ballinger was the man. There was a popular demand that he run for

Mayor, and he heeded the call. He made but few protestations throughout the campaign. He merely pointed to the law and promised to enforce it. He was elected on that promise, and his first care was that the gamblers should be driven out of town and Seattle made a city of homes. The gamblers did not purpose to abandon their gold mines and gold miners without a struggle. They fought as their experience taught them. They resorted to threats. They menaced the life of the man who had warned them to leave. It was this experience that developed his courage. He met their threats with smiles, entirely unafraid. In the end he won, and Seattle became a city purified. The dance halls followed the gambling dens; other forms of vice were suppressed in their turn."


After one term as mayor Ballinger refused a second term and went back to law practice. Then came the incident told at the beginning of this narrative. As land commissioner he had friction with Pinchot, and now, as Secretary of the Interior, he seems to be the target of all those upholders of the Roosevelt policy who, like the editor of *Collier's*, are disposed to be more Rooseveltian than Roosevelt himself. The issue is not one to be more than glanced at here. President Taft has gone into the controversy with care and has given Ballinger a perfectly clean bill of health, without reflecting in the slightest, however, upon Pinchot. We refer to the matter here merely to note the fact that something about Ballinger—perhaps it is his middle name—seems to predestinate him to rows not of his own seeking. The first attorney with whom he crossed swords in Alabama tried to pull a revolver on him while Ballinger was extending his hand in friendly greeting. He was pressed into service early in his career in Seattle to clean up the town and rout the gamblers and cut-throats. He was land commissioner but one year, but he had a tussle not only with the land sharks but with the forestry department as well, being sustained apparently by President Roosevelt, and when Ballinger resigned he was allowed to name his successor. He has been in the cabinet but eight months, but for two of those eight he has been the center of this controversy that every newspaper has been talking about and taking sides on, but upon which definite information is at a premium. As a lightning rod attracts lightning, so Richard Achilles Ballinger seems to draw toward him the storm clouds. Maybe it is because nature built him for fighting and is seeing to it that his talents shall not go unused.



PREDESTINED TO ROWS NOT OF HIS OWN SEEKING

Richard Achilles Ballinger comes of good fighting stock and nature has not allowed his inherited fighting qualities to grow rusty from disuse. "He looks," says a Washington correspondent, "like a thousand other middle aged, medium sized, middle weight fellows in well tailored middle west clothes. He has a square head and a heavy jaw. He wears an ordinary looking mustache under a rather heavy nose, and he always looks you in the eye."

THE RULER OF THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NATION IN AFRICA

ITH the approach of the day upon which the Washington government must decide whether to support the African republic of Liberia in the face of an alleged European intention to cancel its independent existence, the solicitude of President Arthur Barclay is understood to be rendering him sleepless. This full-blooded West Indian negro, who, on account of his learning and gravity, passes for an aristocrat among the French, has never been in the United States and has been accused over here of an indifference to American tradition. That insinuation is calculated, admits *The Liberian Register*, an organ of official opinion published at Monrovia under the editorial supervision of the President's own cabinet, to imperil the fate of the appeal just addressed to Washington that our government liquidate the debt of the African republic and thus deprive the old-world powers of their great excuse for constant meddling. The truth is that Arthur Barclay, whose literary and didactic inclinations render him, in the opinion of the *Paris Matin*, "the sanest figure floating on the stream of African racial turbulence," is inoculated with the liveliest affection for the United States. Those commissioners from this country whose report will determine the attitude of the Taft administration in the Liberian crisis are said in some French papers to have found President Barclay neither democratic nor aristocratic, but constitutional. Should the Liberian situation necessitate the trip, President Barclay may come to America. He has visited France and England, receiving the hospitality of the rulers of both nations.

Standing nearly six feet high, slim, erect, his round head surmounted by whitening wool and his cheeks befringed with side whiskers, the chief magistrate of the only nation in all Africa which has wrested recognition of its independence from the great powers—for Abyssinia is nominally an Italian sphere of influence—Arthur Barclay seems to the *Matin* distinctly French in the impeccable correctness of his polite deportment. The very blackness of his skin, we read, has a certain elegance of polish harmonizing with a most successful manner. He mingled with unruffled composure with the notabilities at the Elysée, reminding the reporters of one of the deposed

Bourbon princes. His command of the French language is not surprising in one born and reared near Martinique, but when he talks he manifests unexpected characteristics. "His handsome and expressive countenance paints and reflects every emotion of his soul." There is something irresistible to the French paper, moreover, in the lambent scrutiny of his ample and finely shaped eyes. His gestures are as refined as his manner.

It has been the aim of President Barclay to exemplify in the dignity of his personal deportment at Monrovia the capacity of the black element in the human species for assimilating the graces of civilization as well as its merely material benefits. We have this particular from the French dailies. For the vindication of his race, he has cultivated calm good sense, a power of hard work, preference for the solid rather than the superficial and the showy. He is not brilliant and eloquent like Toussaint de L'Ouverture, nor is he, like that most inspirational of men, imperial in his aspirations. He has no prestige in the field of theology, like his predecessors in the Liberian chief magistracy, who were graduates of theological seminaries. He has wider sympathies and more geniality than the lately deposed black president of the Haytian republic, nor is he likely to be compromised, as that statesman was, by the class of military adventurers who climb by means of democratic institutions to the chief offices in the state. This quiet, sensible, dignified man springs from a family which for generations has toiled obscurely in the isles of the Caribbean, yet the attentions of royalty itself have not turned his head and he faced King Edward in Buckingham Palace with unaffected ease. In the intimacy of their august conferences, this pair of rulers lunched together twice.

As a gentleman of education and refinement, consequently, the Liberian President receives the endorsement of the London *Times*, which refers to him as "earnestly devoted to the interests of his race and country"; and that he is acceptable to the race beneath his gentle sway is inferred from the fact that he is now in a fresh term of office, having been originally elected to the Presidency five years ago. His visits to Europe have resulted from a wish to come to terms with the powerful France and the even more powerful Great



Courtesy *The World's Work*.

THE LIBERIAN PERICLES AND THE MAKERS OF HIS GOLDEN AGE

The tall slim figure in the black frock coat is that of Arthur Barclay, President of that African republic which has its seat of government at Monrovia, and which has been so sympathetically championed in the pages of *The World's Work* by Edgar Allen Forbes. At the left, wearing a black sash, is our own brilliant diplomatist, Dr. Lyon. The naval officer in white commands an American vessel. The fourth figure is that of the Liberian Vice-President.

Britain, whose territories bound those of the republic. He made no ill figure at the private parties of the English court, where he appeared in silk knee breeches and a ribbon in his long-tailed coat. He conversed fluently and in well chosen words on the literary and artistic topics of the hour and in deportment every exterior indication of good breeding seemed natural to him.

Because this West Indian negro, forgetting how essentially he is a savage child of the tropics, feels a passion for Aristotle and rhetoric some French dailies find a little fault with him. In the stately executive mansion at Monrovia, President Barclay leads, it is complained, too inhumanly civilized an existence. It is one, for all that, of dignified simplicity. The home of the chief magistrate of the republic on Ashmun street resembles the sort of house for which real estate agents in New Jersey want two thousand dollars a year. It is a three-storied affair, with a verandah over the porch which one frequently sees crowded with black chiefs come from the interior for the arbitration of a local feud. To the wild tribes of the inland region, President Barclay is "the big daddy." As he stands among them in a long, black

frock coat, black trousers and high white collar, immovable, patient and mute, it is difficult to believe, the *Matin* remarks, that in the veins of this ruler flows the same blood as circulates through the throbbing arteries of the savages gesticulating all about. So patient is the Liberian executive and so tactful withal, says Edgar Allen Forbes in *The World's Work*, that his decisions are almost invariably respected by the natives of the back hills, who, thanks to their civilized executive, dwell together in an amity contrasting markedly with the anarchy that has in time past raged throughout the adjoining region.

In spite of the Jeffersonian simplicity of scenes like these, President Barclay has come in for criticism as an imitator of the courtly methods of old world potentates. For instance, he confers decorations, among them the ribbons and crosses of the local order of colored nobility, which is, in Liberian history, what the grand cross of the order of St. Michael and St. George is at the court of St. James's. He has likewise been accused of unrepugnant aspirations and it is hinted that he entertains grave doubts of the practical value of democratic self-government. Members of the legislative body—for Liberia

has a House of Representatives and a Senate—accuse him of playing too much the grand seigneur, of exhibiting himself publicly with too stiff a stateliness. These discontents culminated in a march of the populace into the Senate with a petition to impeach Arthur Barclay. The discontent with the President of the republic originated to some extent in the aristocracy of his associations, but was mainly owing to the circumstance that he has never soiled his hands with agricultural pursuits or the ruder toil of the mechanic. Stories of his familiar intercourse with the British sovereign, of his sympathy with the methods of autocracy in Europe, of his effete mode of life in the executive mansion and of his preference for the society of white persons led to a demand for his retirement from the post of supreme power. The members of the Senate listened patiently to the spokesman of the populace and tabled a resolution in harmony with the sentiments of the disaffected. At this writing it seems that between the executive and the legislative powers there exists much of that mutual distrust which made the first consulship of Cicero so dramatic in the corresponding crisis of another republic.

President Barclay's conception of himself is avowed in the *Matin* to be that he is only a Liberian gentleman temporarily at the head of the official circle. For every Liberian of humble birth his career, he fondly believes, revives in a purely civic form the Napo-

leonic conception of the field-marshal's baton in the knapsack of the private soldier. As President, he has always declined salutes except upon occasions when he appears in his official capacity as the executive of Liberia. Possessing in a high degree the inborn dignity peculiar to those who have come into sympathetic understanding with African nature, a man of wide reading, a lover of books, he has been described in one French daily as possessing the solidity of Cato when he refused to drape himself in the garb of Pericles. It is natural for the mob at Monrovia to loathe him for an impeccable correctness of deportment contrasting so markedly with a popular tendency to lie in the sun and imbibe cordials. Capital has, for all that, been made out of the fact that, when holding a cabinet post, Arthur Barclay took too lenient a view of senators prone to alcoholic indulgence. He did not stand alone in this laxity, but never has he, himself, swallowed wine except for the sake of its therapeutic efficiency. In the words of the statesman who has defended Arthur Barclay when impeachment seemed inevitable, Liberia has at the helm of state a man who is strong because to patriotism he unites tact, "to love of his country the will and the power to serve her disinterestedly, to sound common sense and administrative ability an unswerving devotion to the constitution," and, above all, a determination to keep his personality distinct from the glamor of his high office.

THE BOY SHAH



SO COPIOUS were the tears with which the twelve-year-old Ahmed Mirza received the news of his accession to the throne of Persia that he had at last to be informed, not without severity, that crying is not allowed in the Russian legation at Teheran.

"But my mother is crying!" wailed the new Shah, according to the story of this exciting day as told by an eye witness in the *Paris Gaulois*.

The lamentations of the royal lady in the apartments above were, in effect, overwhelming. As the seventh ruler of the Kadjar dynasty buried his face once again in his hands, sobbing more convulsively than ever, the Russian Minister, turning to his wife, entreated her to appease the anguish of the deposed princess in the second story. The kind-hearted Madame Sablin at once made her way through

lines of Cossacks and groups of eunuchs whose sudden irruption had for the moment made her home a garrison. She soon found the grieving mother, from whose eyes her dethroned consort was sedulously wiping the tears with a silk flag, handkerchiefs having been overlooked in the precipitation of the flight from the royal palace. Mohammed Ali, fallen from his high estate as tenant of the peacock throne, made many and profuse apologies to his Russian hostess for having burst in upon her at the dinner hour. "The crisis of the revolution in Persia," as the *Gaulois* says, "had subordinated etiquette to the necessity of getting away alive." His wife had gone on ahead to the residence of Madame Sablin; but the long delay in the coming of her husband and her two sons had terrified her into a conviction that all three must have been killed on the way.

It did not take long thereafter to dry the



THE KIDNAPPING OF THE BOY SHAH

When the parents of the little Ahmed fled to the Russian Legation for safety, the troops and the holy men insisted upon taking the boy back to the palace to rule the Persians. The youth wept loudly, but he was bundled into the carriage and hustled off, while his mother went into hysterics.

eyes of the boy Shah. There was even a smile upon his red and very beautiful lips when Madame Sablin kissed them, and she remarked to a lady of her suite that the new sovereign was the handsomest boy she had ever beheld. He walked bravely out to the magnificent coach at the door, his hand in that of Russian Minister Sablin, while a great escort of Cossacks and Sowars filed after. In another moment the cavalcade was trotting briskly the eight miles of road that brought his little Majesty to the famous palace of Sultanabad, where the boy Shah now dwells surrounded by an army of tutors and guards. At last accounts his harem was in process of organization, while his grief-stricken father, after two efforts to regain possession of the son to whom he is so devoted, set off in despair for his far-away residence in one of the Russian provinces.

Should those uncles and cousins of the new Shah who have witnessed his elevation with a chagrin they find difficulty in concealing fail in their conspiracy to dethrone young Ahmed Mirza, his personal qualities ought, affirms the correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, to assure him, if he lives, a reign both progressive and glorious. The boy Shah was, of course, the merest babe when his luckless father ascended the throne of Persia, and between the pair whose separation has imparted such human touches to the crisis at Teheran there seems to have existed the most ardent attachment. Ordinarily the heir to the throne would have been entrusted to eunuchs and tutors the moment he attained the age of six. Mohammed Ali himself insisted upon initiating his first born into the mysteries of Per-

sian and Arabic philosophy and "into the charms of that beautiful literature of his native land of which the child's grandfather was so zealous a patron." The many and brilliant literary men of Persia have been consulted regarding the education of this promising prince, whose calligraphy has already attained the precision and regularity so profoundly esteemed by the literati. In emulation of his grandfather, whose learning was prodigious, the boy Shah, ever since he learned to read, has manifested infinite admiration for those renowned poets who have adorned the genius of Persia.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, in the opinion of the authority whose account we follow and who had excellent opportunities for getting at the facts, than the influence exerted by the deposed Shah upon the son who has now succeeded him. Weak and inefficient as a ruler, Mohammed Ali was impeccable in the character of husband and father. His own education had been an object of solicitude to the potentate whose realm he inherited. As Vali-Ahd, or heir apparent, he had imbibed not merely the traditional Persian lore, with its Arabic science and its Shiraz literature, but likewise much of the learning of modern Europe. He had never, to be sure, lived outside Asia, but he had an intimate acquaintance with the subjects exploited by the tenants of chairs at the leading foreign universities. He spoke French fluently. He had spent many hours in the perusal of the leading European historians and economists. To the art of war his energies had been especially directed by his late father, while as a writer in his native idiom



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE LATEST OCCUPANT OF THE PEACOCK THRONE

The boy Shah of Persia is not fourteen, but he is quite intelligent, well educated and apparently devoted to his parents, from whom he has been separated because of his father's banishment.

his reputation was established not only in his own dominions but in Turkey itself. The deposed Abdul Hamid long carried on a correspondence upon literary themes with the deposed ruler of Persia, the exchange of ideas being still, the *Figaro* says, "as animated and as elegant as it ever was in the days when these Mohammedan monarchs quoted Fir-dausi and Sadi to one another in the letters they were never weary of exchanging."

The fact, therefore, that the education of the boy Shah has hitherto been the concern of his father implies, our French contemporary thinks, that it must have been excellent. The time-honored custom of sending the heir to the throne of Persia—in the capacity of Viceroy of Azerbaijan—to rule the most warlike province in the empire was not followed by the deposed Shah because he could not bear to deprive himself of the companionship of his beloved son. The little Ahmed Mirza, his title being then simply "Sultan," soon surpassed his fond parent in the use of the rifle. Father and son were often seen in the environs of the palace of Sultanabad riding at full gallop, the boy in the uniform of a Cossack. The elder would throw small coins high in the air while the younger tried to shoot them with his rifle. This target practice was in emulation of the feats of the child's grandfather, who was once deemed the most famous marksman in the world.

Notwithstanding the fact that the training of the boy Shah has been essentially military, he spent many hours of each day in discussions with his father on the themes brought to his attention by the swarms of tutors in the palace. The Shahs have five or six splendid palaces in the environs of Teheran and in one or the other, according to the season, the parent and his heir devoted their leisure to the improvement of their minds. Mohammed Ali walked in the groves while his son repeated his lessons or stood to be photographed. Hundreds of pictures of the little Shah had been taken by his father, who was passionately addicted to this favorite amusement. On one occasion the little boy, then cutting his second set of teeth, yelled with agony because his gums were in a state of excruciating sensitiveness. His father took several snapshots.

"Your mother is proud of your good looks," remarked Mohammed Ali, a day or two later. "What would she say if I showed her these?"

They proved, says the French daily we quote, to be rough proofs of the lad's face distorted by pain. Ahmed implored his father


to destroy the photographs at once. But upon another occasion, when the heir to the throne was stuffing himself with the dates he loves but which his mother had forbidden him to touch, he was caught in the act by his father's camera. This time the proofs were not suppressed. Thereafter, whenever the Shah wished to reprove his heir for a dereliction, he first photographed him in the disedifying performance and then threatened to exhibit the picture publicly. There was tremendous laughter in the palace one morning when Ahmed Mirza, having been asked by his father what he would do if he ascended the throne next day, replied: "Smash all the cameras!"

That love of noise and movement which is declared by those who know the Persians well to be the salient characteristic of the nation, is conspicuous in the new Shah. He loves to beat the curious drums, tomtoms and other musical instruments accumulated by his grandfather. These relics of a preceding reign had for the most part been relegated to the cellarage by the Shah just deposed, who had none of his immediate predecessor's admiration for phonographs, metal watering pots and movable toys. When Mohammed Ali Mirza ascended the throne he denuded the chambers of the several palaces of these knickknacks. They lay neglected in dark corners for six or seven years until little Ahmed drew them from their concealment, much to his father's annoyance. Another source of difference between the two was the eagerness of the little boy to ride at great speed in an automobile. The father was fond of motoring about the grounds of his palaces, but he disliked rapid motion and never exceeded his low-speed limit. One of the little Shah's first diversions, when he found himself a potentate, was to ride at a terrific speed up and down the road between his capital and the palace of Sultanabad until one of his many uncles forbade further sport of this kind.

Of the genuineness of the attachment between himself and his father there can be, says the *Figaro*, no doubt. "The little Shah would joyfully lay down his grandeurs for the companionship of the one who was for so many years his intimate playfellow, companion and friend." The month's despatches have told of the disappearances of the new head of the Kadjar dynasty from the splendid palace he had learned to dislike because his father had been expelled from it. The little Ahmed regards his deposed parent as the greatest and wisest of the human race and a model of virtue.

Literature and Art

THE UNHAPPY LOVE AFFAIRS OF MEN OF LETTERS

T IS a commonplace that the marriages and love affairs of men of genius, and, in particular, of literary men, are often unfortunate; and a new volume of the "Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists,"* edited by Lionel Strachey and Walter Littlefield, is likely to intensify this general impression. Most of the lovers whose effusions are here printed, whose experiences are here described, were unhappy. Very few of their affections contributed to any real or enduring satisfaction. Torment is ever commingled with their bliss.

The case of the poet Byron, with which the volume opens, is typical. Here was a man who did not know the meaning of stability. His life was one long romantic debauch. He married Anna Milbanke and tried to settle down, but the attempt was a failure. "Female adorers," Mr. Littlefield tells us, "he had in abundance—some as hero-worshippers, some as affinities, and some as would-be reformers." The first object of his youthful affections was Mary Anne Chaworth, and her marriage to John Musters in 1805 was a severe blow to his pride. He used to say that had he married her he might have been a happy man and a respectable citizen. At Malta, in the summer of 1809, he fell in love, or thought he did, with Florence Smith. She inspired certain verses in "Childe Harold." Then he passed on to pay court to the "Maid of Athens"—Teresa Macri. Mrs. Humphry Ward, in "The Marriage of William Ashe," has offered an up-to-date account, thinly veiled, of Byron's attentions to Lady Caroline Lamb. Jane Clairmont, a friend of the Shelleys, was the object of his next affection. And finally came the affair with the Countess Guiccioli, the most permanent of all his attachments.

Whatever may or may not be said of Byron's love affairs—and volumes, sentimental and moralistic, have been written about them—there can be no controversy in regard to one point. They were not happy. His letters abound in passages like the following, addressed to Jane Clairmont:

*LOVE LETTERS OF FAMOUS POETS AND NOVELISTS. New York: The John McBride Company.

"I shall live an entirely recluse and solitary life; I am too hasty, too intolerant, to enter into society; their foibles afflict me, and when my endeavors to amend what I see fail, I feel too melancholy for endurance. I do not desire happiness, for I remember in moments of the most exquisite delight how much they have failed from my expectations. If you recollect your own sensations accurately, you may remember that it is not in the actual possession of the object we wish for that our happiness consists, but in the changing from the state of wishing to the state of possession. Let me live then to myself; let me live as if this world were but an introduction to a lasting scene of repose—a disagreeable necessity which the sooner we were rid of the better."

Poor Keats's situation was equally unfortunate, but for quite different reasons. He once declared that, from a poet's point of view, the difficulty was to find a woman worth loving. He felt he had found such a one in Fanny Brawne, but his love was unreciprocated. In all the history of literature there are few, if any, spectacles more tragic than that of this marvelous poet dying of consumption and pouring out his heart to a woman who was utterly incapable of appreciating him. He cries:

"I am literally worn to death, which seems my only recourse. I cannot forget what has passed. What? Nothing to a man of the world, but to me deathful. I will get rid of this as much as possible. When you were in the habit of flirting with Brown you would have left off, could your own heart have felt one half of the one pang mine did. Brown is a good sort of man—he did not know he was doing me to death by inches. I feel the effect of every one of those hours in my side now; and for that cause, tho he has done me many services, tho I know his love and friendship for me, tho at this moment I should be without pence were it not for his assistance, I will never see or speak to him until we are both old men, if we are to be.

"I will resent my heart having been made a football. You will call this madness. I have heard you say that it was not unpleasant to wait a few years, you have amusements—your mind is away—you have not brooded over one idea as I have, and how should you? You are to me an object intensely desirable—the air I breathe in a room empty of you is unhealthy. I am not the

same to you—no—you can wait—you have a thousand activities—you can be happy without me. Any party, anything to fill up the day has been enough."

The plight of Keats suggests that of Heine. Both wrote from sick-beds, and both suffered agonies of torment. In Heine's case, however, the physical pain was softened, not aggravated, by a supreme love. If his letters to Camille Selden are melancholy, it is because his whole life and temperament were keyed in the minor. "The weather is bad," he says, under date September 30, 1855, "and I am just as bad myself. My lotus-flower must not be exposed to the dampness of these gloomy fogs. Oh, how I wish I could change this wretched day into one of those radiant Indian mornings such as they have on the banks of the Ganges—so congenial to lotus-flowers." In another letter he writes:

"I am feeling very wretched. I have been coughing for the last twenty-four hours, and my head is aching terribly. I am afraid it will still be aching tomorrow, and this is why I ask my sweetheart to defer her next visit till Friday, instead of coming on Thursday. My secretary has just sent word that he is ill, and will not be able to come at all this week. This is a most annoying disappointment, and a most annoying situation to find myself in. I intend to lodge a complaint against God with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for treating me so shabbily. I shall expect you on Friday; meanwhile, I kiss your little paws in imagination. Your foolish
H. H."

Victor Hugo was a man with a great capacity for happiness and unhappiness, in love as in other emotions. Mr. Littlefield feels that "he was extremely fortunate in possessing the life-long devotion of two such women as Adèle Foucher and Juliette Drouet." But the first was his wife and the second was his mistress, and the question arises: Can a man be really happy with one acknowledged love and one illicit? Hugo's friends draw pathetic pictures of Madame Hugo dining alone in Hauteville House, on the island of Jersey, while her sons and their father were almost next door celebrating her rival's birthday. Such happiness, gained at another's expense, must have had its pangs.

Balzac's love affair with Madame Hanska is portrayed by Mr. Littlefield in rosy colors. He speaks of their long correspondence, of their close spiritual companionship, and deprecates the attempts of French writers to show that "their married life was not as hap-

py as their friendship had prophesied." But again it is natural to inquire: Can a man be really happy in the circumstances in which Balzac found himself? Madame Hanska was a married woman. For the first nine years of their friendship she saw him only at rare intervals. When her husband died, in 1841, she waited nine years longer before she would consent to marry the greatest novelist of her time, and, as many think, the greatest novelist of all time. It was plainly another case of unreciprocated affection, and the marriage undoubtedly brought bitter disillusionment in its train. One of Balzac's biographers, Mary F. Sandars, tells the story:

"Balzac was only married for about five months, and very little is known of his life during that time. It is certain, however, that his marriage did not bring him the happiness which he had expected. . . . Perhaps he had raised his hopes too high for fulfilment to be a possibility in this world of compromise, and very likely his sufferings had made him irritable and exacting. Nevertheless, so quick a wearing out of the faithful and passionate love which had lasted for eighteen years, and so sudden a killing of the joy which had permeated the man's whole being when he had at last attained his goal, seems a hard task for a woman to accomplish; and can only be explained by her employment of the formless yet resistless force of pure indifference.

"Balzac's awakening, the knowledge that the absolute perfection he had dreamed of was only an ideal created by his own fancy, must have been inexpressibly bitter. Utter moral collapse and vertigo were his portion, and chaos thundered in his ears during his sudden descent from the heights, clothed with brilliant sunshine, to the puzzling depths, where he groped in darkness and sought in vain for firm footing."

Byron, Keats, Heine, Victor Hugo, Balzac—all were unhappy in their love affairs, and the list might be extended indefinitely. Mr. Sidney Low, a well known English writer, has lately gone to the trouble of compiling a list of the representative literary men of Great Britain during nearly three centuries, with a view to ascertaining their "condition in regard to marriage." The list is published in *The Nineteenth Century*:

"Shakespeare.—Married at eighteen, with hasty irregularity, a woman of humble origin, eight years older than himself. The union seems to have been unsympathetic, and the terms of the poet's will point to an estrangement between husband and wife."

"Milton.—Married three times. The poet's first wife left him after a few weeks. He wrote tracts

on divorce, and paid his addresses 'to a very handsome and witty gentlewoman' until the wife returned."

"Dryden.—Married—unhappily."

"Bunyan.—Married twice—satisfactorily."

"Hobbes.—Unmarried."

"Pepys.—Married. Unfaithful to his wife, and frequently quarrelled with her."

"Samuel Butler.—Married late in life."

"Newton.—Unmarried."

"Locke.—Unmarried."

"Swift.—Secretly married to a woman with whom he never lived, and whom he hardly ever saw except in presence of a third person."

"Defoe.—Married; had several children. Little known of the circumstances of his domestic life."

"Addison.—Married three years before his death. The marriage 'is generally said to have been uncomfortable.'" (*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*)

"Steele.—Twice married: happily in spite of irregularities of conduct."

"Congreve.—A bachelor and professional 'man of pleasure.'"

"Otway.—Unmarried. Life wrecked by an unhappy passion."

"Pope.—Unmarried."

"Prior.—Unmarried."

"Fielding.—Married twice. Devotedly attached to his first wife; after her death married her maid."

"Richardson.—Unmarried."

"Smollett.—Married: Satisfactorily."

"Samuel Johnson.—Married a vulgar and affected widow twenty years his senior. The marriage considered a grotesque affair by Johnson's friends and contemporaries. Childless."

"James Thomson.—Unmarried."

"Gray.—Unmarried."

"Hume.—Unmarried."

"Sterne.—Married. Got on badly with his wife, and had various love affairs and sentimental philanderings."

"Adam Smith.—Unmarried."

"Boswell.—Married; frequently unfaithful to his wife."

"Goldsmith.—Unmarried."

"Gibbon.—Unmarried."

"Sheridan.—Married; not unhappily."

"Cowper.—Unmarried."

"Burns.—Married to a woman who had been his mistress. Occasionally unfaithful to her afterwards."

"Crabbe.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Bentham.—Unmarried."

"Wordsworth.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Scott.—Married: not quite sympathetically."

"Southey.—Married twice. First wife became insane. Married his second wife at age of 66, just before complete failure of his own mental faculties."

"Coleridge.—Married: unsatisfactorily. Husband and wife became almost completely alienated, and lived apart."

"Shelley.—Made an imprudent marriage early in life. Separated from his wife, who committed suicide."

"Keats.—Unmarried. Tormented by an unhappy love affair."

"Byron.—Separated from his wife after a great scandal, and entered into various irregular unions."

"Charles Lamb.—Unmarried."

"Hazlitt.—Married twice. First wife divorced him; second refused to live with him."

"Leigh Hunt.—Married: not quite happily."

"Thomas Moore.—Married: satisfactorily."

"De Quincey.—Married: happily, so far as the husband's habits permitted. Wife died *anno etat.* 39. 'One can suppose that hers had not been the easiest or happiest of lives.'—Prof. Mason."

"Macaulay.—Unmarried."

"Edward Bulwer Lytton.—Separated from his wife."

"Newman.—Unmarried."

"Carlyle.—Married: bickered a good deal with his wife."

"John Stuart Mill.—Unmarried."

"Herbert Spencer.—Unmarried."

"Darwin.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Ruskin.—Marriage annulled."

"Landor.—Quarrelled with his wife, and lived many years apart from her."

"Dickens.—Separated from his wife."

"Thackeray.—Wife became insane."

"Charles Reade.—Unmarried."

"Froude.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Matthew Arnold.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Kingsley.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Tennyson.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Browning.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Rossetti.—Unsatisfactory married life, ended by wife, two years after wedding, dying of overdose of laudanum."

"Edward FitzGerald.—Separated from wife."

"James Thomson ('B. V.').—Unmarried."

"William Morris.—Married: satisfactorily."

"Walter Pater.—Unmarried."

Of all these sixty-eight men of high, in some cases of the highest, literary talent, barely twenty, Mr. Low points out, were satisfactorily married. Twenty-three of the marriages were unhappy, and several disastrously so; twenty-five of the writers mentioned were unmarried. Thus "less than a third were married and lived in ordinary content and comfort with their wives."

Mr. Low goes on to ask, Is failure in matrimony the penalty of literary eminence? and seems inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. It is possible, he suggests, that "the marital ill-success of the man of letters . . . is summed up in one single ugly word, which is the word Juxtaposition." The "literary temperament" is not so much to blame,

according to this view of the matter, as the literary habit. "The man of letters may or may not be 'domesticated'; but he usually gets an overdose of domesticity owing to the nature of his employment, and the conditions under which it is carried on. In most other pursuits husband and wife are occupied apart during the working day. Most men, from stone-masons to cabinet ministers, transact their main activities outside their own home, and aside from the presence of their wives and children. But the literary man, unless he is also a journalist, compelled to write in offices or wander forth in search of copy, the literary man, pure and simple, he does his work at home. He sits in his study, with his wife, so to speak, outside the door. If she is a discreet lady she does not lift the latch too often. But it is inevitable that the couple shall see a great deal of each other." Mr. Low cites the case of the Carlyles:

"A good deal of superfluous sentiment has been wasted on what is called the 'tragedy' of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, his wife. There was no tragedy; only the rather dull, rather shabby comedy of a real attachment crossed and thwarted by the constant irritating pressure of small uncomfortable things. Except for the genius of the man, and the distinct talent of the woman, there was nothing at all remarkable or romantic in the life-story of this couple. They began with a vivid affection on one side and an ardent admiration on the other: probably about as large a supply of the complex emotion we call love as goes to the making of most unions. But they eventually got on each other's nerves, and tried each other's tempers, mainly because they were too much together. The childless, overstrung, sensitive woman, with her acidulated tongue and her hunger for sympathetic attention, was the worst person in the world to be locked alone with a dyspeptic, self-absorbed man of letters. Besides, Carlyle had too much to fill his mind, and Mrs. Carlyle too little. Nowadays the one would have broken his studies with golf, and the other diversified the laborious trivialities of her house-keeping by joining the Suffragettes or the Primrose League; but these things were not done in the mid-Victorian day. Even, as it was, in spite of Carlyle's indigestion and his wife's more serious ailments, they would probably have rubbed on together comfortably enough but for the fact that too much of their lives were passed in juxtaposition. If Carlyle had been compelled to attend at an office from ten to four daily, Mrs. Carlyle might have been a happier woman, and the world would have lost some interesting volumes."

But there may be, and probably are, larger causes at work. Mr. Low speculates:

"Are we to suppose that the domestic unhappiness of genius is a device of Nature to guard against the premature production of a race of super-men? If every great writer were happily married, and produced and reared children like unto himself, we might in due course have a caste of geniuses, and human faculty in a few favored lines might go on developing till men—some men at least—had attained to almost god-like stature. Suppose that a Shakespeare were the father of another Shakespeare, and he again gave the world a super-Shakespeare? Or that a greater painter and sculptor sprang from the loins of a Michael Angelo? That an Amurath succeeded an Amurath in the dynasty of the Newtons, the Leibnizes, the Descartes, the Bacons—until man became indeed as the gods, and might be able to put forth his hand and take of the tree of life and eat and live forever? But that, perhaps, was not Nature's plan. Here as elsewhere she sacrifices the individual remorselessly for the general good. Better a poet unhappy, a woman's life wrecked and wasted, than a break in the slow gradual process of movement towards the pre-conceived goal. . . .

"Is there some unknown physiological element of this kind operating to render genius so often sterile, so seldom capable of sober connubiality, so rarely crowned with the common blessings that life brings to meaner mortals? Is it for some such reason that an abnormal faculty so rarely passes down to the second generation? We cannot accept this as an illustration of Weismann's great axiom, for most of the distinctive qualities that go to make up the intellect and character of a Napoleon can hardly be regarded as acquired. But a Napoleon leaves only a weakling to bear his name; an Oliver Cromwell transmits his to an amiable, ineffectual Richard; a Frederick the Second, an Alexander the Great, dies childless; the victor of Agincourt is succeeded by the feeble martyr of the Tower.

"Must we infer that the divine fire burns itself out when it has done its work with a single human soul and brain, that no brand can be snatched to kindle the flame in another? Or are we to suggest that genius is itself a thing so anti-social, so apart from the stream of tendency, that it cannot help in the great work of preserving the species, that it develops the individual, but would only impede the race in its upward struggle? It is not a procession in which the torch passes from one swift runner to another; but a solitary beacon streaming from the hills through one clouded night, and then flickering into lifeless ash and cinder."

The marital infelicities of men of letters, it should be added, are as prominent and as obvious at the present time as in the past. Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose suit for divorce has just been made public, is but the last of a melancholy line.

"ONE OF THE VERY GREATEST OF GOD'S NATURALISTS"



HE English poet-naturalist, Richard Jefferies, is gradually coming into his own. For a score of years his name and reputation have been the center of controversy. Sir Walter Besant admired but patronized him. Henley regarded him as "a kind of literary Leatherstocking," and said: "He thought, poor fellow! that he had the world in his hand and the public at his feet; whereas, the truth to tell, he had only the empire of a kind of back garden." Only the other day, so authoritative a literary organ as the London *Athenaeum* registered its conviction that "he was not a great writer." But the tide of critical feeling is now running overwhelmingly in his favor. A new biography* by Edward Thomas has been published in England. A new edition of some of his essays† has appeared in this country, supplementing the earlier publications of Thomas B. Mosher. *The Edinburgh Review*, in a lengthy analysis, sums him up as "the possessor of a gift of the rarest order."

"He is to England what Thoreau is to America," one critic declares. The characterization is at the same time suggestive and misleading. With Thoreau's intense enthusiasm for nature and genius in delineating its moods, Jefferies has, indeed, much in common. There is also in both an intellectual intensity, a degree of philosophic insight, that belongs only to minds of the first order. At other points, however, the two present contrast rather than likeness. Jefferies is passionate and emotional; Thoreau is rather the cool thinker. Jefferies is utterly pagan; Thoreau is more the Puritan.

The books by which Jefferies is best known are "The Gamekeeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "Nature Near London," and "The Story of My Heart." The most significant fact in his history was his steady advance from natural history to nature-worship. The chief scenes of his activity were Wiltshire County and the city of London.

Kenneth Morris, a Theosophical writer in

The Century Path (Point Loma, Cal.), sees in Jefferies, predominantly, a pagan reincarnate. "Sometimes," he says, "one of the great pagans will incarnate in a modern body, and be restrained and bothered by a modern brain; and you will see him shake off layer after layer of modernity and come nearer and nearer to the soul of his ancient greatness; and yet death overtakes him before he has been anything more than a promise for us. He has bloomed, and the bloom has lightened our skies, but fruitage was not to be; perhaps it would have been too great to be useful at the time, incompatible with our modern vulgarity. Such a man, I think, was Richard Jefferies." The same writer continues:

"Wiltshire in England is a queer country, one would think, for a great pagan to choose for his incarnation; yet there is something about it that is singularly fitting too. It is a dual-natured land essentially. There are fat, comfortable, green lowlands of wheatfields and copses and slow streams; indolent fields, and an unmystical, slow-speaking people. For background to these there are always the austere druidic Downs—close akin to those other Downs, a little southward from his birthplace, where Stonehenge stands for a monument to the Ancient Wisdom. A world austere, druidic, simple, and with no touch of vulgarity; no fairyland, but a land where the wind is always blowing beneath immense reaches of sky—neither the prairies, nor the Alps, nor the sea gives one such a sense of wide-spreading immensity lavished on all sides. You will still find there, rare in England, oxen yoked at the plow, and good, thatched walls about the farms. Things modern have no place there, and yet you would not lightly call it beautiful; old acquaintance must come first. Nature is reserved, and not prodigal of her revelations. Jefferies was of this land and yet not of it; he grew up in it, and out of it. He came to it from elsewhere, 'trailing clouds of glory.'

"And then there was London, with its perpetual thunder and pounding and whirl of life; London, where he spent several years, and which he loved and hated; which attracted and repelled and fascinated and set its spell upon him, and whose soul and color he illumined with such magical phrases. 'It was not the least of the city's praises,' says his biographer, 'that it was part of the culture which made Richard Jefferies' mature work memorable.' That is true; London doubtless helped in the wearing away of the sheaths, but the sword was not forged there. Nor yet in Wiltshire. He was a child neither of the valleys nor of the Downs, except externally. There is no

* RICHARD JEFFERIES: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Edward Thomas. London: Hutchinson & Company.

† THE OPEN AIR. NATURE NEAR LONDON. THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS. By Richard Jefferies. With Introductions by Thomas Coke Watkins. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

Richard Jefferies' country but Hy Brasil and the Gwerddonau Lleon and the Purple Islands. His inward man was from sunlit realms and ages; the rainbow and the sunset gleamed through his being, a passion of light and color."

But if Richard Jefferies was a pagan, as Mr. Morris suggests, he was assuredly a pagan with modern feelings and a mystical soul. He was born in 1848, and his early life was spent on a farm-house in the village of Coate. He grew up a dreamer and a solitary, with little or no communion with his fellows. By his father and by a friendly game-keeper he was initiated into the mysteries of woodcraft and nature-lore; he was ever preternaturally sensitive to the language of sky and field. From this boyhood period may be dated the impressions out of which were built some of his most typical essays—his stories of rookeries and rabbit-warrens, his descriptions of Sussex plows and harness belfries. "Several writers," says Thomas Seccombe in the *London Bookman*, "have done this kind of thing since, but very few indeed had done it before Jefferies, and those few to be found mostly not in England but in France."

In 1874, young Jefferies married the daughter of a neighbor, and by this time he was beginning to make his mark as a writer. Three letters he contributed to the *London Times* on the subject of "The Wiltshire Laborer" attracted attention. In 1877 he moved to Surbiton in order to be nearer to London.

With this latter date his mature authorship may be said to have begun. He adopted journalism as a profession. The period that followed was one of struggle and suffering. His nature was that of the recluse; with all his talent he could not make a living. He had never been a strong man physically, and as the years passed his maladies increased.

The outward incidents of his life were few. Mr. Seccombe tells us:

"His colors were not far sought. He went abroad but once or twice for short visits to Paris or Belgium. He seems never to have been in Wales, Scotland, or even in the north of England. The four foci of his intellectual and imaginative life were places so humdrum as Swindon, Surbiton, London and Brighton. But everywhere he went, whether it was 'into the fields, to take what the sweet hour yields,' or into Trafalgar Square, Bermondsey or Bloomsbury, he took with him the imagination of a poet, developing rapidly from 'Wood Magic,' 'The Open Air,' and 'The Dewy Morn' to 'After London' and 'The Story of My Heart,' into the illumination of a nature-mystic. The revelation of the inner beauty, of



RICHARD JEFFERIES

The English poet-naturalist, who has been compared with Shelley, George Borrow and Thoreau, but whose work, the *Chicago Dial* remarks, like that of all men of genius, is unique.

the penetralia of Pan, of the ecstasy of light and summer and of the life-spirit became in him, some would say, a kind of momentary hysteria; or others, a variety of religious experience. He had, at any rate, that perfect conviction that the Deity was transpiring in him which characterizes all the great mystics. He did not of course formulate it in a religious manner, but he felt it as a religion, and, as in the case of so many seers and prophets, his primary teacher was suffering, nay, physical pain. Much of his best work in 'Bevis' and 'Field and Hedgerow' was done in agony, when a footstep pained and the slightest jar tormented. On a sick-bed he had those moments of exaltation in which the heavens opened and he had glimpses of beauty and of what the kindred spirit of Shelley calls 'Nature's naked loveliness' which have been vouchsafed to the greatest poets alone."

It was thus that "one of the very greatest of God's naturalists"—to use Mr. Seccombe's phrase—developed.

In the opinion of Henry S. Salt, an early and sympathetic student of Jefferies, the two best essays of the English poet-naturalist are "The Pageant of Summer"—a rhapsody aglow

with all the fire of Jefferies' idealism—and "Hours of Spring," in which the contrary picture of wintry desolation is enforced. Mr. Salt records this judgment in his "Richard Jefferies: A Study," and recommends to those who would rightly understand the sunshine and shadow, the mingled vein of hopefulness and despondency, that ran through Jefferies' temperament, a comparative study of these essays. A brief quotation from each is here given:

"It is in this marvelous transformation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and the hope of summer reside. Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal, is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness. Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled Immortals. My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence."

"For weeks and weeks the stark black oaks stood straight out of the snow as masts of ships with furled sails frozen and ice-bound in the haven of the deep valley. Each was visible to the foot, set in the white slope, made individual in the wood by the brilliance of the background. Never was such a long winter. For fully two months they stood in the snow in black armor of iron bark unshaken, the front rank of the forest army that would not yield to the northern invader. Snow in broad flakes, snow in semi-flakes, snow raining down in frozen specks, whirling and twisting in fury, ice raining in small shot of frost, howling, sleeting, groaning; the ground like iron, the sky black and faintly yellow—brutal colors of despotism—heaven striking with clenched fist. . . . No kindness to man from birth-hour to ending; neither earth, sky, nor gods care for him, innocent at the mother's breast. Nothing good to man but man. Let man, then, leave his gods and lift up his ideal beyond them."

It was in "The Story of My Heart," however, that Jefferies rose to heights of sheer genius. It marked his passage from naturalism to mysticism. Nothing else that he ever wrote is so sure of immortality. Of this unique work Mr. Salt gives the following luminous account:

"The leading thought by which his autobiographical 'Story' is inspired is the intense and passionate yearning for what he calls 'soul-life.' Not content with those three ideas which he says the primeval cavemen wrested from the unknown darkness around them—the existence of the soul, immortality, and the deity—he desires to wrest 'a fourth, and still more than a fourth, from the darkness of thought.' He believes that we are even now on the verge of great spiritual discoveries, that 'a great life, an entire civilization, lies just outside the pale of common thought,' and that these soul-secrets may be won by a resolute and sustained endeavor of the human mind. This 'fourth idea,' which cannot be formulated in words, since there are no words to express it, is the conception of a possible soul-life which is above and beyond the ideas of existence and immortality, beyond even deity itself; a spiritual entity which is even now realized in part by the absorption of the soul, in rapturous moments, into the beauty and infinity of the visible universe. In this we are often reminded of De Quincey; but in Jefferies' case there was a more distinct purpose and a deliberate perseverance in the search after the unknown."

"But while the 'soul-life' formed the first portion of what Jefferies calls his 'prayer,' the physical life was by no means forgotten or undervalued. His second aspiration is for perfection of physical beauty, the human form being to him the sum and epitome of all that is impressive in nature. To cultivate bodily strength and symmetry is as real and indispensable a duty as to aspire to soul-life, since 'to be shapely of form is so infinitely beyond wealth, power, fame, all that ambition can give, that these are dust before it.' Seldom have the glories of physical existence—the 'wild joys of living,' as Browning calls them—been celebrated with such rapturous devotion as in Jefferies' prose poem. Day and night are declared by him to be too short for their full enjoyment—the day should be sixty hours long, the night should offer forty hours of sleep. 'Oh, beautiful human life!' he exclaims. 'Tears come in my eyes as I think of it. So beautiful, so inexpressibly beautiful!'

"We speak of Jefferies as a mystic; but it must not be forgotten that his is the mysticism of no mere visionary of the study or the cloister, but of one of the keenest and most painstaking observers that ever set eyes on nature."


It is hardly likely that Jefferies' abstruser writings will ever be popular in the ordinary sense; but "they will not on this account have failed of their effect," Mr. Salt observes, "for by influencing the minds of the finer and more imaginative thinkers—the poets who, as Shelley expressed it, are 'the unacknowledged legislators of the world'—his genius will indirectly be a great power in the dissemination of a higher ideal."

"His personality belongs to that rare order which, in spite of all blemishes and imperfections, can by some subtle magic quicken the sympathies and touch the heart of the reader; it will live and be remembered long after far more shadowy and pretentious personages are forgotten. 'To reflect,' he says, 'that another human being, if at a distance of ten thousand years, would enjoy one hour's more life, in the sense of fulness of life, in consequence of anything I had done in my little span, would be to me a peace of soul.' It is not to be believed that a future and happier society will omit to do

honor to the man who wrote these words.

"For there are few figures more pathetic or more heroic in the annals of our literature than that of this solitary, unfortunate, yet brave-hearted man, who with 'three great giants' against him, as he recorded in his journal, 'disease, despair and poverty,' could yet nourish to the last an indomitable confidence in the happiness of the future race. But with the idealist's failure, he had also the idealist's success, in the assurance that thought itself is reality—that to have felt these hopes and aspiration is in the truest sense to have realized them."

GEORGE SAND AS A PRECURSOR OF MODERNISM IN LITERATURE

 GEORGE SAND died in 1876 at seventy-two years of age. Though she continued to produce novels to the day of her death,—"I shall die," she said, "turning the wheel of the wine-press"—her renown was overshadowed, toward the last, by that of the rising schools of Realism and Naturalism: and, for a considerable period after her death, she was consigned to a relative obscurity. Then, a few years ago, a revival of interest in her personality was created by the appearance of a number of books treating of her private life, which gave rise to violent controversies. More recently, there has been a similar revival of interest in her writing (accompanied by similar heated controversies), thanks to the publication of several excellent critical studies. René Doumic (elected to the French Academy last spring), the latest critic to make a study* of George Sand as a writer, assigns her a high literary and intellectual rank. He calls her "the good fairy of the modern romance" and pronounces her an indisputable genius, a marvelous prose poet, an incomparable idyllist, a master of a simple, limpid, flowing style and a lineal descendant of the great story-tellers, the "French Homers," the La Fontaines, the Perraults. "She impregnated the novel," he says, "with the poetry that was in her soul. She gave it a flexibility, an amplitude, an influence, which it did not possess before." In the evolution of modern thought also he assigns her a highly important rôle. He holds that she incarnated, so to speak, the sentiments, the inspirations and the aspirations of an epoch. "George Sand wrote," to quote M. Doumic exactly, "during nearly half a century; that is to say, during

fifty times three hundred and sixty-five days she did not allow a day to pass without covering with her abundant handwriting more pages than others in a month. Her first books created a scandal. Her first opinions unchained tempests. From that moment, not a novelty toward which she did not rush, not a chimera which she did not welcome—to send it forth re-enforced and impassioned! Vibrating under all the breezes, electricized by all the storms, she scrutinized every cloud behind which she fancied she saw a star shining. The works of another novelist have been called 'a repertoire of human documents.' But what a repertoire of ideas were the works of George Sand! Love, family, social institutions, forms of government, upon what did she not say her word? And she was a woman! And her case in all the history of letters is well-nigh unique!"

Furthermore, M. Doumic esteems—and his testimony is the more convincing in that he is a conservative (almost a reactionary) to whom every sort of radicalism is naturally abhorrent—that in literature and in certain domains since invaded by literature, George Sand was a precursor of no small significance.

George Sand was the first to represent woman in an attitude of defiance toward society in general and toward man in particular, to sound that note of revolt which was later to become the dominant note of feminism. By her illegitimate birth, by her temperament, by her unfortunate marital experience, and by her experiments with *union libre*, she was as eminently fitted as if she had been specially chosen by Providence for that very mission, to express the aspirations and demand the emancipation of her sex. The "*femme incomprise*," the woman "misunderstood," who believes herself superior to the ordinary run

* GEORGE SAND—DIX CONFÉRENCES SUR SA VIE ET SON ŒUVRE. By René Doumic. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

of humanity and who, in consequence, is, or fancies herself to be, unfortunately married (now a commonplace of fiction) was a decided novelty in literature when George Sand created the character of Indiana in 1832. In Jacques (1834), she created the type of the feminist man who has since become almost as much of a commonplace of fiction as the discontented woman. Jacques is of the opinion that marriage is a relic of barbarism. Jacques says: "I have not changed my views, I have not become reconciled with society, and marriage is always, to my thinking, one of the most barbarous institutions which society has fabricated. I do not doubt that it will be abolished if the human species makes ever so little progress toward justice and reason; a bond more human and not less sacred will replace it and will assure the existence of the children who shall be born to a man and a woman, without enchainning forever the liberty of each." According to Jacques's theory (familiar to the readers of current fiction) "the union of man and of woman reposes solely upon love; love disappearing, the union cannot subsist. Marriage is a human institution; but passion is of divine essence. In the conflict between them it is marriage that is in the wrong."

M. Doumic summarizes the significance of George Sand's feminist novels as follows: "These first romances of George Sand contain almost the entire program of the feminists of today. The right to happiness, the necessity of reforming marriage, the realization, in a more or less distant future, of *union libre*—it is all here. Our feminists of today, our French, English, Norwegian woman novelists, the theorists after the manner of Ellen Key in her book 'De l'Amour et du Mariage,' all these rebels have invented nothing. They have only appropriated and expounded, with less lyricism, it is true, but also with more cynicism—the theories of the great feminist of 1832."

The ardently feminist dramas of Alexandre Dumas fils, who was the most powerful dramatic force in France during the Second Empire and the early years of the Third Republic, proceed directly from the dramas of George Sand, with whom, in one instance, at least, he collaborated. "The plays of George Sand," observes M. Doumic in this connection, "announced and prepared the plays of Dumas fils. There is no doubt that Dumas fils owes much to her; for that matter, we shall see that he paid his debt as only he could. Whether he makes a hero of the illegitimate

son or rehabilitates the seduced girl or exalts the *mésalliance*, he fights the same battles and struggles against the same adversary—prejudice."

Gaston Deschamps said recently of his early reading: "I liked George Sand because of her genius. I liked her also, I fancy, because one of my professors, a most worthy man, spoke ill of her." Today the feminist works of George Sand have not only ceased to shock but are cited in the school-books as classics, and her ideas have become the common property of literature, the best possible proof that, for good or ill, she was a precursor in the fullest sense of the term.

Second only to her rôle as a precursor of feminism—if, indeed, it be second even to that—is the rôle of George Sand as a precursor of "*le roman de la pitié*," of the humanitarian, or to be more specific, of the socialistic, novel. From the outset, her soul was athirst for justice and was filled with a revolt made up entirely of kindness. A big, warm love for the feeble and the humble and a noble compassion for the wrecks of humanity informed her writing. "She has battled," to pursue the exposition of M. Doumic, "with institutions. She does not doubt that the institutions are in the wrong. She perceives that there is much suffering in the world; since human nature is fundamentally good, it must be that society is bad. She is a romancer, she considers that the most satisfactory solutions are those into which the most imagination and the most sentiment enter and that the best statesmanship is that which most resembles a romance. With Louis Viardot and Pierre Leroux, she founds a review, *La Revue Indépendante*, in which she inserts not only her novels—beginning with 'Horace,' refused by Buloz (*Revue des Deux Mondes*)—but articles of philosophico-socialistic propaganda. She erects in her heart an altar to the entity, the People, whom she decks out with all the virtues. To the People belongs the Future, all the Future."

George Sand expressed her sympathy for the People by putting in her books men and women of the people. The "*Compagnon du Tour de France*," "*Le Meunier d'Angibault*," and "*Le Pêché de M. Antoine*" are full of dissertations and of declamations regarding the misfortune of being rich and the corrupting influence of wealth. In the last named book everybody is a communist except the manufacturer Cardonnet, who is devoted, for this reason, to sovereign contempt. His son, Emile, marries the daughter of M. Antoine, Gil-

berte; and to this young couple an aged *exalté*, the Marquis de Boisgibault, leaves all his fortune on condition that they shall found an agricultural colony in which the most perfect communism shall reign. "In the history of the novel," M. Doumic explains, "these romances of labor and of communism possess this capital importance, that they were the first to employ a whole personnel of which up to that time not a word had been breathed. Before Eugène Sue, as before Victor Hugo, George Sand depicted the mason, the carpenter, the cabinet-maker: in these books we truly assist at the entrance of the people into literature. It is a date." To those who would object that the novel plays no rôle in the transformation of society, M. Doumic retorts: "Socialistic preaching by literature is a powerful agency for the diffusion of doctrines, because it clothes them with the colors of imagination and makes them appeal to the emotions. George Sand propagated the humanitarian dream among a category of readers who, perhaps, without her, would have resisted the seductions of Utopia, as Lamartine by his Girondins reconciled the bourgeois classes to the idea of Revolution. In both cases, the effect has been the same and this is precisely what is to be expected from literature in such matters."

George Sand's humanitarian propaganda, which partook now of the character of Socialism and now of Anarchism, and which won for her the name of "*Notre Dame de la Pitié*," was continued in the rural romances which are generally admitted to be her masterpieces. "In George Sand, the rural manner is not to be distinguished essentially from the Socialistic manner. The difference lies solely in the success of the execution: the intentions and the ideas are the same. George Sand continues in them the same propaganda: she belongs in them her humanitarian dream."

"The novels of George Sand," according to Heinrich Heine, "set the entire world aflame, illuminating many a prison whither no consolation had penetrated." Allowing for a certain amount of rhetorical exaggeration in Heine's phrase, it is certain that the Northern countries of Europe displayed from the very first a marked predilection for George Sand's writings and were strongly impressed and influenced by them. Nora is a Lélia of the fjords of Scandinavia. Solness, the builder, in his tower, recalls the scene of "*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*" in which Hélène climbs the church spire, at the risk of her life, to deliver thence her inspired discourse. "Ibsen,"

observes M. Doumic, "had read George Sand and remembered what he had read."

M. Doumic proclaims George Sand the mother of the Russian novel, which is commonly styled in France, "*le roman de la pitié*." "George Sand," said Turgenieff, "is one of our saints." Belinsky and Saltykow confess George Sand to have been the inspirer of their youth. The village tales of Grégorovitch betray her influence. The "*A Qui la Faute?*" of Alexander Herzen, the "*Pauline Sax*" of Drouguine, and Tchernichkevsky's "*Comment Faire?*" long a sort of gospel of conjugal morality for the liberals of Russia, proceed directly from her "Jacques." Dostoiévsky, on reading "*Simon Lascagne*," at sixteen years of age, was thrown into such a fever that he could not sleep. Thirty years later, he proclaimed George Sand a "*force russe*" (Russian force); he affirmed that her works form a part of the intellectual heritage of the Slavs and that any serious study of Russian genius should begin with a commentary upon her "*Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*" or "*Léone Léoni*." A Minister who helped Alexander II to accomplish his reforms, declared: "I owe no one as much as I owe Belinsky and George Sand. I grew up, morally speaking, under the egis of these two writers; they have been my real masters." Thus the "*bonne dame* of Nohant" may be said to have contributed indirectly to the political liberalization of Russia.

M. Doumic points out that Patience (the rural philosopher of "*Mauprat*" who retired into the forest in order to live according to nature and to acquire the primitive virtues, and who was during the Revolution a sort of intermediary between the thatched hut and the castle) has reappeared time and again in Russian fiction—with a name in *ow* or in *ew*; and, apropos of Trenmor, the sublime convict of "*Lélia*," who was condemned to five years of hard labor for theft and who was regenerated by paying the penalty of his crime, he remarks (with a touch of facetiousness that verges on asperity): "You know that convicts were to become very dear to the Romanticists. But need I remind you how and whence they have returned to us latterly, aureoled with suffering and with purity? You all recall Dostoiévsky's '*Crime and Punishment*' and Tolstoy's '*Resurrection*.' We should have recognized the virtue of expiation, the religion of human suffering as old acquaintances, when they came back to us from Russia, if certain works of our literature were not less familiar to us than the books to which they have given birth abroad."

AMERICA'S LEADING ARCHITECT

THE greatest architect, by general consent, that this country has ever produced died a few weeks ago. His name was Charles Follen McKim, and he was the senior member of the firm of McKim, Mead and White. The influence that he exerted, directly and indirectly, is immeasurable. In all our cities it has been felt. Madison Square Garden, with its columns and graceful tower reminiscent of La Giralda, in Seville; the Boston Public Library, adorned by murals already a source of national pride; the romantic West Point Memorial on the heights above the Hudson; the imposing Columbia Library; the new Pennsylvania terminal, emerging from dust and turmoil—are but a few of the memorials to his name. His friend and erstwhile associate, Royal Cortissoz, now art critic of the *New York Tribune*, declares: "It is a solid fact, which could be demonstrated with the conclusiveness of mathematics, that all over this country the public and private buildings of the last twenty-odd years are the better because, consciously or unconsciously, the designers of them have taken the influence of McKim into their minds."

The name of McKim can hardly be dissociated from that of his firm; but in all its activities his was the master mind. He owed

his power not to his originality. He was frankly derivative. His strength lay in a certain classic dignity. In an age of fermenting individualism he chose to be traditional. In an age of modernism he was a conservative. And this, from the point of view of *The Architectural Record* (New York), is as it should be.

"At bottom," it observes, "no better summary can be given of the work of McKim, Mead & White than that they applied common sense to the esthetic problems of American architecture. Common sense is, after all, only a synonym for sound culture—for the ability to grasp a situation in all its relations; and at the present time it is more valuable in this country than the excesses of aberrant genius. By reason of their common sense McKim, Mead & White hit upon a virtuous middle path which somehow connected itself with the miscellaneous imitative traditions of our American architectural past, while at the same time preparing the way for a better future. From this virtuous middle path they have never strayed. They have not been extremists and specialists, any more than they have been revolutionists. Amid the conflicting tendencies which have pulled American architects of today first in one direction and then in another, they have held a discreet



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Unique by reason of its unsurpassed mural decorations by Abbey, Sargent and Puvis de Chavannes. McKim's was the master-brain from which grew the whole ensemble.



THE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

The largest of many large projects undertaken by the firm of McKim, Mead & White. "As McKim passes away," *Collier's Weekly* remarks, "there comes into being the latest testimonial to his talent—that in which he shows in New York, as he showed at Washington, how noble a monument, in proper hands, the terminal of a great railway system may become."

and admirable balance. They have neither been impracticable nor mercenary; they have neither been too rigorously inflexible nor too easily accommodating; they have neither been archaeologists nor proselytes of a new art; they have been, in the old phrase, neither bizarre nor Beaux Arts. In short they have kept their heads; and if their work has been in some respects a compromise, it has fulfilled the conditions of a profitable and desirable compromise. It has been a compromise informed by a practicable idea and justified by a sufficient measure of success."

When the firm of McKim, Mead & White was organized thirty years ago, there were no firmly established architectural traditions in America. The best monuments of an earlier period, such as St. Paul's Chapel and the New York City Hall, exerted no vital influence. The few tokens of something better than "brownstone fronts" and nondescript structures were significant of only one or two imperious voices crying in the wilderness—the scholarly Richard Morris Hunt and the full-blooded, more or less romantic, H. H. Richardson. "These men," says Mr. Cortisoz, "achieved noble things—things which weighed heavily in the balance—but much had still to be done, and toward the doing of it Mr. McKim made contributions the value of which it would be impossible to overestimate." Mr. Cortisoz continues:

"What was needed was a purification of American taste, the establishment of ideals of refinement and balance, and for these precious elements in architectural development he had a rare genius.

"Since men of such great gifts as Hunt and Richardson possessed were his contemporaries, and since there were other architects, too, who

supported, as they did, high standards of design, it might seem perhaps a little excessive to attach peculiar and even unique importance to the functions exercised by Mr. McKim.

"But there has probably never been in the last quarter of a century any member of his profession who would have denied to him the honor of having gradually introduced into American architecture the sense of restraint, of quietude, of law, of pure beauty, which above all else American architecture lacked at the time of his entrance upon the scene.

"We needed to learn the virtues of line and mass, of proportion. He taught them to us. We were wont to make much of detail that we thought picturesque. He preached in his work the strength of discipline and showed that, in the first place, detail should be fine in itself and that, secondly, there were occasions on which it were well to dispense with decoration altogether or, at least, to use it but sparingly."

For his models Mr. McKim drew chiefly on the Renaissance period; and here again *The Architectural Record* finds a special appropriateness. "The word 'Renaissance,' it observes, "stands for a group of political, social and educational ideas, which, altho profoundly modified by the historical experience of the last four hundred years, have not yet spent their force. Intellectually it was based on a renewed faith in mankind and in the power of men to act and think for themselves, and the return to classical antiquity which marked its earlier phases was the outcome of an attempt to find an historical basis and sanction for this humanism. The movement still constitutes the most active ferment in European life, but it has been reserved for our own country to found national, political and social institutions unreservedly on this renewed faith in mankind and in the power of men to

act and think for themselves. The Renaissance as a philosophical and moral ideal is receiving its most sincere and thoroughgoing expression in the United States." The argument proceeds:

"No doubt American architects cannot consciously derive their architecture from any one source without incurring a serious penalty. In accepting the tradition of the Renaissance, they must accept the bad with the good. The architects of the Renaissance necessarily abandoned the earlier innocent and realistic methods of design, and applied certain classical forms to their buildings, because they had something other than strictly architectural reasons for preferring such forms. Design came to mean from their point of view simply the effectual composition and ornamentation of all those parts of a building which show; and in accepting the tradition of the Renaissance American architects must at least in the beginning accept much the same theory of design. They, too, have certain reasons, which are intellectual and educational in char-



THE LATE CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

"McKim was in nature," says *Collier's Weekly*, "as delicate as a child, as shy, as eager and as keen. His ear and heart were ever open; his time and strength were at the service of the worthiest tasks. Artist and man, organizer and citizen, McKim was among the finest products of our day."



RICH INTERIOR DECORATION

Designed by McKim, Mead & White for "Harbor Hall," the residence of Clarence H. Mackay at Rosslyn, Long Island.

acter rather than strictly architectural, for preferring one group of architectural forms rather than another, and whatever the plan and structure of their buildings, design must mean for them primarily the effective composition and ornamentation of these forms.

"Such is the consequence of any attempt to make architectural practice in this country a matter chiefly of the skilful adaptation of the buildings of the Renaissance; and we find embodied in the work of McKim, Mead & White not only a thoroughgoing but an extraordinarily clever and successful application of this theory of design. Their use of their sources has been marked by the utmost suppleness and intelligence; it has neither been too exact nor too free. Their range of selection has included on the one hand the earliest phase of the Italian Renaissance or even of Florentine Romanesque, and it has included on the other hand the last phase of English Georgian. Moreover, inasmuch as the Renaissance itself was so dependent upon Roman architecture, they have naturally, when the occasion served, returned to the original Roman sources. In selecting the model of any particular building from any particular period, they have shown the utmost tact and good sense; and from the Century Clubhouse and the Judson Memorial Church down to the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the Gorham and Tiffany buildings, and the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, they have created a series of buildings in which admirable traditional materials have been given a novel emphasis. In certain of these buildings one scarcely knows whether it is the

transmitted dignity of an historical architectural achievement which strikes one more forcibly, or the stimulating novelty of their intrusion upon the streets of an American city; but in spite both of their large style and of their peculiar originality, they are generally in some way appropriate. The conditions forbid, of course, that they have the highest form of propriety, but they possess nevertheless a general congruity with their surroundings and with their public position which makes them on the whole unique in American architecture."

All this, it is plain, is far removed from the spirit of American commercialism. Mr. McKim was not fond of "sky-scrapers"; he seems to have felt from the first that the ideas and the theory of design for which he and his partners stood would appear at their worst in relation to the architecture of very tall buildings. As *The Architectural Record* puts it:

"This tendency on the part of McKim, Mead & White to dissociate themselves with the big brutal fact of the modern American skyscraper may seem to be an illustration of a deficiency rather than of a merit, but in truth, while it brings out an obvious limitation in their ideas and methods, it also brings out both the soundness of their judgment and the integrity of their point of view. The design of the modern American skyscraper is a compromise, but it is a compromise which has been crowned with only mediocre success. An architect does well either to avoid it, as McKim, Mead & White have done, or else devote most of his time to it, as Louis Sullivan has done. The former could not have taken kindly and persistently to the design of skyscrapers without either revolutionizing their point of view or else becoming unfaithful to it. They have chosen rather to avoid it, and here again they have most assuredly exhibited their common sense. The skyscraper may or may not persist as one of the characteristic problems of American architectural design, but in any event the time has not yet come for its solution."

Mr. H. T. Parker pays the following tribute to Mr. McKim in the *Boston Transcript*:

"It is pure speculation whether Mr. McKim and his associates saw any kinship of social, economic and esthetic conditions between the reborn and eager, the sensuous and the sensitive Italy of which it was the expression and the young, eager, sensuous, and sensitive America to which they were to bear it. Commentators rather than practitioners more readily weigh such considerations. At the least, the style of the Italian Renaissance was admirably supple to the many and diversified purposes to which they would put it. In it were the picturesque and the salient, the quickly impressive qualities by which McKim,

Mead & White set such store in their intimate relations with their clients and in the general effect of their work. The style of the Italian Renaissance, in its longer and more diversified evolution, gave them besides room for the richer and the more florid qualities that some of their buildings, like the Century or the University clubs in New York, exemplify and for the more serene, austere, and nobler qualities that are as conspicuous in much of their later work. Besides, on its richer, more florid, and more spectacular side, the chosen style invited the particular talents of Mr. White, while in its graver and finer attributes it gave as characteristic opportunity to Mr. McKim. Above all, in buildings conceived and executed in one or another aspect of the chosen style were sure to be the qualities that Americans had learned to expect in architecture from their experience and sensations in Europe. The just presumption was that they would heed and appreciate such buildings at home as they had heeded and appreciated such buildings abroad. Needless to say, Mr. McKim and his associates were prepared for the reproach that they had deliberately chosen a European style, even to the suggestion of particular buildings in particular buildings, and that



THE ENTRANCE VESTIBULE TO THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Illustrating the more florid and ornate style of McKim, Mead & White.



McKIM'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

Architectural experts agree in regarding the Morgan Library in New York as a masterpiece. "It conveys," says Royal Cortissoz, "a sense of exquisite simplicity, a charm almost musical in its loveliness and elevation."

they had deliberately and insistently practised it. They might have rejoined that they could discover no wiser way; and none that so accorded with their capacities and their opportunities; while the result in the sum of its accomplishment and its influence upon public taste freed them from any just reproach.

"Some day, perhaps, a very thick volume or a very close-filled portfolio will assemble plates, in mass and in detail, of the work that in thirty years McKim, Mead & White accomplished. The studious observer, who for himself has seen much of it in stone and steel, in brick and wood, within doors and without, may still better correlate and judge it. Then the range and the variety of it will be clear, and the sum of it will cover almost the whole extent of American official, semi-official, public, private, semi-private, domestic, and intimate architecture. It has met the needs of the diversified and complex life of our time, and it has given architectural form and substance to many of them, where before there was only a void. Clear, too, will be the adaptability of their chosen style to most of these needs and purposes and therein will be evidence of the wisdom of their choice. Moreover, in that adaptability goes a gradual evolution of the style, precisely analogous to its historical evolution. McKim, Mead & White began in the richer, the more ornate, the more pictorial modes of the Italian Renaissance. They ended almost as classicists. For, as the architecture of the Italian Renaissance became Romanized and gradually sought the imitation and adaptation of purely classic models, so their transfer and practise of it in America gradually inclined, especially in their later buildings, like Columbia College,

or the University of Virginia, or the new Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York, to a like gravity, restraint, and austerity. A pictorial beauty commended their earlier buildings, from whichever hand they came. An eager creative force, a warm imagination shaped and reared them in a kind of sensuous glow. A similar eagerness, a similar sensuous instinct adorned them opulently. Yet under all this warmth of feeling and this eager quest for rich and pictorial impression were the subtler and the more sedate qualities of the architect's art—the ordering of masses, the incisiveness of flowing line, the adjustment of proportions, the subordination of detail, the sense of a harmonious whole that, little by little, has wrought itself, and accomplished simultaneously its utilitarian and its esthetic purposes."

Mr. Cortissoz selects as the most characteristic product of Mr. McKim's genius the "wonderful little library" designed for J. P. Morgan; and Albert Kelsey, a Philadelphia architect, tells us (in *The Public Ledger*):

"St. Gaudens used to call this Pennsylvanian, once a Germantown boy, 'Charles the Charming,' for he had an irresistible, high-bred, quiet way with him, which enabled him, with an unusual amount of perseverance added, to overcome most obstacles, and as an illustration of his adroitness it is said that when he was completing the Morgan Library—one of the most finished and elegant buildings in the world—he suggested to its wealthy owner, who, until then, had given him carte blanche, that he knew where a large disk of porphyry could be purchased abroad which

would just complete the floor under the beautiful vestibule dome. When the price was mentioned, Mr. Morgan was more than forcefully indignant, and gave his architect a stern lecture upon the vice of extravagance. The subject was dropped; other matters were discussed, but just before the interview concluded, Mr. McKim whispered in the great man's ear that 'Emperors had been crowned upon that stone!' Some days later, Mr. McKim was notified that the porphyry had been cabled for, and it is now said by those who should know that at the famous midnight meeting the Tsar of Wall Street received the great bankers of the country while standing upon it. At any rate, be this as it may, it is in the floor where Mr. McKim wanted it to go, and it completes his color scheme as he wished to have it completed."

Of Mr. McKim's many and varied activities outside of his business only the briefest account can be given here. Mr. Kelsey says:

"It was he who first introduced mural decoration into America by offering opportunities for developing the genius of Sargent and Abbey. Equally great sculptors, such as St. Gaudens and Martini, have profited by him, and the first



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One of the buildings marking McKim's transition from a Renaissance to a more classical style.

manufactory of tapestry was established largely through his influence. Moreover, it was his masterly mind and guiding spirit that were responsible for the fine finish and completeness of the work of the Washington Plan Commission which has already had such an influence in redeeming the physical aspect of the national capital.

"Only those who served on committees with Mr. McKim, and especially when he himself has acted in an inconspicuous and subordinate capacity, can fully measure the tremendous loss the profession has just sustained.

"He was the founder of the American Academy at Rome and raised a million dollars for its endowment. He was the president of the American Institute of Architects and organized the great banquet which was attended by many of the most notable men of the land and had a decided influence in shaping architectural opinion. He was the respected friend and adviser of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and such men as the late Secretary of State, the Hon. Elihu Root, owe much of their good judgment in the carrying out of large public works to his generous and friendly advice. He was a member of many learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic. He received in 1903, from King Edward, a gold medal in recognition of his services towards the advancement of architecture the world over, and several universities conferred upon him honorary degrees, the last and highest having been conferred less than a year ago by the University of Pennsylvania. On that occasion in nominating him, Professor Warren P. Laird justly said: 'During your career architecture has advanced in this country from obscurity to its rightful position as the master art. In this development your influence has been supreme by reason of a noble purity of style, exalted professional ideals and passionate devotion to the cause of education.'"




THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE BUILDINGS DESIGNED BY McKIM

Madison Square Garden, the most beautiful building, as many think, in New York. The tower, surmounted by St. Gaudens' Diana, is modeled on La Giralda, Seville.

Religion and Ethics

"G. K. C." INTERPRETS "G. B. S."

HE oft-heard question, Is Bernard Shaw serious? finds what many will regard as a final answer in G. K. Chesterton's romantic biography of the famous Fabian.* Bernard Shaw is the most serious man alive, Chesterton emphatically declares; and he thinks it quite possible, "even amid that blinding jewellery of a million jokes, to discover the grave, solemn and sacred joke" for which each play of his was written. Both Shaw and Chesterton are in the direct line of descent from the world's most serious writers, its jesters; and this book of Chesterton's is really a wonderful work of biographical portraiture. It is also a summing up of his own side of the controversy which has long existed between Shaw and this his most provocative critic. The controversy, Mr. Chesterton would have us believe, is one between Catholicism and Protestantism, in its largest implications; but altho his readers are likely to agree with him as to the singular pro-Testant virtues of "G. B. S.," and to admire the way in which he expounds those virtues, it is doubtful if the orthodox of either creed would welcome such spokesmen. Mr. Chesterton discerns behind all Shaw's multiform appearances, critical, dramatic and political, the inflexible Puritan philosopher; and however much he may quarrel with or misinterpret him, it is nothing less than a stroke of genius to place on the head of the man he portrays a steeple-crowned hat.

There is nothing "cryptic" about Shaw, one of his Fabian associates has assured us; and Mr. Chesterton is at a loss to account for all this mystification as to the real meaning of the Shavian utterances. "His language, especially on moral questions," we are told, "is generally as straight and solid as that of a bargee and far less ornate and symbolic than that of a hansom-cabman." And he continues:

"The prosperous English Philistine complains that Mr. Shaw is making a fool of him. Whereas Mr. Shaw is not in the least making a fool of him; Mr. Shaw is, with laborious lucidity, calling him a fool. G. B. S. calls a landlord a thief; and the landlord, instead of denying or resenting it, says, 'Ah, that fellow hides his mean-

ing so cleverly that one can never make out what he means, it is all so fine spun and fantastical.' G. B. S. calls a statesman a liar to his face, and the statesman cries in a kind of ecstasy, 'Ah, what quaint, intricate and half-tangled trains of thought! Ah, what elusive and many-colored mysteries of half-meaning!' I think it is always quite plain what Mr. Shaw means, even when he is joking, and it generally means that the people he is talking to ought to howl aloud for their sins."

Shaw's famous bull, "I am a typical Irishman; my family came from Yorkshire," serves Mr. Chesterton as a text for a short disquisition on Irish Protestantism and on Shaw as a Protestant exile from the "Land of Saints." "There exists by accident an early and beardless portrait of him," he writes, "which really suggests in the severity and purity of its lines some of the early ascetic pictures of the beardless Christ. However he may shout profanities or seek to shatter the shrines, there is always something about him which suggests that in a sweeter and more solid civilization he would have been a great saint. He would have been a saint of a sternly ascetic, perhaps of a sternly negative, type. But he has this strange note of the saint in him: that he is literally unworldly. Worldliness has no human magic for him; he is not bewitched by rank nor drawn on by conviviality at all. He could not understand the intellectual surrender of the snob. He is perhaps a defective character; but he is not a mixed one. All the virtues he has are heroic virtues."

Chesterton has elsewhere in a memorable article called Mr. Shaw an old maid. He continues to think that it is his "peculiar and fundamental Irish innocence," his wild Diana-like chastity, and not the old Puritan in him, that accounts for those suggestions of sexual revolution which fill his works. He confesses that he thinks "this Irish purity a little disabls a critic in dealing, as Mr. Shaw has dealt, with the roots and reality of the marriage law." However, he grants Shaw the compensating gift "which all the saints declared to be the reward of chastity: a queer clearness of the intellect, like the hard clearness of a crystal." But Shaw's chastity does not oppress Mr. Chesterton half so much as his teetotalism. That Shavianism in control

* GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane Company.

would cut off the beer supply is a genuine Chestertonian nightmare. In the course of a review of this "best work of literary art I have yet provoked," written by Shaw for the *London Nation*, we read:

"I know no extravagance in literature comparable to this. Teetotalism is, to Mr. Chesterton, a strange and unnatural asceticism forced on men by an inhuman perversion of religion. Beer-drinking is to him, when his imagination runs away with him on paper, nothing short of the communion. He sees in every public-house a temple of the true catholic faith, and he tells us that when he comes to one, he enters ostentatiously, throws down all the shields and partitions that make the private bar furtive, and makes libations to the true god and to my confusion.

"And he will see nothing but 'cold extravagance' in my pure provision of the strict regimen of Contrexeville water and saccharine in which his Bacchic priesthood will presently end. I don't drink beer for two reasons: Number one, I don't like it, and therefore have no interest to blind me to the plain facts about it; and, number two, my profession is one that obliges me to keep in critical training, and beer is fatal both to training and criticism. It makes men cheaply happy by destroying their consciences. If I did not know how unsafe it is to conclude that men practice what they preach, (Mr. Chesterton doth protest too much, and may be little better than a hypocritical abstainer) I should challenge him to forswear sack and dispute my laurels as a playwright, instead of lazily writing books about me."

We have Shaw's own word for it that he has always been on the side of the Puritans in matters of art, and Chesterton asserts that we shall find him on the same side in almost everything. He is not thinking of that "sentimental and deliquescent" Puritanism, which no one combats more fiercely than Shaw, but of that first fine spirit and original energy in the Puritan creed which he thus defines:

"It was a refusal to contemplate God or goodness with anything lighter or milder than the most fierce concentration of the intellect. A Puritan meant originally a man whose mind had no holidays. To use his own favorite phrase, he would let no living thing come between him and his God; an attitude which involved eternal torture for him and a cruel contempt for all the living things. It was better to worship in a barn than in a cathedral for the specific and specified reason that the cathedral was beautiful. Physical beauty was a false and sensual symbol coming in between the intellect and the object of its intellectual worship. The human brain ought to be at every instant a consuming fire which

burns through all conventional images until they were as transparent as glass. . . . This is the essential Puritan idea, that God can only be praised by direct contemplation of Him."

Concerning Shaw, whom he considers the greatest of modern Puritans, and perhaps the last (a pious hope is here implied), Mr. Chesterton goes on to say:

"What Charles Lamb said of the Scotchman is far truer of this type of Puritan Irishman; he does not see things suddenly in a new light; all his brilliancy is a blindingly rapid calculation and deduction. Bernard Shaw never said an indefensible thing; that is, he never said a thing that he was not prepared brilliantly to defend. He never breaks out into that cry beyond reason and conviction, that cry of Lamb when he cried, 'We would indict our dreams!' or of Stevenson, 'Shall we never shed blood?' In short, he is not a humorist, but a great wit, almost as great as Voltaire. Humor is akin to agnosticism, which is only the negative side of mysticism. But pure wit is akin to Puritanism; to the perfect and painful consciousness of the final fact in the universe. Very briefly, the man who sees the consistency in things is a wit—and a Calvinist. The man who sees the inconsistency in things is a humorist—and a Catholic. However this may be, Bernard Shaw exhibits all that is purest in the Puritan; the desire to see truth face to face even if it slay us, the high impatience with irrelevant sentiment or obstructive symbol; the constant effort to keep the soul at its highest pressure and speed. His instincts upon all social customs and questions are Puritan. His favorite author is Bunyan."

Shaw left his respectable Protestant Irish environment and a Dublin clerkship (in which he had showed an ability that disgusted him) when he was still very young, and proceeded to London where, for six years, he was almost starved out of existence. "It appears a point of some mystery to the present writer," says Chesterton, "that Bernard Shaw should have been so long unrecognized and almost in beggary. I should have thought his talent was of the ringing and arresting sort; such as even editors and publishers would have sense enough to seize. Yet it is quite certain that he almost starved in London for many years, writing occasional columns for an advertisement or words for a picture. And it is equally certain (it is proved by twenty anecdotes, but no one who knows Shaw needs any anecdotes to prove it) that in those days of desperation he again and again threw up chances and flung back good bargains which did not suit his unique and erratic sense of honor." This was not the result of fanatical simplicity or

of youthful recklessness. "Bernard Shaw did not act thus because he was careless but because he was ferociously careful, careful especially of the one thing needful," continues Chesterton. "What was he thinking about when he threw away his last halfpence and went to a strange place; what was he thinking about when he endured hunger and small-pox in London almost without hope? He was thinking of what he has ever since thought of, the slow but sure surge of the social revolution."

Into the early revolutionary groups of London, Shaw brought something new,—the sharp edge of the Irishman and the concentration of the Puritan." He came to revolutionize the revolutionists, to make them modern and intelligible. "If Shaw became a little too fond of throwing cold water upon prophecies or ideals," writes Chesterton, "remember that he must have passed much of his youth among cosmopolitan idealists who wanted a little cold water in every sense of the word. . . . And when people blame Bernard Shaw for his pitiless and prosaic coldness, his cutting refusal to reverence or admire, I think they should remember this riff-raff of lawless sentimentalism against which his commonsense had to strive, all the grandiloquent 'comrades' and all the gushing 'affinities,' all the sweetstuff sensuality and senseless sulking against law." Shaw, in his fiercely protestant youth, mingled with Anarchists and atheists only to become a thoroly convinced Socialist and, latterly, a religious agitator. Socialism, today, is the noblest thing for Bernard Shaw, says Mr. Chesterton, and he might have added that Socialism without the religious impulse is to him an impossible dream.

It was, Mr. Chesterton says, the old Puritan in "G. B. S.," the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, who started out to make war on the "spiritually catholic" Shakespeare, and, later on, championed the didactic art of Ibsen. The Ibsen controversy, Mr. Chesterton regards as an "extinct volcano," but the Shakespearean controversy is eternal; and as "G. K. C." deals largely in eternities, he makes this the occasion for some really splendid writing. Shaw, he declares, "denounced that playwright almost exactly as any contemporary Puritan coming out of a conventicle in a steeple-crowned hat and stiff bands might have denounced the playwright coming out of the stage door of the old Globe Theatre." And he continues:

"This is not a mere fancy; it is philosophically true. A legend has run round the newspapers

that Bernard Shaw offered himself as a better writer than Shakespeare. This is false and quite unjust; Bernard Shaw never said anything of the kind. The writer whom he did say was better than Shakespeare was not himself, but Bunyan. And he justified it by attributing to Bunyan a virile acceptance of life as a high and harsh adventure, while in Shakespeare he saw nothing but profligate pessimism, the *vanitas vanitatum* of a disappointed voluptuary. According to this view Shakespeare was always saying, 'Out, out, brief candle,' because his was only a ballroom candle; while Bunyan was seeking to light such a candle as by God's grace should never be put out.

"It is odd that Bernard Shaw's chief error or insensibility should have been the instrument of his noblest affirmation. The denunciation of Shakespeare was a mere misunderstanding. But the denunciation of Shakespeare's pessimism was the most splendidly understanding of all his utterances. This is the greatest thing in Shaw, a serious optimism—even a tragic optimism. Life is a thing too glorious to be enjoyed. To be is an exacting and exhausting business; the trumpet tho inspiring is terrible. Nothing that he ever wrote is so noble as his simple reference to the sturdy man who stepped up to the Keeper of the Book of Life and said, 'Put down my name, Sir.' It is true that Shaw called this heroic philosophy by wrong names and buttressed it with false metaphysics; that was the weakness of the age. The temporary decline of theology had involved the neglect of philosophy and all fine thinking; and Bernard Shaw had to find shaky justifications in Schopenhauer for the sons of God shouting for joy. He called it the Will to Live—a phrase invented by Prussian professors who would like to exist, but can't. Afterwards he asked people to worship the Life-Force; as if one could worship a hyphen. But tho he covered it with crude new names (which are now fortunately crumbling everywhere like bad mortar) he was on the side of the good old cause; the oldest and best of causes, the cause of creation against destruction, the cause of yes against no, the cause of the seed against the stony earth and the star against the abyss."

Chesterton's criticism of the Shavian drama is blundering and rather elephantine, but his insistence on its essential Puritanism is most suggestive, tho perhaps over-emphatic. With the censorship of his great tragedy, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Shaw began one of the most important minor combats of his life—a combat which is not yet ended. Immediately it was censored, the play itself was almost forgotten by its author. The "abominable Censorship," and no longer the play, was the thing. Shaw became the Puritan in arms. Mr. Chesterton interprets the incident with penetrating insight, as follows:

"As a mere matter of the art of controversy, of course he carried the war into the enemy's camp at once. He did not linger over loose excuses for license; he declared at once that the Censor was licentious, while he, Bernard Shaw, was clean. He did not discuss whether a Censorship ought to make the drama moral. He declared that it made the drama immoral. With a fine strategic audacity he attacked the Censor quite as much for what he permitted as for what he prevented. He charged him with encouraging all plays that attracted men to vice and only stopping those which discouraged them from it. Nor was this attitude by any means an idle paradox. Many plays appear (as Shaw pointed out) in which the prostitute and the procuress are practically obvious, and in which they are represented as reveling in beautiful surroundings and basking in brilliant popularity. The crime of Shaw was not that he introduced the Gaiety Girl; that had been done, with little enough decorum, in a hundred musical comedies. The crime of Shaw was that he introduced the Gaiety Girl but did not represent her life as all gaiety. The pleasures of vice were already flaunted before the playgoers. It was the perils of vice that were carefully concealed from them. The gay adventures, the gorgeous dresses, the champagne and oysters, the diamonds and motor cars,—dramatists were allowed to drag all these dazzling temptations before any silly housemaid in the gallery who was grumbling at her wages. But they were not allowed to warn her of the vulgarity and the nausea, the dreary deceptions and the blasting diseases of that life. 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' was not up to a sufficient standard of immorality; it was not spicy enough to pass the Censor. The acceptable and accepted plays were those which made the fall of a woman fashionable and fascinating; for all the world as if the Censor's profession were the same as Mrs. Warren's profession."

Up to this event of the Censorship, no one ever thought of calling Bernard Shaw a Puritan, except, perhaps, Shaw himself. He was called an Anarchist, or a crank, or a "brilliant paradoxer," or even "one of those damned Socialists"; by the "more discerning stupid people," says Chesterton, "a prig." All felt that his attitude towards current problems was arresting and sometimes indecent; but as Mr. Chesterton was too young then to enlighten them, they failed to connect it with the old Calvinistic morality. Shaw himself, however, was wiser than the Shavians. He gave them their instructions in "Three Plays For Puritans."

The most important of these plays is "Caesar and Cleopatra," and one easily agrees with Mr. Chesterton that Shaw's Caesar is one of his most artistic creations. "The conjunction of Shaw and Caesar," he writes, "has

about it something smooth and inevitable; for this decisive reason, that Caesar is really the only great man of history to whom the Shaw theories apply. Caesar was a Shaw hero." That lonely figure fills "G. K. C." with frantic repulsion; for its "primary and defiant proposition," he maintains, "is the Calvinistic proposition: that the elect do not earn virtue but possess it. The goodness of a man does not consist in trying to be good, but in being good. Julius Caesar prevails over other people by possessing more *virtues* than they; not by having striven or suffered or bought his virtue; not because he has struggled heroically, but because he is a hero. So far Bernard Shaw is only what I have called him at the beginning; he is simply a seventeenth century Calvinist. Caesar is not saved by works, or even by faith; he is saved because he is one of the elect."

Bernard Shaw has now attained a respectable pulpit of his own, after the cart and the trumpet; he has found a faith; he is a religious agitator for a church which, according to Chesterton, consists of only one member. While the crowds were "acclaiming him as a blasting and hypercritical buffoon," he was all the time "rallying his synthetic power." His latest play, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," which has just been forbidden by the Censor, might well be called "The Showing Up of Bernard Shaw." In it he postulates: "What is called the struggle of a man with God is the most dramatic of all conflicts: in fact the only one that makes really good drama." There speaks the old Puritan. And the play is censored! Mr. Chesterton writes, finally:

"As far as I can discover, it has been forbidden because one of the characters professes a belief in God and states his conviction that God has got him. This is wholesome; this is like one crack of thunder in a clear sky. Not so easily does the prince of this world forgive. Shaw's religious training and instinct is not mine, but in all honest religion there is something that is hateful to the prosperous compromise of our time. You are free in our time to say that God does not exist; you are free to say that He exists and is evil; you are free to say (like poor old Renan) that He would like to exist if He could. You may talk of God as a metaphor or a mystification; you may water Him down with gallons of long words, or boil Him to the rags of metaphysics; and it is not merely that nobody punishes, but nobody protests. But if you speak of God as a fact, as a thing like a tiger, as a reason for changing one's conduct, then the modern world will stop you somehow if it can."

THE REVIVAL OF MYSTICISM



THE trend toward mysticism in our time is marked. It appears in the field of the intellect; in religion; and in art. Prof. Harold Höffding, of Copenhagen, declared at a recent congress of psychologists that since all the most important problems are beyond the reach of man's reasoning powers, the search for ultimate reality leads inevitably to mysticism. Henri Bergson, the French-Jewish philosopher, whose speculations have deeply influenced the whole thought-atmosphere of the day, shows decided mystical leanings. "Symbolism" is the keynote of modern drama, the watch-word of Ibsen, Hauptmann and Maeterlinck; and symbolism, we are often told, is only another name for mysticism.

In America the mystical tendency is everywhere in evidence. Christian Science is its most pronounced expression, but the New Thought cults, the various Spiritualistic bodies, the Theosophical and Vedanta Societies, all bear witness to its growing vogue.

Yet in spite of its pervasiveness, very few can define mysticism. The vaguest ideas as to its real meaning prevail. There is a mystical tradition, however, extending for many centuries through Clement of Alexandria, St. Basil, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Bonaventura, Francis of Assisi, Thomas à Kempis, St. Catherine, St. Theresa, Fénelon, Mme. Guyon, Henry More, George Fox, and many more; and the mystical attitude is now fairly clearly formulated. Practically all authoritative writers on the subject emphasize as one of its essential aspects the conception of the soul as something that can see and perceive the spiritual verities as unmistakably as the body can grasp material objects. A recent writer in *The Edinburgh Review* says:

"The center of gravity in religion has shifted from authority to experience. The scientific spirit demands that beliefs shall be verified; and psychology, now become an ambitious science, claims that psychical experience shall be treated with as much respect as sensuous perception. We are weary of ancient traditions, and distrustful of the wisdom of the past. More particularly, our generation is impatient of dogmatic constructions, which it regards as the product of abstract intellectualism, divorced from the living realities of concrete experience. It pays more respect to the testimony of the soul, the affirmations and aspirations of the undivided personality. This basal experience it is willing to look for

in the writings of the mystics, which are thus prized for the very quality which incurred the contempt of the old rationalists—namely, the spontaneity of their individual testimony, and their independence of speculative systems."

The late Father Tyrrell, in a classification of the "three factors" of religion, published in *The Quarterly Review*, has this further light to throw on the subject:

"As the whole of life, so religion, its principal factor, is a harmony or dependent organism; and its three factors—the historic or institutional, the mystical, and the rational—correspond roughly to three stages of religious development, successive yet superposed, in the race and in the individual. First, as children or barbarians, we are formalists and traditionalists; later comes personal experience; finally reflection on experience and tradition, and their rational combination and justification. Yet each of these elements of religion has, even in its most normal state, something antipathetic to the other two, and, if given its way, tends to rid itself of them and grow to something monstrous and deformed. Hence the call for a unifying effort to keep each and all in their proper places."

A third writer, Dr. J. Ellis McTaggart, in *The New Quarterly* (London), offers the following definition of mysticism:

"It seems to me that the essential characteristics of mysticism are two in number. In the first place it is essential to mysticism that it asserts a greater unity in the universe than that which is recognized in ordinary experience, or in science. How complete this unity is, how far it excludes differentiation, are questions which would be answered differently by different mystics. What is essential is the affirmation of a unity greater than that which is usually acknowledged.

"The second essential characteristic of mysticism is the affirmation that it is possible to be conscious of this unity in some manner which brings the knower into closer and more direct relation with what is known than can be done in ordinary discursive thought. It is possible, it is said, to be conscious of the truth of abstract propositions, or to be in conscious relation with spiritual reality, in a manner so direct and immediate that it may be compared to the perception of matter by our senses.

"Thus what is asserted by mysticism is, firstly, a *mystic* unity; and, secondly, a *mystic intuition* of that unity. The mystic intuition would, of course, be one example of the unity which it perceives, since the knower and the known would be connected by such a unity.

"Of these two characteristics the mystic unity is the more fundamental. It is possible to assert it without asserting any mystic intuition—to hold that the existence of the unity can be proved by ordinary discursive thought, and can never be directly perceived. On the other hand, the mystic intuition cannot be asserted without the mystic unity, for such an intuition would be, as has just been pointed out, an example of the mystic unity."

The dynamic part of the mystical principle may be said to lie in its quickening of the desire for direct intercourse with God. It also, however, has its purely human implications. The Rev. E. J. Brailsford, a writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, who attempts to define "the sphere of the mystic sense in modern spiritual life," declares:

"There is a growing feeling that each generation of men should live for those who are to follow. Before every worker in this passing day there has arisen a vision of a federated humanity—a living association of men so welded together as to make one perfect unity. So many of diverse minds and at different times have seen this sight that we may be certain it is no unsubstantial dream. Paul wrote confidently of the ideal man with his completeness of stature. Tennyson saw 'a single race, of a single tongue,' and heard the murmur of 'universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles.'

"H. G. Wells, one of the clearest thinkers in the driest light, makes confession of his faith—'The essential fact in man's history, to my sense, is the slow unfolding of a sense of community with his kind, of the possibilities of co-operation leading to scarce dreamt-of collective powers, a synthesis of the species, of the development of a common general idea, a common general purpose, out of a present confusion. We, you and I, are not only parts in a thought process, but parts of one flow of blood and of life.'

"The outlook was never brighter than it is today," says the modern neo-platonic mystic, Sir Oliver Lodge. 'Many workers and thinkers are making ready the way for a second advent—a reincarnation of the Logos in the hearts of all men. The heralds are already attuning their songs for a reign of brotherly love.'

"The prospect on the threshold of the Twentieth Century is sublimely inviting and the movements in the world encouraging. A strange earth-wave flowing from east to west is bringing the nations nearer together in a craving for constitutional freedom, and there are signs that European peoples, altho retaining their outward distinctions, may ere long become one confederated commonwealth.

"As we give ourselves to hasten on the coming day of a regenerated and united race, our hearts will be enlarged, and something of the splendor of that day may come out to meet us, as branches of fruit from the New World drifted towards its discoverers."

A CHRISTIAN ARGUMENT IN BEHALF OF SUBVERSIVE MARRIAGE ETHICS



VERY significant propaganda, looking toward freer marriage relations and a freer marriage ethics, has been started in Germany. Its advocates appeal to the public not in the interests of "free love" or of liberalism, but in the name of Christianity and of Socialism. They are banded together in a society known as the *Bund für Mutterschutz* (Association for the Protection of the Mother), which has attained to the rank of holding national conventions, with delegates from virtually all parts of the Empire. The leading protagonist of the cause on the platform is a woman doctor prominent in the movement for woman's emancipation, Miss Stöcker. The ablest literary advocate of the movement is Heinrich Meyer-Benfey, who has lately published two works in which the principles of the "new ethics" are expounded and defended. The first of these is entitled "*Die Sittlichen Grundlagen der Ehe*" (The Ethical

Foundations of Marriage); the second, "*Das Christentum und die Neue Ethik*" (Christianity and the New Ethics).

Meyer-Benfey's argument is fundamental and subversive. The time has come, he intimates, when skeptical minds are inquiring whether the relation of the sexes is forever to be determined by existing marriage arrangements. Are there no other forms, he asks, in which this relation can find its expression in a better way? Are these the only conditions under which the human race can continue its existence and fulfil its mission? To both of these questions he answers that the limitations and restrictions of the older ethics of marriage are detrimental to the best interests of man and of society. A proper basis for the regulation of the sexual relation, he holds, is not that of a legal or churchly compulsion, but that of real soul communion of two persons (*Seelige Gemeinschaft*) and a recognition of the duty of providing for the children.

Ethically, two persons living in sexual relation under these conditions are entitled to recognition every bit as much as those who have been united by legal processes. "Every individual," says Meyer-Benfey, "must have the privilege of selecting his own mate in accordance with the demands of his nature. He must be allowed to choose, if he wishes, a marriage which, while not in perfect harmony with his ideals, yet possesses the advantages of outward recognition, nobility or quiet; or to choose, on the other hand, a connection that, even tho of limited duration, exists in full truth and liberty." It is not right, the argument proceeds, to regard the 180,000 illegitimate children annually born in Germany, two-thirds of whom either die wretchedly or go to recruit the ranks of criminals and prostitutes, as social reprobates and pariahs. The new ethics would raise them and make them men and women in the full sense of the word. Again, to follow Meyer-Benfey's argument: "As the marriage relation becomes an ethical relation only by the faith of man and woman in the perfect soul communion that exists between them, it follows that when this faith has ceased to exist, it is their duty to dissolve the marriage." In order to prevent promiscuous relations and endless divorce, this philosopher of the new marriage ethics proposes that "two people, man and woman, who have quarrelled, should not at once run to the magistrate for divorces, but should be required to apply twice for a separation, an interval of four weeks to elapse between the first and the second requests." Meyer-Benfey also says: "That a new love should supplant an old love, is not a matter of guilt: the old rigidity (*Starrheit*) in the matter of divorce must be modified." Again: "The right to follow the inclinations suggested by this new love cannot be denied in principle." "The duty of honesty must take the place of the former duty of faithfulness."

In his second book, Meyer-Benfey undertakes to show that the original Christianity taught by Jesus, as contrasted with the Christianity which came into the church through perverted teachings in early Christian times, is in agreement with his ideas. The older marriage ethics, he goes so far as to say, are "in absolute and sharp opposition to the spirit of the gospel," while the new ethics are "in absolute harmony" with it.

The captious attitude of marriage purists, Meyer-Benfey contends, is far removed from the attitude of Jesus, who deprecated harsh judgments on others, advised against looking for the mote in one's brother's eye, and re-

fused to condemn the woman taken in adultery. It is true, the German writer concedes, that there is found in several places in the gospels (Matthew, V 31-32; XIX 3-12, Mark, X 2-12) one concrete command not in harmony with the new ethics, namely, the absolute forbidding of divorce. Yet when closely examined, he says, even these passages will be found to be antagonistic to the older ethics. Jesus was obviously thinking of the laxness of the Mosaic law (Deuteronomy, XXIV 1), and wanted to raise the popular standards. Moreover, as appears from the longer passage in Matthew, he was wont to extol chastity as an end in itself. In this latter mood he had not the marriage problem primarily in view. But whatever Jesus may or may not have said on technical points, Meyer-Benfey thinks that few will dispute that the chief ethical effect of Christianity has been to substitute a morality of the heart and mind for legal enactments and demands. It teaches that "love is the fulfilment of the law."

Meyer-Benfey's views, it goes without saying, have been excoriated in the religious press. Two of the most vigorous criticisms appear in the *Alte Glaube* and the *Geisteskampf der Gegenwart*; in each case the indictment is formulated by the editor. According to the *Alte Glaube*, the new ethics are "simply libertinism in the garb of philosophical phraseology." The same paper says further: "It is nothing but the wolf of free love in the lamb's clothing of systematic thought. At bottom it is only a new way of justifying and defending what opponents of Christianity have long since tried to accomplish, namely, the overthrow of the marriage system which the law of God and man, and all history, have proved to be the very basis of social order and of the happiness and prosperity of the human race. The new ethics are an outgrowth of the lusts of the flesh, sugar-coated by high-sounding words; and the new movement, while it has ostensibly been entered upon for the purpose of protecting helpless women and gaining recognition for those who are socially ostracised now because of their illegitimate children, will bring about results the very opposite of those intended."

The second critic devotes himself more especially to demolishing the religious side of Meyer-Benfey's argument. "The exegesis of the passages dealing with criticism and fault-finding in others," he comments, "has the usual fault of containing a mere grain of apparent truth, without having the slightest application to the matter under discussion. Then it is

positively untrue to say that the Biblical ideal is one of non-marriage. On the contrary, this state is always referred to by Jesus as the exception and not the rule. Love is indeed the highest law of Christianity, but not the love of 'affinities.' Love in the Christian sense is filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Indeed, it is only by the rankest abuse of all legitimate laws of interpretation that there can be found in the original gospel of Jesus himself even the slightest data in favor of the 'new ethics.' Evidently Christianity and this new propaganda of fleshly love are at total variance with each other."

CONFLICTING ESTIMATES OF THOMAS PAINE



HE battle in behalf of the character and reputation of Thomas Paine is hardly won, it seems, even yet. In connection with the recent celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Paine's death, the old-established London monthly, *Blackwood's Magazine*, publishes an article remarkable for its heat and bitterness. "It has long been a practice, worthy of all respect," says *Blackwood's*, "to mark the centenaries of famous men. It is but just that we should remember those who by arts or arms have deserved well of their country. Should we not, also, by way of an awful warning, keep the anniversaries of those who have used their talents to make mischief in the world? Should we not nail them to the barn-door of time, as gamekeepers expose rats and owls?" The indictment proceeds:

"A hundred years ago there died in New York the ineffable Tom Paine, who, with nothing more than a glib eloquence to help him, spent his life in attempting to stir up sedition against his native land. Wherever England had a foe he found a friend. At the first outbreak of the American Revolution he was on the side of the rebels. . . . Wherever there was revolution, there was Tom Paine. When the American Colonies had thrown off the English yoke, Paine returned to the country which he had slandered, and escaped the gallows only by the customary forbearance of Englishmen. On the triumph of the French Revolution, Paris seemed the proper theater for Paine's talents, and he was eagerly welcomed as the author of 'The Rights of Man' by an exultant mob. In 1792 he escaped from England, where a tardy justice had at last pursued him, and came to Calais, there to be hailed as the representative of the people, and to be appointed one of a committee which should devise for France a brand-new Constitution. He was described by an agent of the British Government, who was witness of his flight, as 'the very picture of a journeyman tailor who has been drunk and playing at nine-pins for the three first days of the week, and is returning to his work on Thursday!'"

In reading the works of Paine, the same writer continues, one cannot fail to be astonished at the effect produced by mere assertion. "The author is never at the pains to justify his statements by an appeal to experience. He thinks it sufficient to put forth a series of axioms." To quote further:

"My language has always been that of liberty and humanity," he declares magniloquently, "and I know that nothing so exalts a nation as the union of these two principles under all circumstances." That, no doubt, sounded well enough in the ears of the sympathetic, but in truth the words mean little or nothing until we have definitions of liberty and humanity. And definitions are not within Paine's reach. He prefers to deal with what he calls 'principles,' which require neither proof nor explanation. He argues as tho the whole of human life were conducted in a vacuum, as tho the past had no influence on the present, as tho the individual had not the power to mold events. Accordingly he is convinced that all men are equal and in the full possession of natural rights. This is how he puts it: 'By the unity of men I mean that men are all of one degree, and consequently that all men are born equal, and with equal natural rights, in the same manner as if posterity had been continued by creation instead of generation.' A little observation, a little reading of history, would have proved to him the fallacy of these statements."

Paine first demolished to his satisfaction, the article concludes, the whole fabric of government; then turned him about to destroy religion.

"In 'The Age of Reason' he pronounces what he thought was the final sentence against Christianity. It is a sadly ingenuous work, and another proof of Paine's simplicity and ignorance. He attacks the literal interpretation of the Bible with a solemn ridicule, and resembles nothing so much as a man at a fair making merry with a bladder tied to a stick. By Paine's method it would be easy to demonstrate the absurdity of every faith, every literature. Nothing has ever been said or done that a lack of humor and reverence cannot hold up to scorn. Again, Paine's

dogmatic arrogance shines forth in every page of his foolish book. He condemns Homer as glibly as he condemns the Bible, tho he knows naught of the circumstances in which either was written. 'I am not contending for the morality of Homer,' he hastily warns his reader in one place; 'on the contrary, I think it a book of false glory, tending to inspire immoral and mischievous notions of honor.' The admission is charming from the friend of Jacobins, the guardian of the honor of the Convention. But what is surprising is not Paine's folly, but his success. His books were eagerly read by the rebels of all nations, and there is no doubt that they did a vast deal of harm. Idle words, written without understanding and read in folly, have inflicted more misery and bloodshed upon the world than unnumbered crimes of violence. And the energy of his style, the clarity wherewith his argument was carried from false premises to an erroneous conclusion, his constant invocation of Reason, all contributed to the triumph of Paine."

This attack in *Blackwood's*, however, is prominent by reason of its very isolation. Much the greater part of the comment elicited by the Paine centenary is laudatory, and tends to set his name higher than it has ever been before. The *London Times* goes so far as to characterize him as "the greatest of pamphleteers." His books may be "only pamphlets," it says, but they "exercised as decisive an effect upon events as many pitched battles." The *London Nation* declares:

"Paine was not in the least an arid intellectualist; from his early life of sordid struggle, in what his biographer justly calls 'an almost incredible England,' he carried into the New England across the water a consuming passion for human justice and liberty, not as platform phrases, but as hard, concrete goods worth fighting and dying for, which set America afire, when she was confusedly pondering 'an impossible and unnatural reconciliation.' From America to France, fresh in the throes of her great upheaval, he passed, not as an incendiary, but as a moderating and constructive influence in her National Convention, risking his very life for the cause of clemency in dealing with a traitorous king. From France to England, carrying the same doctrines of liberty in politics and religion, not a cold utilitarian conception of individual rights, but a rich human gospel of a commonwealth sustained by a passion of humanity as deep and real as ever inflamed the soul of man. Roosevelt's 'dirty little atheist' was one of the first open advocates of the liberation of the negro slaves, of the abolition of capital punishment, of international treaties of arbitration; forty years before Comte he was the author of the phrase 'the religion of humanity.' So far was he from being the atheist his malignant traducers fastened in the common

mind, that his first and avowed motive in writing his 'Age of Reason' was to induce man to 'return to the pure, unmixt, and unadulterated belief in one God and no other.'"

William Marion Reedy, in the *St. Louis Mirror*, extols Paine as "a greater reasoner than Jefferson," and remarks that his "blasphemies" have become the commonplaces of modern Christian apologetics. Mr. Reedy says further:

"Thanks to the late Moncure D. Conway, we have learned the truth about Tom Paine. Today we know him for a man who brought philosophy to the service of humanity, who put the ordinary man in the way of thinking for himself. With whatever fault of method, he was a spiritual emancipator, a dissipator of theological and monarchical fog. He glorified common sense in writings that seem reactionary now to people grown cynical and *blasé* under the prosperity and liberty he established. . . . To Paine men were more than things. Prelates and plutocrats and parasites disparage him. He was the friend of the common people, an apostle of brotherly love, a believer in a God uncheaped by mortal and immoral attributions. It is time that justice should be done the memory of this man who strove and suffered for his fellowmen. He is one of the chief saints of the Church of Man."

In an appreciation published in the *New York Truth Seeker*, Mr. W. M. Van der Weyde, Secretary of the Paine Centenary Celebration, adds:

"It seems almost incredible that such a remarkable man as was Thomas Paine could by any process whatever be so utterly buried in oblivion for so many years. The same type of bigotry and fanaticism that burned defenceless old women at the stake for witchcraft inspired the efforts to bury the memory of the great Deist. And it is only in the past few years that an age of reason dawning in the world brought again to light the illustrious man we are proud to honor. As it is, only a sadly small proportion of the world's people knows anything at all about the author-hero of the American Revolution, and the total knowledge possessed by many persons concerning Paine is that 'he was an Atheist'—which he was not."

The present indications are that posterity will preserve the favorable, rather than the unfavorable, picture of Thomas Paine. His influence is steadily growing. Clergymen participated in the centenary exercises. New editions of all his important works have been lately published. And his admirers are at this moment converting the house he occupied at New Rochelle, New York, into a permanent museum to be devoted to his honor.

THE RELIGION OF AN ANARCHIST

WHEN you are with Elisée Reclus," said a working woman who knew him well, "you want more than anything else in the world to become better." This speaks volumes for the essential purity of his character. Nevertheless, if Elisée Reclus was the most generally respected Anarchist of the nineteenth century, if he was admired by persons of all parties and all creeds, it was not primarily because of his gentleness and nobility, not because he lived a life so simple that it bordered on asceticism, in order that he might help the poor—there have been other Anarchists equally pure and unselfish—but because he was one of the most eminent scholars of his time and because he was master of a marvelous, limpid, flowing style which has frequently been compared with that of the great naturalist, Buffon. In the eyes of his fellow-Anarchists, his scholarship and literary faculty were additional rays to his halo; in the eyes of the community at large they covered a multitude of intellectual sins. The most determined opponents of Elisée Reclus's ethical, social and political theories could not find it in their hearts to speak sneeringly or even slightly of any utterance whatsoever of a man of such splendid parts.

Years before the term Anarchist had come to have its present definite meaning in Europe, Elisée Reclus had not only worked out the system of beliefs which is now so designated, but he had won the esteem of the savants by the first instalments of "*La Géographie Universelle*," a colossal work of nineteen quarto volumes which he completed in banishment and which is classed as one of the great scholarly achievements of the nineteenth century. From this work, tho it was saturated with a sense of justice and luminous with love of humanity, he rigidly excluded every suggestion of Anarchistic preaching; but at intervals, during its production and subsequent thereto, he published books and brochures of Anarchistic propaganda in which he formulated and defended such typical Anarchistic tendencies and tenets as anti-clericalism, anti-militarism, anti-patriotism, non-resistance, vegetarianism, and *union libre*. The best-known of these works of propaganda are "*Evolution et Révolution*" and "*A Mon Ami le Paysan*"—models of concise statement and clear exposition—which have become Anarchist classics.

In 1893, at sixty-three years of age, Elisée Reclus began a second monumental work, en-

titled "*L'Homme et la Terre*," a history of man, of nations, and of races from the beginning through the centuries. He died the fifth of July, 1905, at seventy-five years of age. By that time he had finished the manuscript of his history, corrected many proofs and seen the beginning of its publication in unbound weekly instalments (called "*fascicules*"); but he did not have the satisfaction of seeing the entire work in print. In fact, the last of its six quarto bound volumes appeared only a short time ago.*

"Some years ago," says Elisée Reclus in the preface to "*L'Homme et la Terre*," "after having written the last lines of a long work, '*La Géographie Universelle*,' I conceived a desire one day to study man through the ages as I had studied him in the different countries of the globe, and to present my conclusions. Accordingly, I planned a new work in which I proposed to expound the progress and the regress of the physical, intellectual, political and social metamorphoses of humanity; the accord of Man with the soil; the harmony of the evolutions of the peoples with the evolutions of the planet; the solidarity of our personalities (so little and so big) with the immense universe; the manner in which nature, acquiring consciousness of itself, has risen little by little from the obscurities and the feeble gropings of the early ages to the clear certainties and to the audacities of contemporaneous thought."

"*L'Homme et la Terre*" consists of four grand divisions, four gigantic panels, so to speak, labelled respectively: I. Ancestors. II. Ancient History. III. Modern History. IV. Contemporaneous History. It is in the fourth of these divisions and, more particularly, in the last chapter, entitled "Progress," that the author reformulates his philosophy, which has been strengthened by the patient study, during half a century, of millions of facts. He expresses it in terms at once so large and so gentle that only the initiate will recognize therein the philosophy of Anarchism. In this chapter, he fuses, as it were, his works of pure scholarship with his works of propaganda, and harmonizes his ethnography with his humanitarian aspirations. It is a confession of religion (using the term in a broad sense), a message of love and of cheer, couched in the language of reason, of concord and of pity, a veritable hymn of enlightened altruism, of

**L'HOMME ET LA TERRE*. By Elisée Reclus. Paris: Librairie Universelle.

hope and of fraternity—the last will and testament, the swan-song, so to speak, of a scholar, a philosopher and a lover of his kind.

Elisée Reclus, with all his noble confidence in the future of humanity, is not dazzled by the showiness of modern life. He discerns clearly the seamy life of contemporaneous civilization. Several epochs of the past, he points out, have produced individuals—geniuses—unsurpassed in modern times and in all likelihood unsurpassable. Furthermore, in the history of humanity, several primitive tribes (styled “barbarous” because they were inferior to us in their intellectual comprehension) have approached closely the ideal of mutual help and mutual love. Simple in their social organization, naïve in their general conception of the universe, they have achieved a state of serene justice, of well-being and of happiness far surpassing anything that has been achieved in the same line by the most advanced of our so-called civilized societies. Our present vaunted civilization, Reclus argues, is merely a semi-civilization because only a minority enjoy all its benefits. The development of industry has created a proletariat, the development of commerce has corrupted or exterminated whole races of aborigines. The modern laborers are totally devoid of personality; all have the same faces, livid from their youth up, the same stolid, expressionless gaze. The slums of our cities are more repulsive than anything to be found among the so-called savage tribes. Hundreds of thousands, millions probably, beg bread at the doors of churches and barracks. Accidents, diseases, deformities and congenital defects of every sort, complicated more often than not by the random application of bogus remedies, aggravated by poverty, by the lack of indispensable care, by the absence of gaiety and of hope, produce decrepitude long before the normal period of old age. The success of some involves the failure of others in contemporaneous society and in all the countries called civilized. The moral abyss between the manner of life of the privileged and of the pariahs has widened. The unfortunate have become more unfortunate, because their physical sufferings have been irritated by hatred and envy and because their destitution has been aggravated by the consciousness of forced abstinences. The rate of suicides has been increasing steadily for decades.

On the other hand, Reclus continues, modern society, however much it may suffer by comparison at certain points with the best of the primitive or ancient communities, is the result of a remarkable transformation from the

homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the rudimentary to the highly organic, from the simple to the complex—an avatar analogous to that by which a seed becomes a tree, an egg an animal. “It is, then,” to employ the exact language of the author, “by the greater complexity of the elements of which it is composed that modern society can claim to have advanced beyond the societies which preceded it; it has more amplitude, has constituted itself into a richer organism by the successive assimilation of juxtaposed organisms.” Furthermore—and this is of equal importance—this transformation has gradually become a self-conscious operation. Pure instinct belongs to the remote past. Evolution is now self-conscious evolution. If modern society, to pursue the argument, is to prove itself really superior, ethically speaking, it must win back the lost virtues of the best of the primitive peoples without sacrificing its complexity. It must gather up all the energies which have been scattered by the lapse of ages and also prevent the diminution of materials and forces in the present. It must focus and harmonize within itself, as it were, the results of the labor and the thought of all the ages and the results of the labor and thought of today.

Reclus thinks that modern society should show the same determination to provide all its members with an abundance of bread (a condition realized by many primitive communities) as it does to provide all its members with instruction; and this reign of plenty, he says, can no longer be regarded as an impossible dream, since it has been conclusively demonstrated that the resources of the earth would be more than sufficient for all its inhabitants if accord instead of competition presided over their distribution.

It is another of the primal duties of modern society, he holds, to endeavor to restore the sane ethical code which dominated the best of these same primitive communities. For this task Christianity has proved to be totally unfit. The pagan philosophers are helpful, but they are not sufficient. “The writers of antiquity,” remarks Reclus in this connection, “have bequeathed us admirable treatises of ethics and of philosophy for the education of the man who knows how to seek wisdom and at the same time happiness in governing his passions, in steadying his character, in elevating his ideas, in restricting his needs. The words of Lucretius, of Zeno, of Epictetus, of Seneca, of Horace even, are immortal words which will be repeated from age to age and which will help to exalt the human ideal and

the value of individuals. But the task of today is no longer this purely personal acquisition of stoical heroism; the task of today is to conquer for society as a whole, by education and by solidarity, that which the ancestors sought for the individual alone."

Again, if it be true (as seems to be established) that the average man of the primitive or ancient peoples surpassed the average man of our day in force, in agility, in bodily health, in beauty of visage, modern society must look to it that we equal these peoples in this respect.

All these things, Reclus claims, are possible. This ideal of reacquiring the qualities of the ancestors, without losing the modern qualities, is perfectly realizable. It is not a chimera. The force of comprehension, the increased capacity of the modern man, which permits him to reconquer the past of the savage and to fuse it with his most refined ideas, will eventuate in a definitive and normal reconquest on condition that the new man embraces all other men, all the men of all countries and of all times in one and the same ensemble; on condition, in other words, that he substitute accord for existence in place of struggle for existence. To quote again:

"Humanity has already made much real progress in this direction. It would be absurd to deny it. What is called the incoming tide of democracy is nothing more nor less than the increasing sentiment of equality between the members of the different castes, erstwhile adversaries. Beneath the thousand shifting appearances of the surface, this work is being accomplished in the depths of the nations, thanks to the increasing knowledge which man is acquiring of himself and of his fellows. More and more, we succeed in discovering the fundamental matters in which we resemble one another, in disengaging ourselves from the thicket of superficial opinions which have kept us separated."

A transformation analogous to that which is going on within communities and within nations is going on in the relations between nations.

"In our time the various ethnical groups are so penetrated with the idea of the unity of humanity that they are rendered immune, so to speak, against the decadence and against the death to which peoples were formerly liable. . . . True, political trespassings, akin to the trespassings of the sea upon the shore, will occur upon the frontiers of states and these frontiers themselves will disappear in many places, in anticipation of the day when they shall disappear altogether: divers geographical names will be effaced from the maps, but this will not prevent the peoples included in

the domain of modern civilization from participating in the material, intellectual and moral progress of one another. They are in the period of mutual help, and, even when they collide in bloody shocks, they do not cease to share the results of the common endeavor. . . . France and Germany, rivals and enemies, it is true, but, at bottom, most intimate friends, since they are toiling strenuously together at the general work which is bound to profit all men. Already, a historical period has merited the appellation of 'Humanism,' because it united all the men polished by the study of the Greek and Latin past in the common enjoyment of lofty thoughts expressed in beautiful languages. How much more is our epoch entitled to an analogous appellation, since it associates in a *solidaire* group not only a confraternity of the erudite, but entire nations, issuing from the most diverse races and peopling the extremities of the globe! In reality, all the nations, including those which call themselves enemies, constitute, in spite of their chiefs and in spite of the survival of hatreds, only one nation, the local progresses of which react upon the whole and constitute general progress. Those whom the unknown philosopher of the eighteenth century called 'the men of desire,' that is to say those who yearn for the good and who labor to realize it, are already numerous enough, active enough and harmonious enough to guarantee that their work of progress will prevail over the elements of retrogression and of disintegration produced by the hatreds that remain. . . . The great fatherland has expanded to the very antipodes, and it is because it is conscious of itself that it feels the necessity of giving itself a common tongue."

If Elisée Reclus has discarded revealed religion, he has not been able to discard the religious temperament which he inherited from his father, who was a worthy Protestant pastor in the Gironde. A mighty faith, which it is worse than idle for him to attempt to disguise under a scientific terminology, informs his farewell message to the world. The concluding words of this message are these:

"Happiness, then, as we understand it, is not simple personal pleasure. It is individual, of course, in the sense that 'each one is the artisan of his own happiness,' but it is true, real, profound, complete, only in extending itself to all humanity. It may well be that sorrows, accidents, diseases, death even, cannot be escaped; but man, by associating himself with man for a work of which he comprehends the significance and of which he knows the effect, possesses the certainty of helping to direct toward the best the great human body of which his own individual cell is only an infinitely small part—a millionth part of a millionth part, if one counts past generations and not merely the actual inhabitants of the earth enumerated by the censuses. It is not such or such a standard of personal and collective ex-

istence which constitutes happiness; it is the consciousness of advancing toward a definite goal, a goal desired and partially created by the will. Thus the will of man constructs and re-constructs the world. To make the most of the continents, the seas and the enveloping atmosphere, to cultivate our terrestrial garden and so regulate environment as to favor each individual life of plant, of animal and of man, to acquire a definitive consciousness of the solidarity of our humanity with itself and with the planet, to embrace in a single view our origins, our present, our immediate aims, our remote destiny, this it is which

constitutes genuine happiness and genuine development. All resistance to this ideal will yield, and even yield without a struggle. The day will come when evolution and revolution, succeeding each other immediately—from the desire to the deed and from the idea to the realization—will mingle and be fused in one and the same phenomenon.

"However short our lives may be as compared with the slow evolutions of humanity, several among us will assist perhaps at these great changes, and all of us, with a little attention, may decipher the fore-running signs."

PROFESSOR JAMES'S VERDICT ON SPIRITUALISM



HE late Prof. Henry Sidgwick, an English scholar as remarkable for his ardor as for his critical judgment, once expressed his amazement at his own state of mind in regard to the investigation of psychic phenomena. After twenty years of conscientious work in this field he found himself in exactly the same state of doubt and balance that he started with. He could not understand it. It seemed impossible that so much handling of evidence should bring so little finality of decision.

Prof. William James declares that his own experience has been similar to that of Sidgwick. "For twenty-five years," he says (in *The American Magazine*), "I have been in touch with the literature of psychical research, and have had acquaintance with numerous 'researchers.' I have also spent a good many hours (tho far fewer than I ought to have spent) in witnessing (or trying to witness) phenomena. Yet I am theoretically no 'further' than I was at the beginning; and I confess that at times I have been tempted to believe that the Creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain *baffling*, to prompt our curiosities and hopes and suspicions all in equal measure, so that, altho ghosts and clairvoyances, and raps and messages from spirits, are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration."

The peculiarity of the case, Professor James continues, is just that there are so many sources of possible deception in most of the observations that they all *may* be worthless, and yet that in comparatively few cases can anything more damaging than this vague general possibility of error be brought against the record. Science meanwhile needs something

more than bare possibilities to build on, so the genuinely scientific inquirer has to remain unsatisfied. It is hard to believe that the Creator has put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock the scientific temper. It is easier to believe that the students of psychic phenomena have been too precipitate in their hopes, and must expect to mark progress not by quarter-centuries, but by half-centuries or whole centuries. Professor James himself is strengthened in this latter belief by his feeling that just at this moment a faint but distinct step forward is being taken by competent opinion in these matters. To quote his statement verbatim:

"Physical phenomena' (movements of matter without contact, lights, hands and faces 'materialized,' etc.) have been one of the most baffling regions of the general field (or perhaps one of the least baffling *prima facie*, so certain and great has been the part played by fraud in their production); yet even here the balance of testimony seems slowly to be inclining towards admitting the supernatural view. Eusapia Paladino, the Neapolitan medium, has been under observation for twenty years or more. Schiaparelli, the astronomer, and Lombroso were the first scientific men to be converted by her performances. Since then innumerable men of scientific standing have seen her, including many 'psychic' experts. Every one agrees that she cheats in the most barefaced manner whenever she gets an opportunity. The Cambridge experts, with the Sidgwicks and Richard Hodgson at their head, rejected her *in toto* on that account. Yet her credit has steadily risen, and now her last converts are the eminent psychiatrist, Morselli, the eminent physiologist, Botazzi, and our own psychical researcher, Carrington, whose book on 'The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism' (*against* them rather!) makes his conquest strategically important. If Mr. Podmore, hitherto the prosecuting attorney of the S. P. R. [Society for Psychical Research] so far as physical phenomena are concerned, becomes con-

verted also, we may indeed sit up and look around us. Getting a good health bill from 'Science,' Eusapia will then throw retrospective credit on Home and Stainton Moses, Florence Cook (Prof. Crookes's medium), and all similar wonder-workers. The balance of *presumptions* will be changed in favor of genuineness being possible at least, in all reports of this particularly crass and low type of supernatural phenomenon."

Professor James goes on to deal with the objections of those who reject psychic phenomena because of the acknowledged frauds practised by certain mediums; who dismiss the whole subject as "pure bosh"; who feel, as Huxley did, that "the only good in the demonstration of the 'Truth of Spiritualism' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper, than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a *séance*."

In connection with the charges of fraud, Professor James points out that "man's character is too sophistically mixed for the alternative of 'honest or dishonest' to be a sharp one." Even scientific men have been known to cheat at public lectures, rather than let experiments obey their well-known tendency towards failure. Professor James confesses that he once cheated himself, "shamelessly." It was at a lecture given in Sanders Theater, and he tells the story as follows:

"In the early days of the Sanders Theater at Harvard, I once had charge of a heart on the physiology of which Prof. Newell Martin was giving a popular lecture. This heart, which belonged to a turtle, supported an index-straw which threw a moving shadow, greatly enlarged, upon the screen, while the heart pulsed. When certain nerves were stimulated, the lecturer said, the heart would act in certain ways which he described. But the poor heart was too far gone and, although it stopped duly when the nerve of arrest was excited, that was the final end of its life's tether. Presiding over the performance, I was terrified at the fiasco, and found myself suddenly acting like one of those military geniuses who on the field of battle convert disaster into victory. There was no time for deliberation; so, with my forefinger under a part of the straw that cast no shadow, I found myself impulsively and automatically imitating the rhythmic movements which my colleague had prophesied the heart would undergo. I kept the experiment from failing; and not only saved my colleague (and the turtle) from a humiliation that but for my presence of mind would have been their lot, but I established in the audience the true view of the subject. The lecturer was stating this; and the misconduct of one half-dead specimen of heart ought not to destroy the impression of his words. 'There is no worse lie

than a truth misunderstood,' is a maxim which I have heard ascribed to a former venerated President of Harvard. The heart's failure would have been misunderstood by the audience and given the lie to the lecturer. It was hard enough to make them understand the subject anyhow; so that even now as I write in cool blood I am tempted to think that I acted quite correctly. I was acting for the *larger* truth, at any rate, however automatically; and my sense of this was probably what prevented the more pedantic and literal part of my conscience from checking the action of my sympathetic finger. To this day the memory of that critical emergency has made me feel charitable towards all mediums who make phenomena come in one way when they won't come easily in another. On the principles of the S. P. R., my conduct on that one occasion ought to discredit everything I ever do, everything for example, I may write in this article,—a manifestly unjust conclusion."

The point that Professor James would impress is that, *despite cheating*, there is "something in" the revelations of mediums. "When imposture has been checked off as far as possible," he says, "when chance coincidence has been allowed for, when opportunities for normal knowledge on the part of the subject have been noted, and skill in 'fishing' and following clues unwittingly furnished by the voice or face of bystanders have been counted in, those who have the fullest acquaintance with the phenomena admit that in good mediums *there is a residuum of knowledge displayed* that can only be called supernatural: the medium taps some source of information not open to ordinary people."

As to the "pure bosh" theory of Spiritualism, Professor James says: "'Bosh' is no more an ultimate element in Nature, or a really explanatory category in human life than 'dirt' is in chemistry. Every kind of 'bosh' has its own factors and laws; and patient study will bring them to light." It is easy to dismiss difficult subjects with a sneer, but such dismissal does not add to the sum of human knowledge. The argument proceeds:

"One cannot get demonstrative proof here. One has to follow one's personal sense, which, of course, is liable to err, of the dramatic probabilities of nature. Our critics here obey their sense of dramatic probability as much as we do. Take 'raps' for example, and the whole business of objects moving without contact. 'Nature,' thinks the scientific man, is not so unutterably silly. The cabinet, the darkness, the tying, suggest a sort of human rat-hole life exclusively and 'swindling' is for him the dramatically sufficient explanation. It probably is, in an indefinite majority of instances; yet it is to me dramatically

improbable that the swindling should not have accreted round some originally genuine nucleus. If we look at human imposture as a historic phenomenon, we find it always imitative. One swindler imitates a previous swindler, but the first swindler of that kind imitated some one who was honest. You can no more create an absolutely new trick than you can create a new word without any previous basis.—You don't know how to go about it. Try, reader, yourself, to invent an unprecedented kind of 'physical phenomenon of spiritualism.' When I try, I find myself mentally turning over the regular medium-stock, and thinking how I might improve some item. This being the dramatically probable human way, I think differently of the whole type, taken collectively, from the way in which I may think of the single instance."

The real and inner significance of psychic phenomena Professor James does not pretend to determine. "I find myself," he says, "believing that there is 'something in' these never-ending reports of physical phenomena, altho I haven't yet the least positive notion of the something. It becomes to my mind simply a worthy problem for investigation." He adds:

"The first automatic writing I ever saw was forty years ago. I unhesitatingly thought of it as deceit, altho it contained vague elements of supernormal knowledge. Since then I have come to see in automatic writing one example of a department of human activity as vast as it is enigmatic. Every sort of person is liable to it, or to something equivalent to it; and whoever encourages it in himself finds himself personating someone else, either signing what he writes by fictitious name, or spelling out, by ouija-board or table-tips, messages from the departed. Our sub-conscious region seems, as a rule, to be dominated either by a crazy 'will to make-believe,' or by some curious external force impelling us to personation. The first difference between the psychical researcher and the inexperienced person is that the former realizes the commonness and typicality of the phenomenon here, while the latter, less informed, thinks it so rare as to be unworthy of attention. *I wish to go on record for the commonness.*

"The next thing I wish to go on record for is *the presence*, in the midst of all the humbug, of *really supernormal knowledge*. By this I mean knowledge that cannot be traced to the ordinary sources of information—the senses namely, of the automatist. In really strong mediums this knowledge seems to be abundant, though it is usually spotty, capricious and unconnected. Really strong mediums are rarities; but when one starts with them and works downwards into less brilliant regions of the automatic life, one tends to interpret many slight but odd coincidences with truth as possibly rudimentary forms of this kind of knowledge."

Out of Professor James's experience one fixed conclusion dogmatically emerges. It is that "we with our lives are like islands in the sea, or like trees in the forest." This thought is expanded:

"The maple and the pine may whisper to each other with their leaves, and Conanicut and Newport hear each other's fog-horns. But the trees also commingle their roots in the darkness underground, and the islands also hang together through the ocean's bottom. Just so there is a continuum of cosmic consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother-sea or reservoir. Our 'normal' consciousness is circumscribed for adaptation to our external earthly environment, but the fence is weak in spots, and fitful influences from beyond leak in, showing the otherwise unverifiable common connection. Not only psychic research, but metaphysical philosophy, and speculative biology are led in their own ways to look with favor on some such 'panpsychic' view of the universe as this. Assuming this common reservoir of consciousness to exist, this bank upon which we all draw, and in which so many of earth's memories must in some way be stored, or mediums would not get at them as they do, the question is, What is its own structure? What is its inner topography? This question, first squarely formulated by Myers, deserves to be called 'Myers's problem' by scientific men hereafter. What are the conditions of individuation or insulation in this mother-sea? To what tracts, to what active systems functioning separately in it, do personalities correspond? Are individual 'spirits' constituted there? How numerous, and of how many hierarchic orders may these then be? How permanent? How transient? And how confluent with one another may they become?

"What again, are the relations between the cosmic consciousness and matter? Are there subtler forms of matter which upon occasion may enter into functional connection with the individuations in the psychic sea, and then, and then only, show themselves?—So that our ordinary human experience, on its material as well as on its mental side, would appear to be only an extract from the larger psychophysical world?

"Vast, indeed, and difficult is the inquirer's prospect here, and the most significant data for his purpose will probably be just these dingy little mediumistic facts which the Huxleyan minds of our time find so unworthy of their attention. But when was not the science of the future stirred to its conquering activities by the little rebellious exceptions to the science of the present? Hardly, as yet, has the surface of the facts called 'psychic' begun to be scratched for scientific purposes. It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved. *Kühn ist das Mühen, herrlich der Lohn!*"

Music and the Drama

"SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"—CHANNING POLLOCK'S DELECTABLE COMEDY

SUBSTANTIAL dramatic successes are, as a rule, of solid fabric. We find serious motives and passionate sincerity in plays like "The Melting Pot" and "The Third Degree," with which of late we have regaled our readers. Of these elements we discover hardly a trace in Channing Pollock's essay into the land over which Anthony Hope still exercises the right of eminent domain. But charm and sweetness, and gentle humor, these things are unquestionably present in Pollock's dainty tale of the exiled Queen of Herzegovina. The author has given a new twist to the Zenda story; his kings and queens are transplanted temporarily upon the soil of the New World, exposed to trials unheard of in Anthony Hopeland. There is something of the clash of difference in point of view and custom; there is something of the strenuousness of social ambition mixed with business cunning and deceit; there is, in short, asserts Mr. Klauber, in the *New York Times*, "something of the several sorts of things in plays which for want of a better name are habitually referred to as melodrama."

Not the least contributing factor to the success of the play has been the charming personality of Miss Elsie Ferguson, the leading actress. Her voice, we are told, has the irresistible note of pathos, and her enthusiastic admirers detect in her acting a loveliness akin to that of Maude Adams.

Mr. Pollock is very anxious to have us believe that the story might really have happened. In Miss Ferguson's acting version, from which our extracts are taken, he explains at length that the circumstances of the play are by no means unprecedented. Shortly after the establishment of the French republic, Paris was full of dethroned and impoverished monarchs (see Daudet's "Kings in Exile"). And no longer ago than April, 1908, Mr. Pollock tells us, Prince Constantine Paleologue of Greece, in whose family have been twenty-seven emperors and fourteen kings, was employed at a salary of fifteen dollars a week on a Greek newspaper in New York. Mr. Pollock would also have us know that he is not deficient in contemporary history. He is not

blind to the fact that Bosnia and Herzegovina have really come under the administration of Austria-Hungary, but he prefers to manufacture for both of them a little history of his own.

In the first act we discover the Queen with her Prime Minister, Baron Cosaca, in the kitchen of a Harlem flat. Mary, the Irish servant girl, is being severely reproved for her lack of court manners.

BARON. How dare you sit in the presence of the Queen!

QUEEN. Ssh! She does not know!

BARON. She does! (*To Mary.*) Rise and ask pardon!

MARY. (*Rising.*) Do you mean I can't never sit down when this lady's in the room?

BARON. (*Ignoring the Queen's tugging at his sleeve.*) Precisely!

MARY. Well, I'm a decent, hard-working girl, and I won't stand up to peel potatoes, not if it's for St. Patrick! (*Takes off her apron and throws it down.*) So there now! (*Starts to go. Queen intercepts her.*)

QUEEN. Wait! (*To Baron.*) Baron, henceforth this woman has my grace to sit! (*To Mary.*) Now see to my chamber, and return!

MARY. (*Goes out muttering.*) Them two's so nutty they rattle!

BARON. Your Majesty condescends too much!

QUEEN. Your Excellence forgets too little! You cannot compel the whole city to stand as I go by.

BARON. Alas, no!

QUEEN. (*Using the plural pronoun in a spirit of burlesque.*) Today the commander of a public car laid violent hands upon our person, and roughly bade us to "step lively!"

BARON. Impudent knave!

QUEEN. That car is where you should have been to see that all stood in our presence. Every seat was taken. A sudden jar threw us upon the knee of a large man, whereat the commander loudly told him to "hold fast!" (*Plaintively.*) Cosaca, we must have a carriage!

BARON. Impossible! (*Shows gem, taken from a chamois bag out of his pocket.*) Of your jewels, only this is left!

QUEEN. Only that one?

BARON. The others have been pledged. The suite at the hotel cost a thousand kronen. When we came here there was a month's rent in advance.

QUEEN. But the diamond tiara—the ruby bracelet?

BARON. The tiara was left at the palace. The bracelet paid our passage!

QUEEN. And the emerald pendant?

BARON. It has bought food.

QUEEN. We have eaten my emerald pendant? If I had known that I could not have swallowed a mouthful!

BARON. There is now but this, and—Your Majesty's crown.

QUEEN. The crown does not belong to me.

BARON. Still, under the circumstances—

QUEEN. It is the property of the nation!

BARON. Very well! Then we must—what you call—*mehr haushalterisch sein*.

The Queen suggests that she save Mary's salary by doing the cooking and cleaning, but the Baron is sceptical as to the success of the experiment. He says: "Our only immediate hope is Your Majesty's betrothed husband. He may arrive any time, but he will have nothing." Then the Queen wonders if it would not be possible for her to "get a position through Meester Trainor." The Baron turns sharply.

BARON. And again this Trainor! If I might speak frankly—

QUEEN. You may.

BARON. I would inquire: Are you in love with this American?

QUEEN. (*Angrily.*) Baron! (*She laughs.*) Of course not! I am in love with no one!

BARON. The man is a commoner, and yet you have seen him every day since you left the steamer.

QUEEN. Meester Trainor has been very kind. It was he who took us out of the expensive hotel, and found this cheap apartment.

BARON. We must stop relying. (*Confidential tone.*) The American begins to be fond of Your Majesty.

QUEEN. Oh, that is easily mended. I need only let him know the difference in our stations. To-night I shall tell him that I am a Queen.

After an amusing scene in which Mary is discharged and another in which an attempt is made to satisfy the landlord's agent as to the relations between the Queen and her minister, Trainor appears.

The Queen and Trainor are left alone. "Did you never think," she asks him, "that Fräulein Anna might be a Queen?"

"I *knew* she was a queen," the young American gallantly responds.

"You knew?" gasps the Queen.

TRAINOR. That's what we call a fine girl in New York. (*The Queen understands. She carries the pan, containing potatoes and parings, to*

the stove. A jet is burning there under the kettle. She removes the kettle and puts on the pan. Then she turns and faces Trainor.)

QUEEN. I am the Queen of Herzogovina.

TRAINOR. Where's that?

QUEEN. You have not heard of Herzogovina? (*Trainor shakes his head.*) It is a nation of two hundred thousand people.

TRAINOR. About the size of Newark. (*He fears he may have hurt her, and makes haste to atone.*) So you are Queen of—of—I beg your pardon.

QUEEN. Herzogovina.

TRAINOR. Well, that needn't make any difference between friends. Tell me how you came to run away!

QUEEN. It is a long story. My father, the King, was ever ambitious that Bosnia and Herzogovina should be ruled from one throne. The two countries, you know, are side by side.

TRAINOR. Hadn't an idea.

QUEEN. To that end I was pledged in marriage to Stephen IV, King of Bosnia.

TRAINOR. (*With feeling.*) An old gentleman, I suppose, with white whiskers and a Too-late-for-Herpicide.

QUEEN. A mere boy. He was called "The Debonair" because of his fondness for wine and gaiety.

TRAINOR. That's a nice kind of person to pick for one's daughter. If your father wanted Bosnia, why didn't he waltz in and take it?

QUEEN. Such an act would have overthrown the peace of Europe.

TRAINOR. And he was willing to sacrifice you for a little thing like the peace of Europe!

QUEEN. I had as soon marry Stephen as anyone else. But my subjects felt strongly against union with Bosnia. They began plotting shortly after my father's death, and one night rebellion broke out like a fire and drove me from the kingdom.

TRAINOR. By George!

QUEEN. Cosaca and I slipped out of the palace before dawn and started for Bosnia. At the frontier we learned that Stephen's people were marching against his capital. We hurried to Trieste. A steamer was sailing for America, and I insisted upon taking it. Then we met you, and—here we are! Should you like to see the crown?

TRAINOR. Have you got it with you?

QUEEN. Oh, yes! I carried it myself every foot of the way in a hat box. (*She goes to trunk and, from its hiding place behind the lid, takes an ordinary pasteboard milliner's box.*)

TRAINOR. (*Amazed and amused.*) The crown—in that?

QUEEN. (*Placing box on table.*) The crown and—(*She fishes from the box a long paper parcel. Holds it up.*) the sceptre.

TRAINOR. (*A little awed in spite of himself.*) I saw a crown once in the Tower of London.

QUEEN. (*Unwrapping scepter.*) The scepter is

very ugly. (*Gives the scepter to Trainor. It is plain and unjeweled.*) But the crown! (*She looks at it admiringly, and then places it on her head.*) Is it not becoming?

TRAINOR. Lovely! Are those real diamonds?

QUEEN. Indeed, yes! And wait! (*She takes off crown, runs to trunk, and lifts therefrom an enormous sword.*) Here is my sword!

TRAINOR. Great Scott! What do you do with that?

QUEEN. It belongs with my uniform of hereditary Colonel in the Royal Herzogovinian Lancers! (*A trumpet sounds in the courtyard. The Queen runs to the window.*) Oh! Is that the President?

TRAINOR. No. A scissors-grinder. (*Replaces crown in box. She comes down.*) You've been playing in tough luck, and you're mighty brave about it!

QUEEN. Brave? Not sometimes, when I think of my beautiful castle, and—and— (*Takes sword and hat box to trunk. Forces gaiety.*) But here it is new and wonderful! My father guarded me so carefully in the palace. I knew nothing of the outside world! So, you see, this is really a sparrow!

TRAINOR. (*Puzzled.*) A sparrow?

QUEEN. (*Trying to remember.*) A—a lark! (*Sobers.*) Only tomorrow I must look for work!

TRAINOR. You! Look for—

QUEEN. Ssh! (*Returns to table.*) We are absolutely bankrupt, and—I do not think I shall be recalled to the throne.

TRAINOR. You don't? That's splendid!

QUEEN. Meester Trainor!

TRAINOR. I beg your pardon! But you'll get on! I'll make Lauman give you a job! And if you go back you needn't marry the King!

QUEEN. (*Hands him clipping she has read to Baron.*) Stephen is on his way here.

TRAINOR. But that betrothal business would be all off!

QUEEN. A queen must marry a king.

TRAINOR. Not this side of the wet! Over here a woman marries the man she loves!

King Stephen arrives and unceremoniously enters the room. He is followed almost immediately by Lauman, a rich beef packer, Trainor's senior partner. Lauman recognizes the deposed King from a photograph in the *Evening Journal* and at once volunteers a loan. His Majesty resents the beef king's advances. Nevertheless both royalties finally accept his offer of a job. When they are alone the Queen starts to mash potatoes according to the cook book. The King watches her for a moment. "In Bosnia that would be most improper," he remarks.

QUEEN. Mashing potatoes?

KING. Being alone together. Last time we met—

QUEEN. It was the first time, too.

KING. We were chaperoned—

QUEEN. By a regiment of halberdiers.

KING. There is little opportunity for love-making at court.

QUEEN. My father had been married twelve years when he first noticed that my mother had a scar on her elbow. (*Takes bowl of potatoes to wash-tubs.*) Will you set the dishes on the table?

KING. Set the dishes!

QUEEN. Yes! Will you! (*Reluctantly he goes to china cupboard for plates. During the following he sets the table.*) Marriage is much nicer in America.

KING. So?

QUEEN. "A fellow likes a girl and—and that is all there is to it!" (*Sighs.*) If we had been just ordinary persons we might have fallen in love with each other.

KING. As it is we are only going to be married. (*He is at table with large dish. Queen carries over the potatoes. They meet with the table between them.*)

QUEEN. Are we going to be married?

KING. Geographically we ought to be allies.

QUEEN. I hate being married for purposes of geography!

KING. What would you have?

QUEEN. The kitchen has its compensations. You see, now I am just an ordinary person! (*She looks at him archly. He does not respond.*) Will Your Majesty sit down to dinner?

KING. Gladly.

QUEEN. (*Going for the chops.*) This will be a simple meal.

KING. The palace cooking always gave me indigestion.

QUEEN. Let us eat! (*She sits. He tastes a chop, makes a wry face, and at a convenient moment, drops it into a waste basket beside the table.*) It is really very pleasant to see you. I have been among strangers.

KING. All this must be dreadful!

QUEEN. It was until I found that I was living a story. Everything that has happened is what happened to queens and princesses in the fairy books.

KING. And so you are a fairy queen?

QUEEN. Yes. I am not in an ugly old kitchen at all. I am in a beautiful, green-covered book, and I have lived as far as the fiftieth page.

KING. Why the fiftieth?

QUEEN. Because that is generally where the King comes in.

KING. But I am no longer a king. And if there are no kingdoms to unite there is no longer any reason for our betrothal.

QUEEN. That proves you did not like the chop.

KING. (*Pointing to plate.*) You see it is gone.

QUEEN. (*Laughs.*) Yes. Bone and all.

KING. While I ruled I could not look at a pretty girl without fear of upsetting Europe. Now—

QUEEN. Now?

KING. Perhaps you will not be obliged to marry "for purposes of geography." At the hotel I found a cable from the Duke of Ravanica. June first General Myrza will attack Serajevo. If he fails—

QUEEN. Yes?

KING. (*Throws a kiss from his finger tips.*) Adieu to my crown! The chances are even! Let us wait until a month from today.

The next act takes place in the offices of Lauman & Son. The Queen, it appears, is employed to translate letters. The King is hardly ever seen at the office. There is also a thievish clerk by the name of Sherman. Lauman having noticed the thefts, addresses several marked bills to the firm in order to entrap the culprit. When Stephen drops in at the office, late as usual, he notices that the Queen looks tired. "It is the office," replies the Baron, to Stephen's solicitous inquiry, "that has wearied Her Majesty. We could have lived so comfortably upon the crown jewels," he regretfully adds.

KING. If there were only a way of making her take some money from me. (*Suddenly.*) I have the way, but no money. (*Enter Sherman. He carries a large drawing, and starts for Trainor's office.*) Ah! Herr Sherman!

SHERMAN. (*Comes down.*) Well?

KING. The twenty dollars you were to return to me yesterday?

SHERMAN. Can't you give me until next week? My little girl—

KING. It is because of your little girl that I shall refer this matter to Herr Lauman.

SHERMAN. What do you mean?

KING. I lent you my first salary when you said your little girl was dying.

SHERMAN. She was dying.

KING. She was never born! You are a bachelor! Now I want that money and I want it quick!

SHERMAN. (*Hesitates, then takes out blue envelope, extracts bills, and hands them to him.*) Here! All I've got to say about you is—you're a hell of a king! (*Exits.*)

KING. (*Excitedly.*) I have the money! Now, Baron, you and I will plan a little plot! Can you lie?

BARON. I have been forty years at court!

KING. Then, look you! Every week you shall give half my wage to the Queen, swearing it comes from some forgotten fund!

BARON. The rent of a cottage in Austria!

KING. Good! (*Gives the bills to Baron.*) Here is twenty dollars. We will begin with this, and the Queen need work no more!

Lauman, who wishes to marry his daughter to the King, attempts to prejudice the Queen

against him. She refuses to listen, and incidentally informs him that she now has an income of twenty dollars a week. She shows him the money, and Lauman recognizes the marked bills, but says nothing. When the King comes back he finds the Queen in conversation with Trainor, and reproaches her for condescending to accept the attentions of "one of the mob."

QUEEN. Here we are all "of the mob!" That is the first thing you must understand. I shall marry whom I choose, whether he wears a crown or a straw hat!

KING. Herr Trainor has taught you this!

QUEEN. As my father taught me that I must wed the ruler of Bosnia. I had thought of marriage only as a duty to my nation. Meester Trainor made me comprehend the sweetness of loving and of being loved.

KING. Oh, he did!

QUEEN. Yes, but I wanted to be loved by you! (*With sudden tenderness.*) The night you came I—I liked you. Oh, very much! I said to you: "I am just an ordinary person." I longed to be wooed like any ordinary girl. I pictured you winning me like any ordinary man.

KING. (*Starting forward.*) Then you do not care for the American?

QUEEN. He is fine and strong and resolute—but you seemed all these and something else beside. You were of my kind—of my own people. You called me a Fairy Queen, and I wanted you to be my Fairy Prince. (*With feeling.*) I am so bitterly disappointed.

KING. What have I done?

QUEEN. Nothing

KING. What would you have me do?

QUEEN. I would have you conquer here as on a battlefield. What is the use of being a king if you cannot out-strip those who are not kings?

KING. I am a King in Bosnia!

QUEEN. Anybody can be a king on a throne! The difficult thing is to be a king without a throne!

KING. In what respect have I failed?

QUEEN. When you cared nothing for me you asked for your freedom, but, caring, you tried to rob me of mine! And you tried by telling half a lie!

KING. We were betrothed—we are!

QUEEN. Still you devote yourself to a girl whose father offers his fortune for your title. You have imposed cruel laws upon your subjects. You claim the due of a sovereign, yet make no effort to regain your throne!

KING. There is no longer much chance of my return to Bosnia!

QUEEN. True, and having lost everything there you do not try to gain anything here. You have seen me struggling alone, and you have never offered to help: You idle away your days and dance away your nights. The poorest, mean-

est lad in these streets strives more nobly than does Your Majesty!

KING. You are very hard!

QUEEN. I do not mean to be. You ask me to be your queen, and I ask you first to be my king.

KING. Your king?

QUEEN. (*Rises.*) My king must value his word above his crown, and his crown above the greatest fortune in the world! He must be true to his people, true to himself, true to the woman he loves!

KING. I do love you! I will deserve to be your king!

QUEEN. Then begin by doing the work there is to do! (*Points to desk.*) Meester Trainor told you to file those letters! File them!

KING. Take orders from a commoner?

QUEEN. Prove that you are his equal, even if you are his superior! Do your work!

KING. It is strange labor for a monarch!

QUEEN. My king must be a monarch and a man!

KING. You want—

QUEEN. I want to be proud of my king! Do your work! (*King stands a moment, look at her, and then an air of resolution comes over him. He tosses away his cigaret, throws off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, takes down an armful of files, which he puts in letter press.*)

Lauman re-enters, confidentially chats with the King and in the end coolly asks him to marry his daughter. "She's got an education that cost more than twenty thousand dollars." He also proposes to equip an army and to spend a quarter of a million to conquer Stephen's kingdom for him. "And the joke of it is we've got a string to it. As soon as you are in power you call that quarter of a million a national debt. Soak 'em war taxes and make 'em pay for their own licking." The King refuses,

KING. Whatever else I did I could not rob my country to pay its invaders. That would be a theft, and I am not a thief!

LAUMAN. (*With suppressed rage.*) Oh, you're not!

KING. Last of all, I could not wed Fraulein Lauman. She cares nothing for me, and I—I love Queen Anna.

LAUMAN. You didn't when you agreed to marry her!

KING. She was the Queen of Herzogovina.

LAUMAN. And my daughter ain't! (*Springs up, almost mastered by his rage.*) She ain't good enough for you and your toy kingdom!

KING. I do not mean that!

LAUMAN. (*Giving way to his temper.*) That's what you say! Well, it's your crown I'm willing to buy! I got the measure of the man under it, and let me tell you my daughter may not be good

enough for a throne, but she's a damned sight too good for a thief!

KING. (*Starts forward.*) How dare you! I—

QUEEN. (*Entering.*) Here is your letter.

LAUMAN. (*Turning to her.*) Never mind the letter! I'll tell you a few things about Stephen of Bosnia!

KING. Please—

LAUMAN. Stephen of Bosnia, who has a kingdom put in his hand and won't take it!

QUEEN. And won't take it?

LAUMAN. (*To King.*) You see! You'd better 've married my daughter, for you've lost whatever chance you had with the Queen!

QUEEN. (*To Lauman.*) You proposed to restore Stephen's throne if he would share it with your daughter?

LAUMAN. Yes, and fair enough, too! He prefers being a beggar! He talks school-boy rot about love, and robbing his people! Well, maybe he ain't had any objection to robbing me!

QUEEN. Robbing you?

KING. Once for all, what do you mean by that?

LAUMAN. I mean that I'm paying rent for that cottage in Austria. The twenty dollars you showed me is mine! This fellow stole it from me to give you!

QUEEN. But that money was sent to Cosaca!

LAUMAN. Handed to Cosaca by this King! Ask him! Ask him if the twenty dollars didn't come from him!

QUEEN. (*To King.*) Did it?

KING. Yes.

QUEEN. But why?

KING. I wanted to help you. I meant to divide my salary with you. (*Queen's face shows great delight.*) But I have taken nothing that was not mine. Whoever says so lies!

LAUMAN. Oh—lies! I marked them bills and mailed 'em in an envelope addressed to me! If you look at 'em you'll see my initials in my hand-writing.

Both royalties are again in stringent circumstances. In vain the King solicits employment; the notoriety of his arrest by Lauman debars him from work. Vaudeville alone is ready to receive him. The Queen is in danger of being dispossessed. Gloom rules over the flat. Trainor is unable to dispel the Queen's sadness. He proposes to her but is not accepted. At this moment unexpectedly an Embassy arrives from the kingdoms of Herzogovina and Bosnia, headed by a Duke and a pig-headed democrat, Rumler.

KING. We are glad to hear from our people. General Myrza, we assume, was successful at Serajevo.

DUKE. General Myrza did not attack Serajevo. The Temporary Council agreed upon the recall of Your Majesty.

KING. And the Queen?

RUMLER. Herzogovina—

DUKE. (*Silences him with a look.*) Herzogovina decided to send these two gentlemen with our embassy. The conditions upon which Your Majesty's throne will be restored are three.

KING. Name them!

DUKE. (*Refers to parchment.*) First, that Your Majesty shall repeal the measures known as the Publicity Law, the Eviction Law, and the Law relating to Royal Grants.

KING. We had already determined to annul those laws.

DUKE. Second, that Your Majesty shall consent to the creation of a Parliament.

KING. To that we agree also.

MYRZA. We had hardly hoped Your Majesty would concur so readily.

KING. We have learned much during our stay here, General. (*To Duke.*) The last condition?

DUKE. The last condition we decided upon this morning with the embassy from Herzogovina. Your Majesty shall promise that there will be no union of Bosnia and Herzogovina, and that all plans to that end shall be laid aside now and forever.

KING. Does that refer to our marriage to the Queen?

DUKE. It does!

QUEEN. (*Rises.*) And what, Prince Niklas, are the conditions of our recall to Herzogovina?

PRINCE. (*Stepping forward.*) There are no conditions, Your Majesty.

RUMLER. (*Stepping forward rudely with plebeian satisfaction.*) You are not recalled.

QUEEN. (*Her lips quivering and her eyes filling.*) I—am—not—recalled?

RUMLER. You are not. Our mission is to protest against the continuance of your efforts to enlist Austria. We have had two impertinent memorials from the Emperor. The new issue of bonds lies unsubscribed. The government is poverty-stricken, all because of your—

KING. Stop! (*His manner is imperious. Rumler stops.*) Gentlemen, you want my answer to the last condition?

DUKE. We do.

KING. It is this: When I do go back to Bosnia it will be with one hand closed upon the hand of the Queen, and the other upon my sword.

DUKE. Your Majesty threatens?

MYRZA. My army would meet you at the border.

QUEEN. Wait! (*She steps down from the throne and takes the King's hand.*) Not for me shall you bring warfare and bloodshed into your kingdom. War would mean desolate homes and widowed wives, all because of our love. Those wives love, too. The commonest man in your kingdom can love and hate and suffer exactly as if he were a king. (*A pause.*)

KING. (*To Duke.*) Her Majesty has convinced us. We will not carry the sword into our kingdom—

MYRZA. (*Greatly relieved.*) Ah!

DUKE. You agree to the condition?

KING. I do not return to Bosnia.

DUKE. Sire, you have not considered?

QUEEN. Here are only poverty and humiliation. There are your people and your home. You must go back!

KING. Sooner than leave the woman I love, I abdicate.

QUEEN. (*Suddenly.*) No! No! No! You shall not do that. You shall not give up your throne for me. I—I do not deserve it.

KING. I love you.

QUEEN. But I do not love you.

KING. But you have just told me.

QUEEN. I lied. I wanted to carry out the wish of my father. I wanted to share your throne, to unite our kingdoms! I told that long ago to Meester Trainor. Didn't I, Meester Trainor? Didn't I?

TRAINOR. You said you loved your King.

QUEEN. Today I said that. Today while my heart was breaking, because I felt a Queen must marry a King. I thought I could go on with the lie. I can't. There is no use of it now if you mean to abdicate. Is there? I can tell the truth at last. I don't love you. I don't. I don't—

BARON. You are mad!

KING. You do not know what you are saying. Tell me you do not know.

QUEEN. But I do know. Go back to your people. I could not marry you if you remained. The man I love is standing there. (*Pointing to Trainor.*) I have always loved him from the moment we met. Go back to your people. I could not marry you if you were a thousand kings!

KING. (*Brokenly.*) Oh, my God.

DUKE. Now?

KING. Now I accept your condition.

DUKE. You will sign the agreement?

KING. I will, Baron; lead the way. (*Baron throws open the door. The embassy stands in line before it, with hands at the salute. King looks longingly at Queen, and goes, the men saluting as he passes, and then following him. Baron lingers a moment, and then goes too. The stage is vacant but for Trainor and the Queen.*)

TRAINOR. (*Advancing with outstretched arms.*) My dear! You do love me after all?

QUEEN. Oh, no. Can't you understand? It is for his sake!

VOICES. God save the King!

QUEEN. God save the King! God save my King!

Trainor and the King now conspire to win over the Embassy and restore the Queen to the throne. Lauman, who has repented of his act, joins his forces with them. They ply the ambassadors with flattery and wine until finally only Rumler objects. He is finally won



A QUEEN IN A HARLEM FLAT

A dramatic moment in Channing Pollock's new comedy in which the exiled Queen of Herzogovina is shown displaying her crown and insignia of office to a New Yorker who has befriended her in her distress.

by the promise of a baronetcy. Then, as they are all toasting the Queen, she enters.

QUEEN. What does this mean?

KING. Your Majesty, the embassy humbly entertains your return to the throne of Herzogovina!

QUEEN. Truly?

PRINCE. Most humbly, Your Majesty!

QUEEN. Then I — I — I — (*Her dignity gives way.*) I think I am going to cry! (*Enter servant.*)

SERVANT. The motor cars are waiting!

DUKE. (*Looks at watch.*) And quite time we got back. It is nearly midnight.

LAUMAN. The shortest way is through the house.

MYRZA. And perhaps just one more glass before our departure.

PRINCE. Ah, General! (*Laughing and chatting, Lauman, Prince, Duke, Myrza, and Rumler go out. Only the King, the Queen and Trainor are left. The lanterns are all extinguished, and the porch is almost dark.*)

KING. (*Advances to Queen with extended hand.*) May I be the first to congratulate, as I shall be the last to forget, Your Majesty! (*She takes his hand.*) I wish you might have loved me, but you will be happy as it is, and may God keep you!

TRAINOR. (*To Queen.*) May I tell him now?

QUEEN. Yes.

TRAINOR. Last night the Queen told a very white lie. She has never loved anyone but you.

KING. (*Amazed.*) But me?

TRAINOR. She loved you well enough to sacrifice herself sooner than have you lose your kingdom.

KING. (*Comprehending.*) You said what you

did—in order to make me go back? (*She nods. He takes a step toward her; then, remembering Trainor, halts; addresses Trainor directly.*) And you—

QUEEN. Herr Trainor has *proved* that a simple man may be truly royal as a king.

KING. (*Takes Trainor's hand.*) Herr Trainor, if you will return with us you may have any office in our kingdom.

TRAINOR. (*Shakes his head.*) Thank you. God put me here, and I don't want to seem dissatisfied with His choice.

QUEEN. But some day you will come to Mostar?

TRAINOR. Oh, yes! Some day I'll come over and knock at your back door! Until then—goodbye! (*He turns. Queen follows him, puts her hand on his arm. He halts and turns to her. She gives him a rose from her dress. He bends low, kisses her hand, and goes. The music stops. The King and Queen are standing in the dark corner of the porch. They are quite invisible to the audience.*)

QUEEN. Tomorrow we will get Bimbi.

KING. His cage is hanging in your room now. (*A pause.*) Over here a woman marries the man she loves.

QUEEN. The man—or the king.

BARON. (*From afar.*) Your Majesty! (*He opens the door.*) Your Maj— (*The light from the door shines full into the corner. It shows the King and Queen in each other's arms. The Baron quietly closes the door and goes back into the house, leaving them in darkness and paradise. The orchestra suddenly breaks into the national air of Herzogovina.*)

CURTAIN.

GOOD AND BAD EFFECTS OF MENTAL SUGGESTION IN THE THEATER



HE human mind is more susceptible to suggestion in a theater than in any other place." So J. Alexander Fisk, a New Thought writer, has lately declared. He uses the word "suggestion" in an exact sense, explaining that it means literally to "bring under," and adding: "A suggestion, therefore, is any idea or impression brought into the mind in such a way as to get beneath present thoughts, desires and feelings, and thus undermine those thoughts and feelings by introducing others of a different nature." He says further (in *The Progress Magazine*, Chicago):

"The performance behind the footlights appeals directly to the feelings and the emotions of the

audience; and it is when man's emotional nature is aroused that he becomes the most susceptible to suggestions. Every play gives out impressions and suggestions by the hundreds at every performance; and as all those impressions correspond with the nature of the play itself, it is easy to understand what the effect of each particular part of a play will be."

The truth of this statement can hardly be denied. The theater exerts incalculable influence, emotionally, on the life of the people, and this influence is both helpful and deleterious.

Mr. William Courtenay, who takes the title rôle in "Arsène Lupin," one of the most popular plays of the opening dramatic season, is observant of the fact that audiences often enjoy on the stage what they would shun in real life. "It does really seem," he says (in

a symposium in the *New York Times*), "as tho the American public enjoys crime. Altho, in the character of Arsène Lupin, I am an out and out swindler and thief, the audience is perfectly pleased, and applauds the loudest when I get the better of the detective in the play. The latter is wholly on the side of the law, and absolutely sustains the decent institutions of society; but his struggle for right is received in what seems a resentful silence. The virtuous hero who goes through terrible experiences in the cause of virtue does not seem to arouse the enthusiasm he might."

From sympathy with crime to commission of it is but a short step; and Judge W. W. Foster, of the General Sessions Court of New York, declares, in a contribution to the same symposium: "Unquestionably stage crime has a tendency to inspire crime by the most ordinary causes of criminal act, which is traceable to hypnotic suggestion." He adds:

"I have frequently referred to this fact from the bench. To illustrate more directly what I mean, the most ordinary incentive to crime is the carrying of concealed weapons. A man has a revolver in his pocket, and it acts as an impulse to thought and character all day long. When he sits down he feels the pressure in his hip pocket, and it gives him a sense of superior power over every one. If he happens to be out of sorts, or irritable, some one offends him, and he is on the instant armed to kill. Human nature rebels at restraint of any sort. It is natural to disobey the law, to do as we please, to cut down the man who offends us. Nobody wants to obey the law. It requires only the slightest suggestion to release the tension under which human nature is restrained by law."

David Belasco, however, is inclined to make light of such alarmist views. He denies that stage-crime, so called, conduces to crime either in theory or in fact. "The theory is as absurd," he says, "as the fact is non-existent. To predicate otherwise were to indict nine-tenths of all that is greatest and best, all that is most lofty and sublime, not only in drama, but in poetry, art, music, literature, and history, as well, and in every age since man first began to interpret himself in these forms." In the same spirit, Harrison Grey Fiske comments:

"No doubt the stories of criminal adventure that are popularly known as 'dime novels' have a pernicious influence upon boys precisely as have the cheap melodramas of kindred character. But we would not say that *Les Misérables* is a stimulus to crime because Jean Valjean was a thief

and convict, nor that *'Oliver Twist'* has prompted readers to theft or murder. Shakespeare utilizes numerous forms of crime, in many instances the act being committed with much detail and emphasis under the eyes of the spectator. *'Hamlet'* begins with fratricide, while its action is punctuated by suicide, manslaughter, and wholesale assassination. *'Othello,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Macbeth,'* and *'Richard III'* are other Shakespeare tragedies that pivot upon murder and other violent crimes. I do not think that any judge of the criminal courts can lay any actual crimes to the promptings of Shakespeare, nor do I believe that any classic tragedy or any dignified or artistic play of modern life, wherein crime is employed, has contributed to our criminal records.


"Take *'Rosmersholm,'* which has been described as a modern *'Macbeth'* and is a powerful study of remorse. No one has ventured the theory in connection with Ibsen's greatest work that it is likely to fill a cell or busy the executioner. *'Leah Kleschna'* concerns a girl thief and incidentally illustrates the lives of burglars, but it is illumined by a noble spiritual idea, whose development exercises a beneficent influence. It is different, of course, with plays that make crime and criminals attractive and illustrate the skill and grace with which the law may be broken. But such plays are rare, and if they succeed it is only when they offer, quite apart from the subject or plot, a measure of esthetic enjoyment."

Mr. J. Alexander Fisk, in the article already cited, takes an equally optimistic view of the situation. By far the greater number of successful plays, he intimates, are wholesome and elevating.

"Such plays as *'The Climax,' 'The Melting Pot,' 'The Gentleman From Mississippi,' 'The Lion and the Mouse,' 'The Witching Hour,' 'The Servant in the House,' 'The Third Degree,' 'The Dawn of a To-morrow,'* have a powerful influence in the right direction. Besides, they are all intensely interesting and entertaining. And the same can be said, in a lesser degree, about the better class of musical comedies.

"Many a person who has witnessed *'The Lion and The Mouse'* has received such a powerful stimulus in the increase of his will and determination that the good effect will last for years, possibly for life. Other plays by the score could be mentioned that tend to heighten the activity of one or more of the mental faculties. . . . We are far from believing that the balance is on the side of adverse suggestion. Tho we recognize the deplorable influence of a certain class of plays upon the public mind, we just as plainly recognize the favorable influence of certain other plays in the direction of making men and women better, stronger and truer to the highest ideals of the race."

THE FATAL MODESTY OF CLYDE FITCH

MID the medley of criticism and appreciation, reflecting numerous points of view, into which the sudden death of Clyde Fitch has precipitated all students of his career as a writer of plays, the essential fact emerges that his unaffected modesty, his failure to pose, theorize and take himself more seriously, is a national misfortune. In Europe, where these things are so much better understood than they are over here, we see Maeterlinck in a frame of perpetual seriousness on the subject of his own work, while Sudermann never wearies of informing interviewers of the greatness of the tradition he has received from his predecessors to hand on to future generations. Even George Bernard Shaw strikes the prophet's attitude. Clyde Fitch, unfortunately, did none of these things, altho his fame was international and a play or two of his which had failed here made a hit in London. We crude Americans, therefore, trained to the idea that a native genius among the world's great playwrights is unthinkable here, innocently took Clyde Fitch at his own valuation and assisted him in making our dramatic literature look contemptible. The lesson of his career, consequently, is that, painful as it may be to any of our playwrights to attempt it, they must subordinate their modesty to their patriotism, or rather to the greatness of their themes. That is what Ibsen did and all Norway gained prestige from his renown. That is what Shaw does, with such results as we see. Clyde Fitch, unfortunately, stood in the light of America's artistic self consciousness by this failure of his to discern the greatness of his own work. The fatal modesty of Clyde Fitch is, indeed, rare among his surviving contemporaries, but unfortunately his ability is rarer still.

By no critic is this thesis more lucidly elaborated than through the medium of Mr. H. T. Parker's study of the departed dramatist in the Boston *Transcript*. What Clyde Fitch needed, insists this most discriminating of all our country's interpreters of the stage, was "front." Lacking it, he failed to overpower us. "Front of any kind still impresses our young susceptibilities," to quote the Boston authority, "and Mr. Fitch had no sort of front at all." Moreover:

"American opinion, even trained American crit-

ical opinion, is not very practiced, and it was too near and too habituated to Mr. Fitch's plays to stand apart and estimate them at their true worth. In similar fashion our old esthetic ideals and teaching have left us the haunting vision of the master toiling for years at a single masterpiece. In too absorbed a contemplation of him, we are prone to forget another sort of temperament and talent that develops itself only by constant and unsparing exercise, that learns, as the pedagogs say, by doing. Mr. Fitch had such talents and such a temperament. Had he written less, the sum of his finer accomplishments might have been smaller. He had need to be in constant motion to fall into his best stride.

"As the world knew Mr. Fitch, it was not easy for it to take him seriously. Mr. Moody—for another American dramatist—has written gravely imaginative poetry, enjoys academic reputation, passes for one who meditates deeply upon high themes. Mr. MacKaye, for another, loves to beat his wings in all sorts of empyreans. Even Mr. Thomas is capable of portentously solemn discourse about things psychic and psychological. . . . Those who persuaded him [Clyde Fitch] to talk of his work listened to a man who cared little to discourse of esthetic abstractions, shunned the imposing platitude, was wary of theory, had no convictions to impose upon others; however much he might cherish them himself, and willingly described his own practice as impersonally as tho it were the ways of another. At least Mr. Fitch took his work very seriously. He worked, especially in his later years, to ideals that he sincerely cherished. Because this seriousness was so sincere and these ideals so significant to him, he preferred, in the fashion of his generation, to speak of them lightly, or not at all, or, best, to speak by what they accomplished. These, however, are not the ways to impress a wide American public with an artist's sincerity and zeal. Solemnity, platitude, and even cant, are still blessed things artistically among us. Mr. Fitch kept his keen intelligence, his open mind, his lively humor, and his delicate intuitions in things artistic, for himself and his friends."

Of course, the modesty of Clyde Fitch by no means implies that he was without limitations. But it did prevent recognition of the incalculable service he rendered the art of the playwright while helping to promote the error that he worked without taking pains and without careful study. He was so prolific that the superficial deemed him second rate.

"He had the temper and the manner of his time that hides its gravities under a light speech and seems sometimes to mean most and deeply when it says least and gayly. He put away stilt-

and he banished rhetoric. They had been too plentiful, they still recur, even in the newer American drama. Sometimes, indeed, he carried his lightness so far that he was almost evasive. A flash of humor came and went on the instant, a quick stroke of characterization faded almost as he made it; he seemed to be pinning an idea and suddenly it escaped him and he was off in pursuit of another. In some of his pieces almost everything seems momentary, and almost everything depends upon the swift and sensitive commerce of playwright, player and audience across the footlights. Even the best of his pieces have a truer life when they are acted than when they are read. He was too much absorbed in the theater to take a thought of the printed page that finally awaited him.

"These, at least, were Clyde Fitch's services and contributions to our drama at a time when it needed them and advanced by them. They do not seem inconsiderable or trifling, and they have already borne and are bearing ample fruit."

Were one to attempt a precise indication of his supreme quality, it would have to do with his rare knowledge of the female character, the female psychology. Like all great artists, like George Meredith, like Ibsen, like Shakespeare himself, he knew the heart and soul of woman and has given to certain types their most perfect expression:

"He understood them better than he understood men, and they kindled more quickly his curious faculty of intuition. He had feminine perceptions that guided him truly with them, while he sometimes seemed groping and baffled when he would design and vivify figures of men. He was prone—perhaps because he could not help it—to shape his men less as individualities than according to the needs of a particular play and to be content often with conventional masculine personages repolished with his own bright varnish. Scarcely one of his men lingers in recollection, living, tangible, individual, as do the women of 'The Girl with the Green Eyes,' 'The Climbers,' 'The Truth,' or 'The Woman in the Case.' He strewed his plays with secondary or minor feminine personages, like 'the girl from Butte' in 'The Stubbornness of Geraldine' or the 'elocutionist' in 'Girls' that are little living vignettes of racy character and manners. He had less inclination and aptitude for such secondary and minor men. Oftenest he wrought his men in comparative routine. . . .

"Usually, and sometimes unfortunately, Mr. Fitch let the vicious cub, the well-meaning, but slow-witted husband, or the mere agreeable 'parti' serve his needs. He usually skimmed the surface of his men, but when he chose he could penetrate acutely below the surface of his women. The jealous wife of 'The Girl with the Green Eyes,' the lying wife of 'The Truth,' the diversi-



Photograph by van der Weyde.

THE PLAYWRIGHT WHO WAS GREATER THAN HIS FAME

The late Clyde Fitch, say all his competent critics, was a man of genius who, failing to take himself seriously, was not taken seriously by his countrymen.

fied women of 'The Climbers,' occasional women in other of his plays, are intimate studies in feminine psychology and character, shrewdly observed, keenly understood, truthfull: and adroitly brought into dramatic existence. Many a French playwright, whom most of us take seriously while we take Mr. Fitch lightly, would gladly have 'signed' these studies and these pieces. They gave Mr. Fitch his access to the Continental theaters

in recent years and brought him the approval that he gained there."

Can posterity be expected to take Clyde Fitch with the seriousness he failed to inspire in his contemporaries? The question is put in one form and another by many commentators and is made to hinge upon whether or not he has left us a great play. Mr. Clayton Hamilton, writing in *The Bookman*, seems to think not, but the critic of the Boston *Herald* deems "The Truth" an instance to the contrary and the New York *Times*, while declining to rank him with Molière, and conceding that "Clyde Fitch had not the intellectual profundity of Ibsen, Sudermann or Maeterlinck," gives him the most conspicuous position in the history of American dramatic lit-

erature. *The Dramatic Mirror* connects posterity with the subject more positively:

"It is the fashion at the moment to call Mr. Fitch's work wholly ephemeral, but this is an error. It has many qualities that will interest students of future generations, even should the theater in course of time eliminate it. Like many dramatists of former periods whose work is today esteemed for the contemporary values it offers, Mr. Fitch gave in his plays, within their scope, admirable expositions of the manners, the moods, the habits and the verbiage of the people and the time with which they deal. And as the theater, in many of its mediums, is supposed to reflect these matters as to former periods, there is no doubt that Mr. Fitch's plays have this value as to his period beyond the plays of any of his contemporaries."

THE ACTORLESS THEATER

IT IS estimated that there are at the present time, in America, in successful operation, seven thousand theaters, more or less, in which innumerable plays and near-plays are produced daily without the actual presence of a single actor. The age which has given us horseless carriages, smoke-

less powder and noiseless guns, has, in other words, also developed the actorless theater. The investment in this form of amusement already reaches the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and the audiences that are attracted to it are composed of four million men, women and children, on an average, every day of the year.



Courtesy Pathe Freres.

THROWING HOMER ON

All the resources of the University Extension movement, with its literal translation of the *Odyssey* and its lecturing professor in the social settlement, descend to the level of ineffectuality beside the return of Ulysses done into films and unwound like a string for the education of those multitudes to whom this art has become indispensable.



Courtesy Pathé Freres.

HOW "LA TOSCA" IS SHOT THROUGH TO THE SCREEN

The celebrated French actress, Madame Cecil Sorel, plays the leading rôle while M. LeBargy impersonates the lover, both seeming, as their gestures are automatically reproduced, to live with all the vitality of Victorien Sardou, who created them, and to lose nothing in effectiveness from being, through the conventionality of the film, deaf mutes.

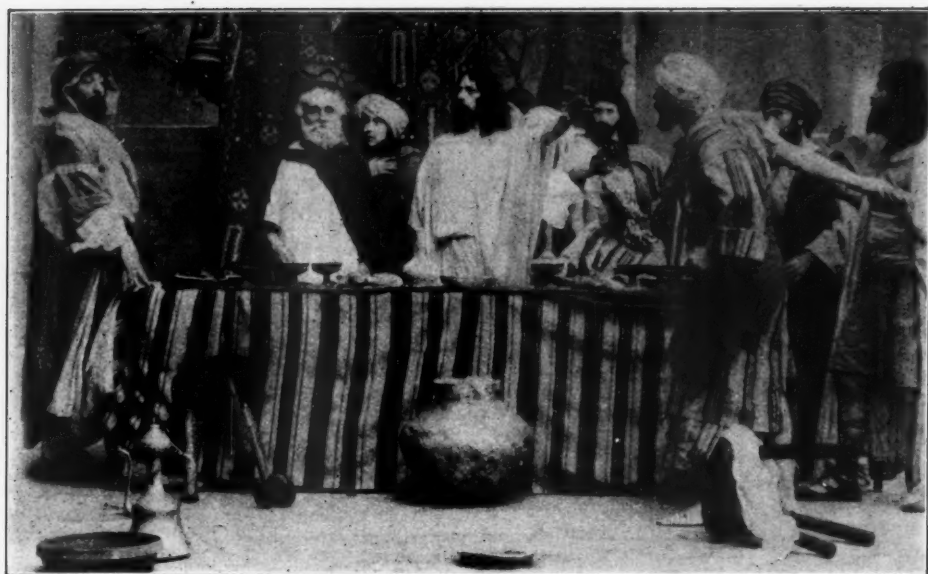
We are speaking, of course, of the moving picture theaters, of which there are three hundred in New York City, an equal number in Chicago, two hundred and five in St. Louis and one hundred and eighty-six in Philadelphia. These, at least, are the figures given by a writer in *The American Magazine*, who seems to know what he is talking about. "Almost one hundred and ninety miles of films," he further says, "are unrolled on the screens of America's seven thousand canned theaters every day in the year."

The moving picture show has multiplied itself so rapidly that it is hardly a novelty any longer, but the extent to which it has already intruded into the dramatic field is both new and startling. In this country, says the writer already quoted—Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton—our "canned dramas," as he calls them, are patched-up affairs, disjointed, episodic, dolefully commonplace and uninteresting; but in France they are a very different thing. There "they have development, climax; often they have, even for the sophisticated observer, a positive dramatic thrill." They are written by leading authors and are carefully rehearsed and artistically acted by the best actors of Paris. Says Mr. Eaton:

"You smile at the thought of Mrs. Fiske or

E. H. Sothern acting in a moving picture devised by Clyde Fitch or Augustus Thomas or William Vaughn Moody. But why is the idea more absurd than that of Caruso or Melba singing into a talking machine? Certainly, even in America, you can see Le Bargy of the *Comédie Française* acting a canned drama written by Henri Lavedan, of the *Académie*, author of 'The Duel'; or Mounet-Sully, or even the Divine Sarah herself. Jules Lemaitre and Edmond Rostand have written canned dramas. Even Duse is soon to appear in one. When actors and authors of this stamp turn their attention to moving pictures, the result is something quite different from the horse-play films you, perhaps, have seen."

In other words, here is a new art getting itself born and already having a marked effect upon the old art of play-acting. One result, according to a writer in *Lippincott's*—Day Allen Whitney—is a decrease in box-office receipts at the real theaters and the disbanding of theatrical companies. "You do not need this proof of the decline in attendance if you count the empty seats where the nickel competitor is in the vicinity. The gallery in the home of Thespis is usually most deserted, as the 'gods' are strongly tempted by the tragedy and comedy of the camera; but there is no doubt that nearly every class of those whom we term theatergoers have been lured from their former haunts. The fact is



Courtesy Pathe Freres.

THE CINEMATOGRAFIC LIFE OF JESUS

Jesus and his apostles, gathered in Mark's home to eat the Paschal lamb, are shown in the film from the moment the feast is spread until Judas, after his betrayal of Christ, falls in agony to the ground. The theme is "The Kiss of Judas," the author of the play is the illustrious French academician, Henri Lavedan, and the performances are given from one end of this country to the other for the symbolically democratic dime or the equally popular and more numerous five cent piece.

that in many cities it is a common occurrence to enjoy amusement by machinery in what was once a regulation playhouse. The Academy of Music, the largest theater in Baltimore, and the Grand Opera House of Evansville, Indiana, are instances of this."

The cost of maintaining these actorless theaters is "ridiculously small." There may or may not be a half dozen cheap variety performers for the intermissions. Apart from them there are the ticket-taker, several ushers, the electrician, a handy man for general jobs and three others to run the actual performance. One company in New York which pays \$90,000 a year for the rent of two buildings has made a yearly profit, after paying all expenses—including, of course, royalties on the moving-picture films—of \$25,000, "and not a single admission cost over five cents."

Some of the plays produced in France by the moving-picture process are "The Return of Ulysses" by Jules Lemaitre, acted by members of the Comédie Française; "The Kiss of Judas," by Henri Lavedan, acted by Mounet-Sully and Lambert; the "Assassination of the Duke of Guise," by Lavedan, with Le Bargy in the title rôle; "La Tosca," by Sardou, adapted for this purpose and acted by Mme. Sorel and Le Bargy; an adaptation from

Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and a two-and-one-half-hours reproduction of "The Passion Play." "It is quite conceivable," says Mr. Eaton, "that if some American playwrights should cease turning their plays into bad novels, using their superfluous imagination to devise genuine canned dramas, which popular and skilled actors and actresses would then interpret before the camera, the moving picture audiences through the country might in time learn to appreciate the superior quality of these playwrights and players, and to desire a closer view of them; might even in time fill anew our now empty galleries." But American actors are slow in lending countenance to this new rival of the old-time theater. Maude Adams is said—by her press agent!—to have refused an offer of \$50,000 to play before the picture machine. Yet a surprising number of good professional actors, it is said, have begun to pose for the films, and as their work is often done out of doors, to get the right surroundings, odd experiences are encountered. Upon one occasion a couple supposed to be eloping in an automobile were intercepted by real policemen and carried, protesting, to the station house, while the picture man followed chuckling and turning his crank. One leading actor, on another occasion, impersonating a Black Hand

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Courtesy Pathe Freres.

A FILMY TEMPERANCE LESSON

The rapidity of the machine operated in the back of the auditorium by the unrolling of a ribbon of developed negatives imparts to the action in the French drinking resort all the verisimilitude of the stage of the Odeon itself. Thanks to the speed attained, this dramatization of Zola's "L'Assommoir" is while it lasts thrilling and when it concludes unforgettable.

villain, came near being shot by a policeman. "At the present time, in the suburbs of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia or Chicago, any pleasant day, you are likely to chance on a big automobile loaded with actors and actresses in full paint and strange array, or to find upon a suburban street corner or down a country lane extraordinary actions going on in front of a purring camera." Most of the moving picture manufacturers have a stock company of at least half a dozen Thespians who devote nearly all their time to the pantomime work required. The largest of the American firms, says Vivian M. Moses in *The Pictorial Review*, keeps a salaried stock company of actors, several experienced stage managers, a number of scene-builders and scene-shifters, two high-grade scene-painters, two or three wardrobe women, a picture-arranger or pantomime dramatist, and a small army of assistants.

"Competent actors, men and women who rank high in their profession, are specially engaged for the more important rôles in the pantomimes to be pictured, and these actors are sometimes paid astonishingly high sums for a single day's work. . . . It is amusing to watch one of these 'straight' actors in his first work before the rapid-fire camera. He is apt to get mixed in his actions and in his cues, owing to the

strangeness which he feels in acting without lines. When this has happened several times the actor will commence improvising lines of his own, to suit the situations, and as soon as he has become sufficiently accustomed to this the awkwardness will pass away and he will be able to carry through his part."

After an actor has done much work for the moving picture films he learns to dispense with lines entirely and goes through his part in pantomime, as do those in the picture producers' stock companies. But when there is an intensely emotional scene even the most experienced picture poser will give verbal utterance to his feelings, and having no lines to speak will at times scream out in expressing his emotions.

The effort to combine the phonograph and the moving picture in these representations has not yet proved much of a success. Edison and other inventors are now trying to overcome the difficulties found in properly synchronizing the phonograph and the moving picture machine. If they succeed, we shall then have actorless theaters in which the players are both visible and audible. When that time comes the actor, as now the author, will have to compete for recognition not only with the living but with the dead.

Science and Discovery

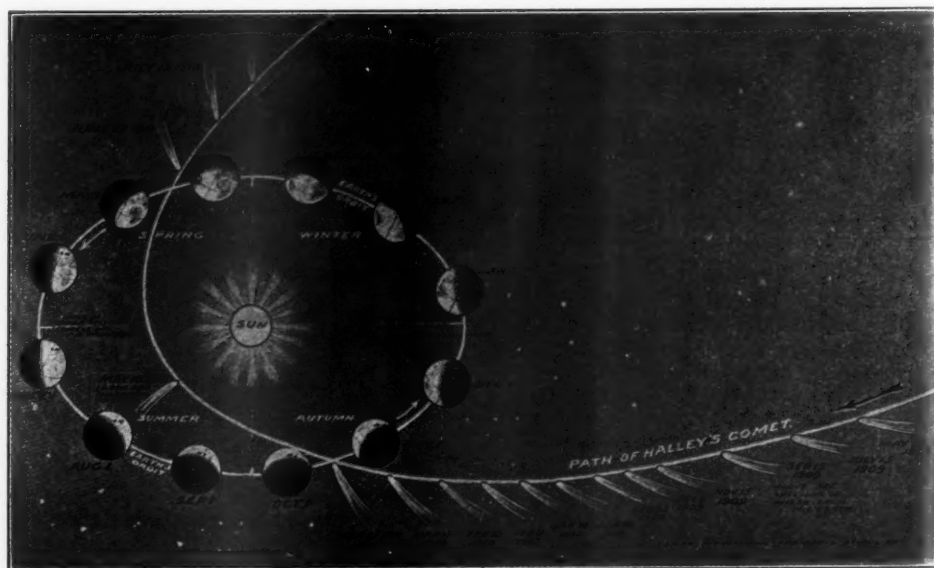
RETURN OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMET IN THE UNIVERSE

NEVER in the history of astronomy has such an opportunity as the impending manifestation of Halley's comet has been afforded to test the capacity of some of the most ingenious instruments of research that man has invented, declares Garrett P. Serviss in *Hampton's Magazine*. "Recently, the theory of comets has assumed a new form," he reminds us, "and this will be an extraordinary occasion for testing the truth of the latest speculations." When, therefore, a telegram from the Heidelberg University in Germany conveyed the welcome intelligence that Dr. Max Wolf, one of the well-known astro-physicists of the day, had succeeded in photographing the anxiously expected comet, the event, in the language of *Paris Cosmos*, "was of world-wide interest and importance." Many days must elapse, our French contemporary says, before the renowned Halley's comet can become discernible to the naked

eye and not until next April can the layman be sure that he has seen this celestial visitor in its fullest splendor; but it is already photographically observable and is proving the most complex astronomical factor yet presented by the twentieth century heavens.

The comet is described in the *Paris Cosmos*, which speaks after observation of the plates just made at Heidelberg University, as faint and stellar in its radiance. The date of this comet's closest approach to the sun does not arrive until next spring. Not only, according to the French sheet, is the photographic detection of the comet the result of profound skill in determining the position of the object itself—a determination affording the strictest proof of the sufficiency of the gravitational theory—but it demonstrates the advance that has been made in optical efficiency and penetrating power.

The comet was last seen in 1836. It then departed on its distant journey to the confines



THE RELATIVE MOTIONS OF HALLEY'S COMET AND THE EARTH FROM MAY TO JULY NEXT

The period of its greatest brilliance will be towards the end of next May, when it will be within about ten million miles of the earth. It will then be visible to the naked eye for a short time after sunset, low down in the western sky. The diagram shows the path of the comet in its relation to the earth's orbit. It should be noted that the points in the diagram where it enters and leaves the earth's orbit are not really its nearest approaches to the earth, although they appear to be so.

of the solar system. No telescope could even remotely detect its course during that long period of nearly seventy-four years. Science could fix its position from year to year, from day to day, if necessary, and point to the place it would occupy in the sky till, obeying the summons of the sun, it should return once more to the centre of the system. One hardly knows whether to admire most the accuracy of the mathematical analysis that rendered this feat possible or the mechanical skill that could perfect the instruments whereby this tiny wisp of light, some three hundred million miles distant, infallibly recorded its position on the sensitized plate. In the words of London *Knowledge*:

"Why this anxiety over Halley's comet when comets come and go every year and fail to cause a flutter of excitement? The peculiar interest that attaches to Halley's comet is due to the fact that Halley, the second Astronomer Royal, was the first man to prove definitely by means of this comet that these objects can go on long journeys and return to the sun. When he made his discovery he knew that he would not live to see his prediction fulfilled. He made a most pathetic appeal to his countrymen to remember that it was an Englishman who had discovered this new and startling fact of astronomical science. His appeal comes to us again over two centuries, and made the reappearance of his comet a matter of patriotic interest to English astronomers, who have prepared for the visit and watched for it with the utmost anxiety. In 1759 and in 1835 his comet has completed its journey. As it nears the end of another we are reminded of a great Englishman and of a succession of worthies who have labored wisely and well to maintain his reputation and honor his memory.

"Moreover, the comet possesses great historical interest. Its past career has been traced, and it has been linked with many striking events. In 1456 it was supposed that the comet fought on the side of the Turks. In 1066, when William the Conqueror landed in England, it shone in the sky, and it was figured on the Bayeux tapestry. It was present at the destruction of Jerusalem. Even further back the comet has been traced, and by the Chinese records another six centuries may be added to its known life. It would have been nothing less than a misfortune if it had not now returned."

This last sentence suggests the fact that when Halley's comet is at its brightest next spring it may prove to have lost much of its tail. Hence it will not perhaps be so bright as one might anticipate from previous observations of the comet in centuries past. Among the explanations of the circumstance is the one noted in *The Nineteenth Century* by that

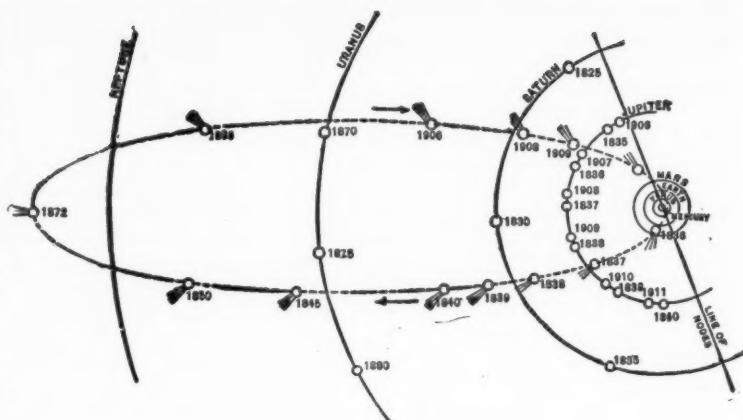
student of astronomy, Dr. E. Vincent Heward, who suggests that Halley's comet is gradually wasting away. He sees reason to believe that its light intensity and magnitude in the year 1066 were half as great again as they were in the year 1835. It is not difficult to believe, according to this competent authority, that the matter surging from the head of the comet, when in the vicinity of the sun and transported millions of miles distant, must be permanently separated from the body and remain dissipated in the planetary spaces, to offer there a resistance to the movements of the planets or else to form the elements of some new combinations. Considerations such as these awaken a new and profound interest in the comets, particularly now that it is known they are so frequently sweeping through the solar system. They lead directly, Doctor Heward says, to Encke's "startling doctrine" of a resisting medium which inevitably involves the ultimate destruction of the solar system—after millions of years, yet within a definite time. It seems not improbable that in course of time the influence of this ethereal medium upon the comet's rate of motion will be known; and that future astronomers will learn by the accuracy of its returns whether it has met with any unknown cause of disturbance on its journey outwards of 3,370,000,000 miles. Or it may be the means of revealing to the inward eye of the mathematician the existence of an unknown planet lying beyond the visible boundary of our system, even as the perturbations of Uranus revealed to Adams and Leverrier the existence of Neptune. Says Dr. Heward:

"Astronomers of today identify the production of the tail with electrical action exerted by the sun on the lighter or volatile particles of cometary matter raised by the solar heat. The German physicist, J. Karl Zöllner, shows that, owing to evaporation and other changes produced by rapid approach to the sun, electrical processes of considerable intensity must take place in comets; also that their original light is immediately connected with these, and depends upon solar radiation rather through its electrifying effects than through its seemingly thermal power. Comets are not bodies incandescent through heat, but glowing by electricity; and this is compatible with a relatively low temperature. It is perfectly well ascertained that the energy of the push backwards produced by electricity depends upon the surface of the body acted upon; that the energy of gravity depends upon its mass. Solar electrical repulsion increases as the size of the body diminishes. Therefore very small cometary bodies—particles of matter indeed—will virtually cease to gravitate, and will be wholly under the

repellent solar force. These discoveries in the physical domain of the comet-world afford a complete explanation of the origin and formation of the long stream of almost ethereal matter projected from the body of the comet, and we see how it happens that it is always directed away from the sun."

Halley's comet will be observable by photography only for the next two months, according to calculations worked out in the bulletin of the observatory at Greenwich and confirmed by observations at the Yerkes Observatory. In the course of several weeks it ought to be faintly visible in large instruments and by the end of January in ordinary telescopes. It may be visible as a morning star toward the end of April to observers with good eyesight, especially if they be stationed in the southern hemisphere. However, predictions on this score are slightly hazardous, as is stated by the *Paris Cosmos*, for it has yet to be ascertained how much, if any, of its tail has been dissipated and what the effect of the long journey through space has been upon its mass. Halley's comet has never before been seen at anything like its present distance from perihelion, says *London Nature*. In 1759 it was visible from 77 days before perihelion to 102 days after it. In 1835 the interval was from 102 days before to 185 days after. The present detection of the comet is about 220 days before perihelion, which is only made possible by the introduction of the photograph plate, which now permits faint nebulosities to be recorded too feeble to be directly visible in the telescope. It is this invasion of the field of exploration by photography which is the starting point of the investigations to be made of the comet until the end of the coming spring, because, as is pointed out in an exhaustive article on the topic in *The Edinburgh Review*, the last word on Halley's comet concerns not astronomers proper but astro-physicists:

"The admission admits us at once into a field of inquiry where questions are many and answers are few. Our fundamental difficulty is that we



ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET

The lines traced in this diagram have been established after many years of calculation by the most renowned mathematicians.

have really very little idea of the composition either of a comet or of its tail. It is known that comets are associated with meteor streams, for the earth encounters meteors which are found to be travelling in the same paths as known comets. It is commonly supposed that a comet is essentially a cluster of meteorites, and that it gradually disintegrates until it is no longer capable of showing as a comet, and can remain known to us only by the meteors which it may send into our atmosphere. It seems doubtful, however, if this conclusion rests upon a more substantial basis than the single observed fact that Biela's comet broke into two parts and eventually failed to return; and that afterwards the same orbit provided the same showers of Andromedid meteors which appeared in 1872 and 1885. The supposition that the nucleus of the comet itself is a cluster of meteors does not go very far towards explaining why a comet in space may shine with so brilliant a light, nor how it can produce a tail.

"Reduced to its baldest form, the problem may be stated thus: A comet is supposed to consist of a few cartloads of meteoric stones and dust passing together through space, incoherent, of no solidity, each component behaving pretty nearly as an independent tiny planet. When this shoal of stones is still many millions of miles from the sun—at least as far away as the earth—it contrives to put forth a shining tail directed away from the sun. Further, it does not make this tail once for all; the tail is being continually renewed, as it continually streams away and is dissipated in space. Recent photographs have shown this process of streaming away in active operation; bright condensations have been traced from hour to hour moving along the tail with increasing speed, plainly subject to a continuous repulsion from the nucleus of the comet, or from the sun. Photography now makes it possible to

examine the process in some detail, but the fact that the process was going on has been known at least since the celebrated apparition of the comet of 1881. That comet passed so extremely close to the sun that it described 180 degrees of its orbit in three and a half hours. One morning the tail stretched a hundred million miles in one direction; the same evening it stretched a hundred million miles in a direction nearly opposite. It is inconceivable that the fragile tail can have made that immense sweep; within the space of half a day the comet must, without any possible doubt, have produced a new tail equal to the old, besides a continued succession of abortive tails which had no time to develop before the comet was whirled away from them in its wild rush round the sun.

"Ten years ago it was permissible to think of interplanetary space as empty, save for stray meteors and cosmical dust playing the part of minute planets. At the same date only the com-

monplace static electric repulsion between charged bodies could be suggested as the cause of the repulsion to which comets' tails are subjected, and no one felt that the cause was adequate."

There is the pressure of light, for instance, knowledge of which Mr. Waldemar Kaempfert, in his able article on Halley's comet in *The Outlook*, has done so much to popularize. On large bodies its effects are almost nothing, in the opinion of the British authority already quoted, but on a small body of exactly the right size—one-third of the length of a light wave, say, or a fifty-thousandth of an inch—the pressure of light might very easily overcome gravitation. There is no doubt that under the pressure of the sun's light enormous clouds of dust must be continually flying off from the sun and penetrating space in all directions.



Courtesy of *The Outlook*.

HALLEY'S COMET SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

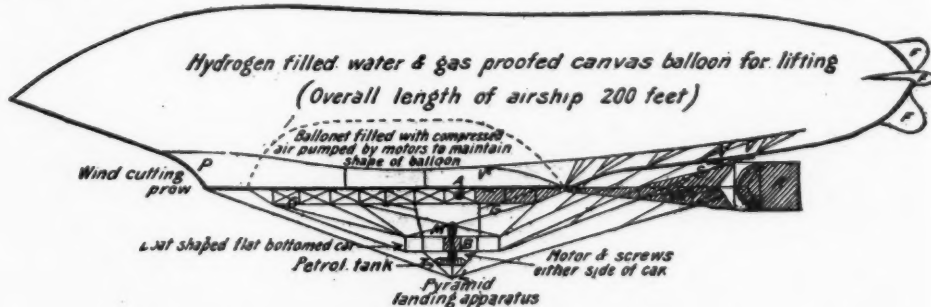
This drawing by N. Rosenthal from a telescopic view affords an idea of the vivid impression the comet makes upon a beholder.

WHAT THE LATEST MILITARY AIRSHIP IS LIKE

THE explosion at a height of three hundred feet of the French dirigible military balloon *Republique*, resulting in the death of four officers, has not in the slightest degree discredited the type to which it belongs, according to the *Paris Nature*. This is the opinion of an authority on the scientific principle involved—a principle, the French periodical reminds us, which departs radically from the monoplane and biplane structures made so familiar by recent events. The *Republique* belonged to a class of airships which the public has little studied, says this authority. The military airship used by the great powers, France, Russia, England and Italy, departs markedly from the Zeppelin model and bears the name Lebaudy. "In a great many senses the Lebaudy type is now a standard product, for it is seven years since the first of the machines was built from the designs of M. H. Juillot on lines that were entirely original at the time of their introduction." The names of most of the vessels of this series are by no means well known, having been eclipsed by the renown of the Bleriot monoplanes and the Wright biplanes; but, so far as the art of war has anything to do with the element of the birds, it is the Lebaudy that is solving the problem. Thus we have the "Lebaudy No. 1" of 1902, the "Lebaudy No. 2" of several months later, "La Patrie" of year before last, the "Republique" of last year, which exploded a few weeks ago, and the "Russie," just completed and handed over to

the military authorities of St. Petersburg. The "Russie" is the finest exemplification of the type, a sister ship to it having been ordered for the British War office. The following description is taken from an article in *London Engineering*:

"It will be seen that the balloon portion proper is a huge hydrogen-filled water- and gas-proofed canvas envelope of material that is neither affected by the atmosphere nor by the action of light. Such a lengthy balloon could not keep its shape without artificial support. Hence the large girder-built, elliptical platform (G.G.) made of stout canvas stretched over a steel framework, strengthened by inter-crossing steel tubes and wires and fixed immediately below the balloon to serve as a framework to maintain the due form of the huge gas-filled envelope and to prevent it pitching and rolling. This is supplemented by large planes—that cannot be shown in an elevation—fitted at the bow and stern to keep the machine stable, this being a very distinctive feature of the construction, as are the vertical and horizontal fins (F.F.) at the stern. In this connection two very important points will be appreciated: firstly, that, tho the type employs more accessories in the way of fins and planes for maintaining stability than any sort of frameless or semi-rigid balloon—for it is so equipped as well fore and aft—all the stabilisers are without bulk, in that that they are built after the fashion of planes so as to present a cutting edge only to the forward travel of the airship. This, together with the efficient position of the propellers (M), and the peculiar design of the balloon proper, enables unusually good speeds and control to be obtained for the power employed."



THE LATEST MODEL OF A DIRIGIBLE WAR BALLOON

"As will be seen from the accompanying drawing, the hydrogen-gas containing envelope is supplemented by an interior one, technically called a ballonet, wherein a certain pressure is maintained automatically by the pump (A) driven by the engines to compensate for loss of gas and so forth. The ballonet and the major balloon are equipped with valves (V), the automatic one for the ballonet, and (V.V.) gas valves. Below the balloon apparatus there is suspended, by a system of triangles formed of steel cables, the boat-shaped, flat-bottomed car (B) wherein are carried the crew and the motor with the screws on either side (M). For the sake of safety the torpedo-shaped petrol tank (T) is situated in the most isolated possible position from the balloon, this being a very distinctive feature of the design. The lowermost portion of the whole machine (L) is the peculiar pyramid arrangement of steel tubes with the apex downwards, which renders the airship specially immune from shocks caused when landing. The stern fins (A) and the vertical rudder (R), placed well in the rear, are other distinctive features of this type."

APPLICATION OF MACHINERY TO THE NEXT CENSUS



NE of the most complex as well as one of the most intimately personal of all the undertakings of the United States government is the enumeration decennially of every man, woman and child subject to its jurisdiction. What imparts to the forthcoming census an interest quite new is the application to it of machinery on a scale and in a mode hitherto undreamt of. Thus at any rate contends *The Scientific American*, which is of opinion that should the facilities for counting, adding, tabulating and striking averages by machinery which the next census affords an opportunity for testing on a large scale prove adequate to the task, the world's ideas of the science of arithmetic must undergo a profound modification. It will be the inauguration of a new era in the science of numbers second in historic importance only to the introduction among Europeans of the Arabic system of numeration.

The census counting machines are the invention, it appears, of Mr. James Powers, a mechanical expert of the census bureau. They stood a rigid test in the recent Cuban census and have been used without difficulty in the division of vital statistics at Washington. To quote from the article in the columns of *The Scientific American*, in which this topic is fully gone into:

"The mechanical method for counting the census requires two types of machines, which are of equal importance, and each essential to the successful use of the other. The keynote of the system, however, is a punched card, which contains the data collected by the enumerators, who travel from house to house in every nook and corner of the land. The data includes the nature and extent of our industries, the amount of our wealth, etc. By means of the punched card a tabulating machine mechanically classifies the data thus sent in to the Census Office by the enumerators. The location of the holes on the cards means everything to the tabulating machine, as will be seen later; for the special position of a hole within the limits of certain boundary lines on the cards means one thing, and in another position another thing. It is this location of a punched hole on a card that enables the tabulating machine to transfer the value of that particular position of a hole on a card to a number of counters, which classify the data and obtain totals.

"The punching machine which was used in the eleventh census, and again with improvements at the twelfth census, was a rather simple affair, in which the pressure of a lever by hand was necessary for the punching of each individual hole. The machine recently invented for punching bears no resemblance to the old apparatus, and is run by electricity instead of hand power."

The new machine is built on the plan of a typewriter with nearly two hundred and fifty keys. The operator instead of punching one

502

| R-S R-S O R-O A | | | | Col Sex Month - Un Age - Un Con Cond Bp-F Bp-T Bp Mother | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | W | M | Jan | Feb | Mar | 0 | 35 | 40 | 75 | 0 | 2 | Dr | Se | US | US | US | Hus | Boh | | | | | | | |
| 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | B | F | Apr | May | Jun | 5 | 30 | 45 | 70 | 1 | 3 | Un | Mr | For | For | For | Ire | Ger | | | | | | | |
| 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | In | Jul | Aug | Sep | M | 10 | 25 | 30 | 65 | 80 | 4 | 98 + | Wd | Un | Un | Un | E-W | Can | | | | | | | |
| 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | Oh | Oct | Nov | Dec | | 15 | 20 | 35 | 60 | 85 | 90 | X | X | X | X | X | Ot | Dk | | | | | | | |
| 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | Ip | Cause of Death | | | | | | | | | | Un | Occupation | | | | | | | | | | Scs | Ity | Fra |
| 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | HO | On | Ras | Pol | | | | | | |
| 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 17 | 15 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | | | | | | | | |
| 7 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 4 | 5 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | | | | | | | |
| 8 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 6 | 7 | 26 | 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | 20 | 29 | 28 | 27 | 6 | 7 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | | | | | | | |
| 9 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 35 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 8 | 9 | 21 | 20 | 19 | 18 | 17 | | | | | | | |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 55 | 54 | 53 | 52 | 51 | 50 | 49 | 48 | 47 | 46 | 45 | 21 | 22 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | | | | | | |

Monthly

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CENSUS RECORD OF AN INDIVIDUAL

The holes punched in this card tell the story to the expert at a glance and facilitate the additions and subtractions required for statistical purposes. Every fact, from birth to death, is recorded, in addition to details of sex, occupation, marital condition and the like.



THE TABULATOR IN OPERATION

The adding, the striking of an average and the compilation of tables proceed with infinite speed at a touch of the operator's finger.

hole at a time presses as many keys as may be necessary. After all the facts have thus been recorded by the keys, a bar resembling that of a space bar on a typewriter is pressed, which brings an electric motor into play, whereupon all the holes are pressed or punched at once without any effort on the part of the operator. The average number of cards punched per day at the census office with the hand puncher was nine hundred, whereas with the new machine a speed of four thousand cards per day can be readily attained. In the old punching machine a hole was punched in a card every time the key was pressed or lowered. If an error was made, that card had to be thrown away, thus wasting not only the cards but the operator's time. In the new machine each key is depressed independently of the others and can be released at will without punching a hole or recording a fact until the operator is ready to press the motor bar, which punches all the holes at once.

"Before the operator punches any holes the operator can look over the depressed keys and ascertain whether all are correct. If an error be discovered, the wrong key can be released and the error rectified before any punching is done. The color of the keys for each field of the card is different, which enables the operator at a glance to locate the keys representing the different fields of information. The cards to contain the information are fed to the

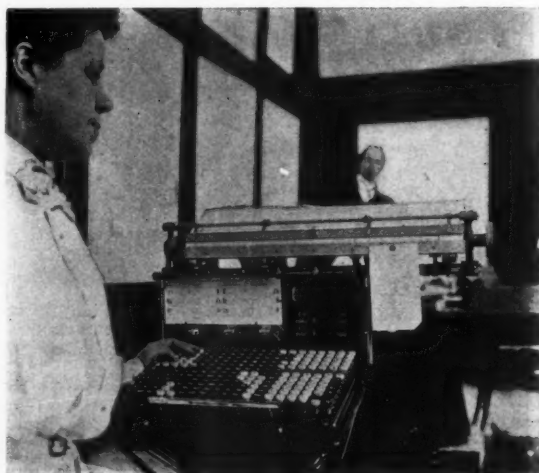
machine from the back by electricity.

"To make this method clearer, study the accompanying picture of a card, which is now in use in the Vital Statistics Division of the Census Office, and which is representative of all cards used in their new punching machine, a change in the symbol keys of the machine making it available for population work.

"The holes are divided into two classes by the vertical lines on the left-hand side of the card. The first class, aided by the large numerals at the right-hand edge, identifies the person, and enables the census expert to find immediately the original entry from which the card was made; the second class gives all the statistical information regarding the person for whom the card was made. For instance, the *W* means that this person was white; the *M* means that the person was a male; the *Dec* that he died in December; the 20 and 4 that he was 24 years old; the *Sg* that he was single; the *US* in the

next three fields that he was born in the United States, as were both his parents. The two fields immediately below show his occupation at time of death, and also the cause of death. A similar card is being made in the Census Office for each death reported in the United States, and one will be punched for the many million inhabitants reported by the enumerators in the forthcoming census.

"In connection with the invention of this new machine, it is interesting to note that it will render it possible to announce the total population in record-breaking time."



WHOLESALE STATISTICS

This device takes the place of the cruder process of the statistician and permits an earlier report of totals than has ever been possible hitherto.

WHY SO LITTLE OF A LIVING BEING IS ALIVE



ALL parts of a living being are supposed by the misinformed to be alive—all parts, at any rate, but the bones. The error, observes Dr. A. F. A. King, in the course of a study of the theme in *The Popular Science Monthly*, is a most pardonable one, since very few even among physicians ever realized, until science had demonstrated it, how dead most of a live person is. It required some education, we read in the article referred to, before medical men themselves learned to realize without surprise that crude metallic bodies—bullets, pins, needles, wire sutures buried in our internal organs, nails driven into our fractured bones by surgeons, finger rings, scissors, forceps, spectacles and the like, left in the peritoneal cavity by careless operators—could remain in a human body without any immediate danger to life.

Moreover, large crystalline masses—the various forms of calculi—the dead foetuses, even dead children at full term, both intra-uterine and extra-uterine, could remain in a living body for several decades without any immediate danger to life. Living bodies may contain dead bodies and dead substances of various kinds.

Numerous other instances now call for consideration.

The protective shells of some animals, the epidermal appendages (horns, tusks, hoofs, claws, nails, hair, wool, etc.) of others, are only alive at their proximal ends—the roots, so-called. Their distal extremities are not living. They are products of life, but so are our coal beds, chalk cliffs, coral reefs and tortoise shell combs; but they are not alive.

Where is the line of division between the dead and the living in a cow's horn or an elephant's tusk? There is no such line. The transition from living to dead tissue is a gradational one. This simple example should help to dispel the common error that everything in this world should or, rather, must, be either dead or alive. Not so. It may be between the two, neither the one nor the other.

No one can doubt for a moment that the gases, food stuffs and excrementitious matters in the alimentary canal and the contents of the urinary bladder are not alive. Is the bile living? Bile is an excrement from the hepatic cells, the histological units of the liver, which find it necessary to discharge their toxic excreta into those minute drains, the bile ducts,

and thence into the main sewer of the intestine. In thus maintaining their own normal metabolism they save us from dire disease. Bile is not alive.

"Is milk a living substance? It is a saline solution, containing sugar and albumen. Microscopically we find it swarming with the *post-mortem* débris of epithelium cells that have undergone fatty degeneration. It is the fatty dust into which these dead cells have crumbled that rises to the surface as cream and when amassed in the churn constitutes the butter of commerce. Milk is emphatically a dead material.

"What of that milky emulsion we call chyle? We can not say it is alive in the intestine; nor does it become so in the thoracic duct, nor in the subclavian vein. Neither does mingling with the blood give it life. It is dead.

"What of the blood itself? Commonly we speak of it as being 'warm with life.' Not so in cold-blooded animals. Again, it is referred to as the 'vital fluid,' the 'life-blood'; and we say: 'the blood is the life thereof.' So it is, in the sense that we cannot live without it, and if we lose it by hemorrhage we die. Nevertheless, the blood is *not* alive. Its corpuscles are, but the plasma in which they float is not living. This plasma is the natural *habitat* of the living corpuscle (much in the same way as a pond of water is the natural *habitat* of *Amœba proteus*), but it is not alive.

"Can our blood corpuscles live in a dead plasma? It is not very long ago that in cases of hemorrhage we injected into the blood vessels large quantities of cow's milk; now-a-days we inject salt solution. In some cases we inject so much of these dead fluids that the quantity may exceed that of the normal blood plasma left behind after the hemorrhage. Hence we know by actual experiment, in these cases, that the larger part of the blood plasma mixture is not alive.

"Furthermore, human leucocytes have been kept alive in normal salt solution outside of the body for many hours, retaining all their amœboid and phagocytic properties; and recently in a properly prepared solution containing 3 per cent of sodium citrate and 1 per cent of sodium chloride, R. C. Ross has kept human leucocytes three days alive and has caused them to protrude and retract the most remarkably long pseudopodia so that they actually resembled squids, or tarantulas. Thus we see a living plasma is not necessary for the blood corpuscles: they flourish in a dead one. The blood plasma is not alive.

"In the days of venesection we were taught that the last *act of vitality* in blood when drawn from the body was its coagulation; but is this really any more a vital process than the clotting of sour milk? I think not.

"In the same category with milk and blood plasma, we must place lymph, the fluids in the

pleura, pericardium, peritoneum and synovial sacs, and also the cerebro-spinal fluid; none of them is alive."

It might be supposed that the delicate structure of our central nervous system must at least be protected from contact with dead fluids. Not so. In cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis we draw off the cerebro-spinal fluid and inject into the cerebro-spinal canal a curative anti-meningitic serum that has stood on the shelves of its manufacturer, cold and dead, for half a year or more before being used.

We have reached the conclusion, in this line of thought, says Dr. King, that the crystalline masses, gases and fluids in an animal body are none of them alive.

What have we left? What parts of us are alive?

The histological units—the individual cells: these are the living inhabitants in that great organic community which constitutes a live person. The fluids of the body are inert plasmata designed for the maintenance, nourishment and functional integrity of those living units. The cells of the body are alive, but nothing else in it can be said to live.

When an animal dies, how much of it is dead?

An uninformed person might suppose it is all dead. Not at all. The cells of a corpse remain alive some considerable time after the man has ceased to breathe. The cells of the liver continue their function. Active spermatozoa have been found in the testicle and living leucocytes in the cavity of the heart many hours after death. The skin of a recent corpse can be successfully transplanted into a living person, as also may some of the internal organs, bones and joints. Recently one of our surgeons has transplanted an entire knee joint from the body of a corpse into the limb of a person from whom a diseased knee joint had been previously removed. The case is progressing favorably.

In the retrogressive phenomena of death as in the evolution of living from dead matter, the old saying of nature not making leaps again asserts itself and the prevalent error that everything must be either dead or alive with no intermediate gradations becomes pronouncedly manifest.

"Finally, is the protoplasm of animal organisms a really living substance? The answer will depend upon our definition of the word 'living.' Properly speaking, protoplasm is neither dead nor alive: it is between the two.

"If we could get together an ounce or a ton

of it, we should say it was a substance or mass exhibiting *some of the properties* of living matter. We could not say it was a living individual. It is simply matter occupying a very high plane in those ascending gradational transformations between the dead and the living: between the simple inorganic constituents of the earth, and those more complex segregations of chemical atoms which finally become surrounded by a limiting insulatory envelope and thus constitute 'physiological units,' or living beings. But until this formation of units—this individualism—of the mass, protoplasm cannot be said to live.

"Of course, the *direct* transformation of *inorganic* matter into living *animal* matter is impossible. There must always occur the intermediate phenomenon of vegetable life. Vegetables can transform the inorganic chemical materials of the air and earth into their own structure, but the animal must either feed upon the products produced by the vegetable or upon other animals that have been so fed. No single definition of life, therefore, can include both animal and vegetable life, since the vegetable is an intermediate product between minerals and animals. The evolution of life is a gradational process. Things are *not* 'either dead or alive.' Some things, like protoplasm, are between the two."

Is it necessary to suppose that a something, an essence, a spirit, an intangible existence called "life" or "vitality" passes away or evaporates from a thing which was living and is now dead? The query is formulated by that well-known English scientist, Sir Ray Lankester, in a recent study of the relation of protoplasm to life and death. He replies to his own question in the negative. Life is no more real, he avers, than is death. Neither exists in the sense attached to them by the lay mind. There is, for instance, no essence or thing called "death" taking possession of a body when it ceases to be the instrument of the processes known as "life." The difference between life and death is a state of protoplasm. This truth has been arrived at only quite lately through the investigations of M. Leon Becquerel, who represents the fourth generation of a gifted family of great investigators of nature.

Protoplasm has been called the physical basis of life. Since the activities to which we give the name "life" reside in protoplasm and are chemical and physical activities like those of other bodies, even tho more subtle and complicated, we are justified in regarding protoplasm as the substance in us and other organisms which "lives." Death consists in the destruction—the chemical undoing or decomposition—of protoplasm. As long as the protoplasm retains its chemical structure it is not dead,

NATURE'S VINDICATION OF THE SWEET TOOTH



WEETNESS is to the taste what beauty is to the eye, affirms Dr. Woods Hutchinson—nature's stamp of approval and vindication of wholesomeness. Sugar, says this authority, is one of the most universal flavors of foodstuffs known. Over one-half of our real foods taste sweet or sweetish—that is, they contain sugar in some form. About one-third taste salty; not more than one-tenth taste either bitter or sour. The experience of millions of years, reaching far beyond even our arboreal ancestors, has taught us beyond possibility of forgetting that, while there are hundreds of things that taste salty which have no food value and scores of things that taste bitter that not only have no food value but are even poisonous; and thousands of things, like leaves and sawdust and coconut matting, which have no food value at all until advertised as breakfast foods, there are comparatively few things that taste sweet which are not real foods. A very few of these sweet-tasting things, while real foods, are also poisonous, but these we soon learn to detect and beware of. To quote further from Doctor Hutchinson's paper, which appears in *Success Magazine*:

"It was only in comparatively recent years that we discovered and realized how exceedingly widespread sugar in some form was in all of our food substances. That universal and omnipresent primitive staff of life—milk—upon which every mammal that walks, or climbs, or swims, must begin its existence, whether it is to wear fur or bristles or clothes, whether it is to be carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous, or fletcherite, contains sugar as one of its three most important elements. Nor is this, as is popularly supposed, a mere trace, barely enough to give the characteristic sweetish taste of milk, but it is a full-blown member of the great trinity of nutritive materials, sugar (*carbohydrate*), meat (*protein*) and fat, and constitutes nearly one-third of the nutritive value of this liquid food—the best liquid food, it may be remarked in passing, that has ever yet been invented, the only one on which life can be maintained for prolonged periods; while the utmost ingenuity of the chemist and the manufacturer has never yet been able to produce another liquid food, no matter what it may shine forth as in the advertisements, which, bulk for bulk, is equal in nutritive value to milk."

One of the most interesting developments in the chemistry of foods has been the discovery that not merely do all staple vegetable

foods either consist chiefly of, or contain starch-sugars, such as the grains, nuts, fruits, etc., but that our pure animal foods: meats, fish, game, etc. (*proteins*), contain from twenty-five to fifty-five per cent. of their energy in the form of animal sugar (*glycocol*), or animal starch (*carbohydrate*).

"So that any diet which it is possible to discover in a state of nature contains considerable amounts of sugar-starch. This is interestingly shown in a most unexpected quarter by that serious and well-known disease, diabetes, whose most striking feature, of course, is the escape of considerable quantities of sugar from the body, through the kidneys. This, with perfectly natural but infantile logic, was first believed to be due to the eating of excessive amounts of sugar in the food; but this delusion was quickly exploded, as it was found that the sugar of diabetes came chiefly from the starch of the food. Our next 'grammar-grade' step was therefore to cut starch entirely out of the dietary of the diabetic; but, much to our surprise, while this would for a time prevent the appearance of sugar, as the disease progressed the sugar would reappear, even upon a diet absolutely free from either sugar or starch in any form.

"We were puzzled to know how the diabetic body could manage to make sugar out of meat, until a more careful analysis of muscle fiber and the curd of milk showed that both of these pure proteid substances contained a large per cent. of starch-sugar and that the patient was also breaking down and burning up his own tissues in the desperate endeavor to replace the sugar cut out of his food. This was proved to be true both by weighing the patient and discovering that the loss of his body weight corresponded quite accurately to the amount of sugar which he excreted, and also by giving him large extra amounts of meat in his dietary and finding that much of the sugar-starch contained in it appeared as sugar in the urine. The real disease and fatal defect of the diabetic is, precisely, his inability to burn sugar; and his steady decline and almost certain ultimate death are a painfully vivid illustration of the importance of this food in the body.

"So that this disease, which was long believed to illustrate the dangers of eating sugar, is, in reality, a most convincing proof of its importance and necessity as a food. Instead of depriving our diabetic patients of both starch and sugar completely, we now endeavor to increase their power of burning sugar, or by short 'starch fasts' and by experimentation with other starches than wheat, such as oatmeal, rice, potatoes, soy-bean and various preparations of curds. Fortunately, some diabetics who can not burn more than very small amounts of wheat starch, in the form of

bread, will be able to burn enough starch to keep up their strength, in the form of oatmeal or potatoes; and the so-called oatmeal-diet, both made into porridge, with large amounts of butter, are among our most useful means of treatment in diabetes."

All of which clearly proves from a scientific point of view, what we have known by instinct for the last three million years, *viz.*, that sugar is a full member of the great Dietetic Trinity, the three great indispensable food substances: Meats, Starch-sugars, Fats (*proteins, carbohydrates, hydrocarbons*), without which no animal can maintain life or health. If any man is going to maintain an exclusive diet from which any one of these three food foundation-stones is to be omitted, in the first place he will have to do it on laboratory or factory products; and in the second place he will have to eat considerable amounts of his tabooed substance without knowing it—or admitting it in public—if he expects to continue on this mundane sphere. Perhaps on the other side of the Jordan we may succeed in existing upon sugar-free, meat-free, grease-free, purin-free, or salt-free dietary, but never on this.

"Now, what is all this sugar doing 'in that gallery' of the muscle cell? All sorts of curious answers have been returned to this question. It was supposed to be a sort of storage product—the liquid capital of the body's savings-bank, like fat, or like starch in the vegetable. It was even put down as a waste product, and it was only a few years ago that the real purpose and importance of its presence was discovered. To put it briefly and roughly, it serves as the fuel for the muscle engine. Each of those tiny explosions, which we call a contraction, of muscle, burns up and destroys a certain amount of sugar, and as soon as the free sugar in the muscle has been used up, then that muscle is as incapable of further contraction as an automobile is of speed when its gasoline tank is empty.

"Muscles of cold-blooded animals, like the heart of a tortoise, for instance, can be completely removed from the body and kept beating regularly, not merely for days, but even for weeks, as long as they are supplied with artificial 'blood' to pump through themselves, consisting solely of a solution of certain proportions of salts and grape-sugar. While our muscle-engines can burn protein and, at a pinch, fat, yet it is pretty certain now that their chief and preferred fuel is sugar in some form. The best and most readily absorbed and combustible sugar is that contained, as we have seen, in meat, milk, etc. (*proteins*), but the starch of grains and the sugar of fruits is a pretty close second, tho it is doubtful whether these alone can ever completely meet the fuel demands of the organism. Certainly every


known animal and race of man has both his vigor and his disease-resisting power increased by taking part of his sugar-fuel in animal form."

Practically, man, while preferring muscle *protein* and muscle sugar to all others, has always been both driven by necessity and led by instinct to draw a large share of both his *protein* and sugar-starch fuel from the vegetable kingdom. The greatest advantage of these vegetable foods is their cheapness, but they also possess certain other desirable qualities, such as forming waste products which help to neutralize those produced by meat and which, being thrown off by the lungs in the form of carbon dioxide, help to relieve the otherwise heavy burden of excretion thrown upon kidneys and skin. Both the bulk and the majority of the fuel value of every known human diet save that of a few hunting tribes, consists of starch in some form and every particle of this has to be turned into sugar before it can be utilized in the body.

"A singular feature is that while practically every one concedes the wholesomeness, nay, even the positive virtue of starch, there is a strong popular prejudice against its twin carbohydrate, sugar. Sugar-eating—candy-gorging—is denounced without stint both by mothers in Israel, hard-headed economists, and diet reformers of all classes. It is bewailed as the dietetic sin of the century, the cause of the decay of modern teeth, of the alleged decline of modern physique and vigor, the fertile cause of fermentations and putrefactions in the stomach and bowels, the shortener of life and precipitator of old age; while an alarming list of the ills of twentieth century humanity such as diabetes, gout, cancer, and nervous diseases are laid at its door. In fact, in certain circles it is berated almost as vehemently as a *fons et origo mali* as its second cousin, alcohol, is in others. This eager thirst for single and simple causes of multiple and complex evils is one of the pet obsessions of human thought. It invented the devil in primitive times, and the drink demon, the cigarette field, the meat-lust, and the sugar habit of our own day. While our denunciations of all these evils have unquestionably a certain amount of rational basis in fact, they have been and still are carried to absurd and injurious extremes.

"The very authorities who are most vehement against sugar are at the same time, like most diet reformers of today, ardent and devoted worshippers of starch, every particle of which has to be turned into sugar before it can be utilized by the body—not cane sugar or beet sugar, it is true—but one equally subject to fermentations of all sorts and even more capable of giving rise to diabetes, premature old age, and the whole train of evils laid at its door."

THE AVERAGE INDIVIDUAL AS A CARRIER OF TYPHOID

OTHING could be more unscientific than the wonder inspired by the case of a young woman whom the sanitary authorities have imprisoned as a spreader of typhoid fever. The truth is, according to that careful investigator of the fever, Dr. L. O. Howard, in a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, that human carriers of typhoid fever are numerous. If it be just to incarcerate one young woman as a source of the disease, it would be right to imprison half the population of the country for the same offense. Because the connection between one case of the fever and another is misunderstood, there exists in many parts of the land something very like a typhoid fever "craze." This is due, in part, to a sudden awakening to the importance of the ordinary house fly, which should be known in the future, in the opinion of Dr. Howard, as "the typhoid fly," for it is the source of the fever epidemics. The true connection of the so-called house fly with typhoid fever and the true scientific evidence regarding the part it plays as a carrier of that disease have so recently been worked out that all sorts of misconceptions still prevail. Ten years have not passed since Doctor Howard—from whose bulletin, issued by the government, we take these particulars—began the study of the typhoid or house fly under both city and country conditions. He made a rather thoro study of the insect fauna of human excrement and a further investigation of the species of insects that are attracted to food supplies in houses. He soon demonstrated that the house fly, while breeding most numerous in horse stables, is also attracted to human excrement and will breed in this substance. It was shown that in towns where the box privy is still in existence the house fly is attracted to the excrement, as also in the filthy regions of a city where sanitary supervision is lax and where in low alleys and corners and in vacant lots excrement is deposited by unclean people.

"Now, when we consider the prevalence of typhoid fever and that virulent typhoid bacilli may occur in the excrement of an individual for some time before the disease is recognized in him, and that the same virulent germs may be found in the excrement for a long time after the apparent recovery of a patient, the wonder

is not that typhoid is so prevalent, but that it does not prevail to a much greater extent. Box privies should be abolished in every community. The depositing of excrement in the open within town or city limits should be considered a punishable misdemeanor in communities which have not already such regulations, and it should be enforced more rigorously in towns in which it is already a rule. Such offenses are generally committed after dark, and it is often difficult or even impossible to trace the offender; therefore, the regulation should be carried even further and require the first responsible person who notices the deposit to immediately inform the police, so that it may be removed or covered up. Dead animals are so reported; but human excrement is much more dangerous. Boards of health in all communities should look after the proper treatment or disposal of horse manure, primarily in order to reduce the number of house flies to a minimum, and all regulations regarding the disposal of garbage and foul matter should be made more stringent and should be more stringently enforced."

Doctor Howard specially calls attention to the activity of bacilli in excreta passed by individuals after apparent recovery from typhoid. Much attention has lately been concentrated upon this point by scientific investigators with the result of establishing that individuals who are chronic spreaders of typhoid fever are not rarities at all. Indeed, in the light of Doctor Howard's investigations, supported by the evidence collected in various laboratories, it must henceforth be assumed that the average individual is a far more efficacious source of contagion than the attention given to "typhoid Mary" would lead one to suppose. Dramatic, to be sure, are the circumstances surrounding the discovery by Doctor George A. Soper of the cook successively employed in different New York families, whose innocent propagation of the typhoid infection has won her world-wide notoriety—even to the extent of satirical verses in *London Punch*. The young woman is not a scientific wonder, however, in spite of the sensation she creates in the newspapers. In a paper by Drs. Davids and Walker, just read before the Royal Sanitary Institute of London, the history is given of four personal carriers of typhoid who had communicated the disease to numbers of people. Investigation confirms the deduction that the average man is guilty as "typhoid Mary."

Recent Poetry



HERE ought to be enough inspiration in recent events to keep our poets working overtime. If they have been doing so, the resulting product that has so far appeared is not large in quantity nor, with one or two exceptions, particularly impressive in quality. But it takes time to bring a rare flower to perfection, and such subjects as wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes and the discovery of the North Pole can not be adequately poetized over night. For true poetry is not, as journalism has been defined to be, "literature in a hurry." It may come in a quick flash of inspiration, but it oftener comes as the result of a more or less leisurely brooding. It is the child of meditation. We have seen Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, in presenting a volume of his verses, sit down and dash off on the fly leaf a number of new stanzas in as many minutes; but Tennyson and Browning did not work in that way.

Far the best thing called out by the Hudson-Fulton celebration is Dr. Van Dyke's poem in *The Outlook*. Dr. Van Dyke never does anything ill and never does anything supremely well. He is the J. G. Holland of our day, versatile, wholesome, nourishing and deservedly popular as a writer; but he never catches us up in a rapture to the highest heavens. He comes pretty near to doing so, however, in his Hudson poem. We reprint about two-thirds of it.

HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

By HENRY VAN DYKE

One sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one, God knows! For never ship
But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
These waters greater grown than any since
We left the shore of England. We were first,
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And floes to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
I name it! and that flying sail is mine!
And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
My ship Discoverie!

I believe
That God has poured the ocean round His world,
Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
And all the English seamen who have dared
In little ships to plow uncharted waves—
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher.

Raleigh and Gilbert—all the other names—
Are written in the chivalry of God
As men who served His purpose. I would claim
A place among that knighthood of the sea:
And I have earned it, tho my quest should fail!
For mark me well. The honor of our life
Derives from this: to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
Then, tho we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and along the path we find
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!
I know not why, but something in my heart
Has always whispered, "Westward seek your
aim."

Four times they sent me east, but still my prow
Turned west again, and felt among the floes
Of rattling ice along the Gröneland coast,
And down the rugged shores of Newfoundland,
And past the rocky capes and sandy bays
Where Gosnold sailed,—like one who feels his
way

With outstretched hand across a darkened
room,—

I groped among the inlets and the isles,
To find the passage to the Isles of Spice.
I have not found it yet—but I have found
Things worth the finding!

Son, have you forgot
Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship Half-Moon—
The flag of Holland floating at her peak—
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the waves:
And so we bore to westward, past the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
Was troubled by a downward-rolling flood
That seemed to come from far away—perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?
We followed that wide waterway, by palisades
Of naked rock where giants might have held
Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the
stream;

And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
Upstream, to find—what I already knew—
We sailed upon a river, not a strait!

But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and
dale

The many-colored mantle of their crops.
I see the terraced vineyards on the slopes
Where now the wild grape loops the tangled
wood;

And cattle feeding where the red deer roam;
And wild bees gathered into busy hives
To store their silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine,—
The thread that links a hundred towns and
towers!

All this I see, and when it comes to pass
I prophesy a city on the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth,—
The gateway city of a golden world,—
A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a busy host of men,
While to her open door, across the bay,
The ships of all the nations flock like doves!
My name will be remembered there, for men
Will say, "This river and this bay were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

Yes, yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,
My great adventure, pole-star of my heart!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
The channel opens to the Orient,—
I know it,—and some day a little ship
Will enter there and battle safely through!
And why not ours—to-morrow—who can tell?
We hold by hope as long as life endures:
These are the longest days of all the year,
The world is round, and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
So point her up, John King, nor west by north!
We'll keep the honor of a certain aim
Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

One of our newspapers, *The Times*, complains mildly of the large amount of worthless verse which has been sent to it, inspired, or instigated, by the Hudson-Fulton celebration. The following poem which it prints belongs in a very different category. It is well-conceived and, so to speak, deftly toolled.

THE CLERMONT

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A roar of smoke from her iron stack
That frights the ghosts of the haunted Hollow;
A churn of foam and a broadening track
That all the fleets of the world shall follow.

She needs no aid of the swelling sail;
Her engine pants and her timbers quiver,
She lifts her bows in the northern gale
And breasts the tide of the lordly river.

The round-eyed host at his tavern door
Lets fall the pipe and the frothing flagon;
The brown-winged sloops of the Tappan shore
Make startled way for the snorting dragon.

The reapers halt and the binders flock
To gaze in awe at the floating wonder;
The red buck stamps on the basalt rock
And bounds away to the Hill of Thunder.

A fabled road to the far Cathay,
Old Hudson sought in our western highlands,
But here's the key to a shorter way
Through all the seas to the farthest islands.

The craftsman's hand and the thinker's dream
Have knit the lands in a shortening tether;
The wit of Man and the might of Steam
Shall draw the rims of the world together.

A roar of smoke from her iron stack
That frights old ghosts from the haunted
Hollow;
A churn of foam and a broadening track
For all the fleets of the world to follow.

The wireless has already inspired one or
two strong poems. Here, now, is one of real
significance, called forth by the aeroplane. It
is taken from *Popular Mechanics*:

WINGS

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

The hand of man, emerging from the mist
Of primal ages, was a hairy fist,
All blood-bedabbled; for the hand had killed
Before it learned to sow and reap and build.
So each new tool was but a weapon fit
To add new terrors to the blow of it.
The first rude ax was formed for bloody deed,
Split skulls before it served the builder's need.
And thus through ages runs the tale; by worst
Of uses is the new-found tool accurst,
Yet we believe what prophet's words record,
That into plowshares men shall beat the sword.

For centuries we stood upon the edge
Of space and yearned, while sparrows from the
hedge
Took flight and taunted us. "That I had wings!"
'Mid stormy music, thus the Psalmist sings,
"Then would I fly away and be at rest."

And lo, the wings are ours, a gift, the best
The genius of our race has forged; a tool
Fit for our eager age. What says the fool,
The War-brute? "This is *mine*, for brawls and
strife,

As hawk-wings are the hawk's—for taking life!"

Well, claim them, War-god! Use them till the
race

Will kill for you no more. What narrow space
Holds man today apart from brother man,
A range of rock, a river or a span
Of channel! and our wings shall overleap
These dwarfish landmarks. *Then* what king shall
keep

His folk from merging with humanity
As waters intermingle in the sea?

Sail forth, winged Argonauts of trackless air,
And as upon your homeward course you fare
Bring heavenly treasure. Neither gold nor steel,
Nor gross and earthy wealth weight your light
keel;

Man's Brotherhood, bring *that* as Golden Fleece
On sun-blest wings, bright harbingers of peace.

Most of our popular songs that are more than thirty years old, even including the college songs, were composed and written in a minor key, reflecting, perhaps, the struggles of pioneer days or, later, the sorrows inflicted upon every community by the Civil War. The same may be said, in a less degree, of our poetry of thirty years or more ago. We are reminded of this fact by the volume just published (Moffat, Yard and Company) of the collected poems of William Winter. It is reassuring to feel that we still have with us a poet who has to his credit such a large output of genuine lyrical verse. Winter is almost the only link left binding us closely to the literary period of Emerson and Lowell and Longfellow and Holmes and Bryant, and he shows himself in this volume to have been no unworthy associate of the men whose names have been household words for a generation and more. His melody is exquisite, his imagery delicately beautiful, his vocabulary instinctively poetic. But from the earliest of his work to the latest the minor chords predominate. The love of which he sings is usually love irreparably lost. Death, Fate, the *vanitas vanitatum* of the preacher, are subjects that have always attracted his muse. He faces such subjects with a manly heart and a brave mien, but they give to most of his volume an atmosphere of pensive, high-bred melancholy.

We quote one of the best of his poems. It has an interest, aside from its fine poetic quality, because of the fact that it was the poem

that Edwin Booth was reading just before he retired to the bed from which he never rose again:

HOMEWARD BOUND

BY WILLIAM WINTER

On roseate shores, in evening's glow,
With pulsing music soft and sweet,
While winds of summer gently blow,
The waves of time's great ocean beat;
No cloud obscures the heavenly dome,
And only on the shining sea
The tossing crests of silver foam
Presage the tempest yet to be.

Low down upon the ocean's verge,
Blent with the waters and the skies,
Far, far across the sounding surge
The golden city's towers arise:
Fair in the sunset light they gleam,
Youth's chosen realm, bold manhood's goal,
The promised land of fancy's dream,
The golden city of the soul!

How softly bright, how purely cold,
Those domes and pinnacles of bliss!
How radiant, through its gates of gold,
That world of rapture smiles on this!
How glorious, in the dying day,
O'er bastion ridge and glimmering moat,
Through rainbow clouds and rosy spray,
Its purple banners flash and float!

There, safe from every mortal ill,
Waits every wasted wish of man;
The hopes that time could ne'er fulfill,
And only Death and Nature can!
There peace will touch the eyes of grief,
And mercy soothe the heart of pain;
And every bud, and flower, and leaf
That withered here will bloom again!

Ah, sailor to the golden realm,
With hope's glad haven clear before,
Why muse beside the idle helm,
With listless glances back to shore?
Night hovers o'er his trackless way,
To blot the stars and dim the land;
What voice is at his heart, to stay
The signal warfare of his hand?

Not thus, in other days, his soul
Of power and trust could wander back,—
But saw the mists of time unroll,
And angels throng the shining track;
Heard mystic voices, from afar,
Of warders on the sacred coast;
Sprang up to meet the morning star
And mingle with the heavenly host.

But he has borne the rage of storms
Through many a slow and patient year,
Still following those celestial forms
That beckon and elude him here;

Till doubt has dimmed his eager gaze,
And toil subdued his ardent mind,
And sorrow burdened all his days
With quest of peace he could not find.

Her kiss is cold upon his lips
Who swore to be forever true;
His eyes have seen youth's phantom ships
Fade down beyond the distant blue;
His hand has cleared the gathering moss
From many a tablet cold and white,
Where, dark with sense of doom and loss,
His comrades sleep, in starless night.

The wayward shafts of cruel fate,
That strike the best and purest lives;
The curse of blessings come too late;
The broken faith that life survives;
Love's frail pretense, ambition's lure,
Malignant envy's poisoned dart,
That wounds and tortures, past a cure,
The mangled, seared, embittered heart;—

The weary, wistful, sad repose
Of ardor quenched and feeling sped;
The arid calm he only knows
Whose hope is,—like his idols,—dead;
All that repentant spirits bear,
For sin and folly past recall—
Remorse, endurance, patience, care—
His soul has known and borne them all.

Ah, touch him gently, winds of night,
And ocean odors, vague and strange,
Revive his morn of young delight—
Supreme o'er doubt, and fear, and change!
The fading tints of life restore,
The wasted fires of youth relume,
And round his radiant path once more
Let music sound and roses bloom!

Long has he gazed in Nature's eyes,
Long kept the faith her glory yields,—
The pageant of the starry skies,
The flowery pomp of spangled fields,
The fragrant depth of woodland ways,
White in the moon, or dusk and dim,
And lonely mountain tops that blaze
Through sunset lustre, vast and grim.

Long has he bowed at Nature's shrine—
Shall Nature's soul desert him now?
Ah! shine again, thou star divine,
And touch with light his darkening brow!
Tho pleasures pall, tho idols fall,
Tho wisdom end in long regret,
Death's glorious conquest pays for all,
And He who made will not forget! . . .

The day is done, the storm is free,
And night and danger ride the gale;
But, bravely speeding, far at sea,
Gleams white and clear a lessening sail!
One moment seen, now lost to sight,
'Mid driving cloud and ocean's roar,

But, steered by Mercy's beacon light,
He yet shall reach the golden shore!

Very Wordsworthian in its tenderness
of tone and simplicity of style is the poem in
Scribner's by George Meredith:

"THE YEARS HAD WORN THEIR SEASON'S BELT"

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

The years had worn their season's belt,
From bud to rosy prime,
Since Nellie by the larch-pole knelt
And helped the hop to climb.

Most diligent of teachers then,
But now with all to learn,
She breathed beyond a thought of men,
Tho formed to make men burn.

She dwelt where twist low-beaten thorns;
Two mill-blades, like a snail,
Enormous, with inquiring horns,
Looked down on half the vale.

You know the gray of dew on grass
Ere with the young sun fired—
And you know well the thirst one has
For the coming and desired.

Quick in our ring she leapt, and gave
Her hand to left, to right.
No claim on her had any, save
To feed the joy of sight.

For man and maid a laughing word
She tossed in notes as clear
As when the February bird
Sings out that Spring is near.

Of what befell behind that scene
Let none who know reveal.
In ballad days she might have been
A heroine rousing steel.

On us did she bestow the hour,
And fixed it firm in thought;
Her spirit like a meadow flower
That gives, and asks for naught.

She seemed to make the sunlight stay
And show her in its pride.
O she was fair as a beech in May,
With the sun on the yonder side.

There was more life than breath can give,
In the looks in her fair form;
For little can we say we live
Until the heart is warm.

It is an old theme that Mr. Paine essays in
his poem in *Harper's*; but what does that mat-

ter when he succeeds so well in imparting to it a new beauty? It is a perfect little poem of its kind:

THE HILLS OF REST

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Beyond the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note, on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there: the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

"Golden Rod and Lilies" is a rather "sissy" title for a book of poems, but we find in the volume of this name, whose author is R. W. Gilbert and whose publisher is Richard G. Badger, many things that pleasure us. There is at times a queer mixture of the old and the new—a slang or sporty phrase injected into a poem of classic mold—that ought to offend but does not. It is seen in the first poem in the volume:

I REST IN GOD

BY R. W. GILBERT

I rest in God, and patiently abide,
Like the young willows by the waterside;
My roots reach out for Him, my leaves expand
To catch His sun and dew on every hand.

I rest in God as waterlilies float
Upon the quiet surface of a moat;
My leaves lie flatwise drinking up the cool
And healing waters of His silent pool.

I rest in God as little fishes swim
In the great sea, my paths are all in Him.

If He should fail, my being would go dry
And wither up beneath the glaring sky.

I rest in God, and loaf beneath the trees
Acquiring certain subtle masteries;
If I made haste would I sooner arrive?
And if I wait, will He then cease to strive?

I rest in God, I stay at home and dwell
In perfect safety by the mouth of hell;
While He remains my purposes are laws,
When He deserts me I shall lose my cause.

I rest in God, I eat and drink in Him,
And tackle life with unabated vim;
I beg the moon, and halloo to the sun
To stay his course as once at Ajalon.

I rest in God, I feel my oats indeed,
Heir and co-heir of an immortal breed.
The other gentlemen may duck and whine,
I cock my hat and dub myself divine.

I rest in God, like my good master, Walt,
And let the wincing world go by default;
Like him, a poet of democracy,
I love it well, but it must come to me.

I rest in God, and hold myself aloof
From the least dream of praise or of reproof;
If God is suited, why should I complain,
And strive to regulate His sun and rain?

I rest in God, I take it as it comes
And hanker for no far milleniums.
They probably will have their defects too,
And turn, like ours, upon the point of view.

I rest in God, like the small saucy birds
Whose throats choke up with glad and grateful
words,
And I would sing like them till night shall fall
And gently hush the music of us all.

Here is something that is neat and sweet.
It comes from *Harper's Bazar*:

MY CREED


BY HOWARD ARNOLD WALTERS

I would be true, for there are those who trust
me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

T LAST Mr. Hewlett has discovered modernity. Starting with "The Forest Lovers," halting with "Richard Yea and Nay," he now lands in the twentieth century. And the critics, strange to say, demur at this change. "He is writing good stories of today," admits the Cleve-

land *Plain Dealer*, "but scores of other writers are doing about as well, while no one is even remotely approaching the merit of Mr. Hewlett's earlier romances." And the *New York Tribune*, with eyes but half regretful, weeps that the author of "The Queen's Quair" has suffered sad change. In the old days he was all for the experience of the individual moved by deep passion and excitingly at play with circumstance. "Since then," we are told, "he has turned more metaphysical, has become more inquisitive about modern life, and has, we dare say, been feeling the influence of so-called 'advanced' ideas."

"At one moment in this book you feel that he is a belated William Morris, talking romantic Socialism several days after the affair. At another you wonder if he has not been reading the books of Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw and the rest, until he has been fired with an ambition to compete with them in their own field. Then, again, he suggests that he is simply trying to apply to the life of today the ideal of primitive emotion of which he has made such good use in his stories of the past. One thing that is certain is that he is no longer content to tell a vivid human story just for the sake of the story."

Senhouse, a latter-day pagan, a vagabond and aristocrat, whose acquaintance we have already made in "Halfway House," is the central figure. He talks well, but he talks a good deal. We confess that he bores us. Few critics are equally frank, but between the lines we discern their yawns. Whenever an opportunity offers, and Mr. Hewlett sees to it that it is not lacking, Senhouse mounts the oracular tripod and delivers himself at length on the world, the flesh, and the devil, on church, state, property and riches, on poetry and history. Usually his sermons are embodied in letters to the girl whose destinies are

coupled or, at least, intimated in the story. If this does not become tiresome, it is, to quote the *Sun* (New York), because of the reader's gift as much as the author's. The young lady is Sanchia, youngest daughter among five of a rich London merchant. He first encounters her as she is just on the point of wading into a woodland pool, revealing an ankle worthy of Artemis. From this moment Senhouse counts his subjugation. His ideal of love, however, is not possession, but worship. He has no more idea of marrying her than a Greek would have had of marrying Artemis. His philosophy and his worship drive her into the arms of a young noble with a surplus wife. Sanchia, we read, will not give him up. She is thoroly honest, does not understand why, because she loves him and he loves her and she is, as she believes, necessary to him, she should throw him over just because some wicked woman years ago had made him miserable. Social convention does not appeal to her at all. Of course, mother and sisters are horror-smitten at the enormity of the idea, but Sanchia is quietly obdurate, and leaves her home.

There is no indication that he obtained a divorce; let us hope he did. The reader is merely assured that he and Sanchia are united under some bond. This suffices for Senhouse, "but," asks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "would it suffice for the world?" In venturing to discuss Senhouse, this gentleman gypsy, one is mindful of the risk it would be to take him prosaically. "The moment you turn poetry into prose you begin to tell lies," Mr. Hewlett remarks, and, says the *Chicago Evening Post*, this phrase saves his hero from literal attack. Yet the story stands or falls with him. "It stands or falls as the serious if far from prosaic revelation of him who has taken private vows of Poverty, Temperance and Simplicity, and, at the Anarchist's pole, is rivaling the Jesuit who tries to solve life with the other triune vow—Poverty, Chastity and Obedience."

"It is for pure romance that Senhouse is to be taken. For romance, intuitive with Mr. Hewlett, is not of the mechanical mind, but of the holy spirit. Romance is our effort to encompass the illimitable, to reveal the incommunicable. . .

"But while 'Open Country' is romance, one's attitude does not remain submissive and solicitous. At times the swimmer of one's fancy gulps his waves as well as cleaves them. And in spite of

* OPEN COUNTRY. By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

magical moments and inspired passages, the novel is not a definite impeccable achievement. One is inclined to remember the difference between Senhouse and the romantic vagabond of life. It is not that Senhouse is too good to be true. Realistically, he simply isn't good enough. He is machine-made rather than hand-made, proving, what the lover of realism has always contended, that the trouble with Romance is that it is not nearly as romantic as life.

"For the purpose of romance it was essential that Senhouse be a rebel. Every romantic figure

in this era of respectability must be a rebel. It is plainly impossible to think of romance in its social implications without imagining a naturalness, a simplicity, an honest independent self-running counter to the use and wont of the multitude. But the trouble with Senhouse's rebellion is its trim and bloodless character. In making him superior to human pains Mr. Hewlett has made him immune from them, and so the gentleman gypsy is too comfortable in his anarchy, too exceptionally himself, to have any communion with ourselves."



REcently referred to the extraordinary fact that novelists and poets apparently confine their attention almost exclusively to extra-marital liaisons, whereas in a strictly monogamic community we should naturally expect marriage in its various phases

THE HUNGRY HEART.

to demand the lion's share in literary analyses of the sex relations. While two young lovers in an orchard sighing may fill the imagination, two married people in a stone house living should make more serious demands upon our interest. Matrimony with its trials and tribulations, its tragedies and its joys, is surely of greater importance than the brief periods of calf love and courtship which precede it. Many modern stories, especially those of the French school, begin, we admit, where most novels end—after marriage, but the authors are generally less interested in the development of husband and wife than in the conflict arising from the presence of an unscrupulous intruder. There has been, however, of late a number of significant novels, notably "The Helpmate," "Together," "Old Wives for New," and "The Bride of the Mistletoe," where the author's attention has been focused upon problems inherent in matrimony itself. Mr. Phillips's new novel* is entitled to a place in this group. Presumably it is intended as a complement to the author's previous study, "Old Wives for New," in which the wife through sheer laziness, love for good feeding and mental inertia, loses the heart of her husband. In "The Hungry Heart," the husband, a fine, manly Westerner, a gentleman and a scholar, preoccupied with his work and indifferent to the claims of the wife for intellectual as well as physical companionship, is replaced in her affection, at least for a time, by another. Mr. Phillips shirks no issue; his heroine, Courtney

Vaughan, is a mother, and her philanderings with Basil Gallatin, a somewhat effete Easterner, end in plain, unredeemed adultery sustained through a considerable period of time. Richard, the husband, discovers the situation, and with unexpected magnanimity offers her both her freedom and her child. He technically abandons her in order to supply her with ground for divorce. Meanwhile Courtney discovers that Basil, far from satisfying the hunger of her heart, is morally and intellectually of inferior fibre. While feigning a modern view of woman, he really despises her for her relations with him, altho his passion overpowers his contempt. When the husband returns temporarily, a changed man, broadened through travel and his relations, more hinted at than expressed, with a fascinating widow abroad, she realizes her fatal error. Thus, after many conjugal storms, mutual comprehension reunites husband and wife.

The Evening Post is reminded by Mr. Phillips's fondness for exposing the weaknesses of polite society of a bull in a china shop. "He is," the reviewer asserts, "a voice of the Middle West; he speaks without conscious pose, as a plain man of the people, which is to say the people of the class and district from which he came. There is something impressive as well as comic in his insistent expression of a conviction that the East is really little better than the home of effeteness and affectation." While the present hero's mid-Westernism is less rampant than in "Joshua Craig," he is plainly differentiated in his creator's mind from Basil Gallatin, whose artificiality and spinelessness proclaim him from the East. The author's method, in the reviewer's opinion, unites realism and didacticism in such proportions as naturally to command, in his treatment of problems of sex, a large, if feminine, audience.

* *THE HUNGRY HEART.* By David Graham Phillips. D. Appleton & Company.

"The Hungry Heart" is a vigorous tract. Basil

Gallatin is a fair type of the invertebrate philanthropist. Richard Vaughan is, if you take him literally, rather absurd. His character is not developed: suddenly, at the proper time, he ceases to be one person and becomes another, by a process of conversion as violent and conventional as that of brother Oliver in 'As You Like It.' On the other hand, we may record with pleasure the impression that in Courtney Vaughan, with all her inconsistencies and failings, Mr. Phillips has come nearer the creation of a living human person than ever before."


The Boston *Transcript* calls to mind in connection with Mr. Phillips the hey-day of Mrs. Southworth's, Mrs. Holmes's, Miss M. E. Braddon's and the Duchess's successes, tho admitting a twentieth century difference in the author's treatment. Beyond this statement our discreet Boston contemporary refuses to commit itself. The majority of reviewers are outspoken in their condemnation of Mr. Phillips. "In his more recent novels," the Brooklyn *Eagle* indignantly scowls, "David Graham Phillips is displaying a fondness for subjects and method of treatment that inevitably must put his fiction on the 'index expurgatorius' of every careful censor of reading matter for the 'young person.' It does not follow that the 'young person' must be treated only to the whipped syllabus of literature, but there are certain themes that everyone recognizes are suited only for discussion 'in camera,' and among people of adult experience and knowledge." The narrative, thinks the same critic, at times is vividly dramatic, but the argument of the plot is so unsavory that it repels in-

stead of convinces. "It is the sort of fiction that is better left unwritten."

Mr. Phillips, suspects the *Age-Herald*, is trying to be a "prose Walt Whitman," producing "every now and then a prose 'Leaves of Grass,' that odoriferous classic." The Rochester *Post-Express* cannot believe in the final reconciliation. "Mr. Phillips," it says, "is a brilliant writer of fiction, but he is certainly not a great novelist." Several reviewers justly point out the length of the book as its chief fault. "The author loses strength and compactness by saying too much and suggesting too little." The number of reviewers who have fathomed the author's purpose are discouragingly small. Of these, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* hits the nail on the head. "One thing," it says in its summary of the book, "the novel seeks to prove and does. It shows that the American 'chivalry,' the outwardly abject veneration of man for woman, is largely sham."

"Mrs Vaughan was victim of this pleasing hypocrisy. Physically very beautiful, she had been widely adored, and had walked on the necks of a large coterie of males. Only after marriage did she learn that males have something else to do. When she found that beyond a doubt her husband had something to live for beside her and her soul, she grieved and sorrowed and pined and sought an 'affinity.'"

"It is one of those earnest, aimful, sincere books that may always be expected from Mr. Phillips. It is interesting, too, and considerably less unwholesome than might be expected from the foregoing outline."

F you had had an affair with a nice married woman—an affair not quite platonic—a friendship bordering on love, as the French say, *amitié amoureuse*—and she had for husband a cross, coarse fellow who not only didn't appreciate her, but was unfaith-

ful to her in seven lan-
guages; and if one day she
came to you and agreed to
go away with you for a

week or two, to the house of a friend of hers in the country; and if you got into the railway compartment with her and started for a vacation, like George Moore's "Lovers of Orelay," and you woke up before your destination was reached and found her dead of heart failure—what would you do to save her memory from stain, keep the fact of her errancy from her child and, of course, save herself?

This is William Marion Reedy's terse summary of an exciting problem presented in a brilliant novel* by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, widely reviewed and much condemned by the critics.

We shall quote more from Mr. Reedy presently; meanwhile we note the fact that those reviewers from whom we would expect the broadest tolerance are particularly severe in their condemnation. If "The Hungry Heart" is essentially a man's book, "The Uttermost Farthing" reveals on every page the point of view of a woman. The author reveals rare glimpses of feminine psychology which, while authentic, distress the male. Vanderlyn, a young American diplomatist, had loved Margaret Pargeter for years with unselfish, almost Quixotic, loyalty and affection, when to his

*THE UTMOST FARTHING. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Mitchell Kennerley.

astonishment she herself offers to run for his sake "the greatest risk which can in these days be incurred by civilized woman." He feels surprise and discomfort when Margaret, so refined, so delicately bred, discusses all the material details connected with their coming adventures—details from which the American diplomatist himself had shrunk, and which he would have done almost anything to spare her.

The lover's discomfort is apparently shared by the critics; only two reviewers, one a woman and one a poet, seem to judge charitably of the motives of the ill-fated woman. Margaret knew that she suffered from heart disease; she might die any moment. Perhaps she wanted to wrest one drop of honey from life before the end. She also suspected that her friendship had been a hindrance to Vanderlyn, and determined in a strange emotional fever to repay him for his life-long devotion. This, from the feminine point of view, was a sufficient justification of her immoral act, an act for which both lovers, in the Biblical phrase, paid the uttermost farthing.

Apart from the subtle depiction of feminine emotional logic, there is undoubtedly originality in a novel that begins with the death of the heroine. It is a subject that Maupassant would have delighted in. The present author adds the absorbing intensity of a detective tale to the piquancy of the interest. "It is impossible," remarks a reviewer in the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, whom we suspect of being a woman (a reviewer, moreover, who has damned "The Hungry Heart" with unequivocal ardor) "not to sympathize with the strong, keen Vanderlyn, who steadfastly carries out his purpose of shielding and holding high a woman's memory, matching his wits against the police and the press and—best of all—winning in the end."

In the opinion of *The World*, however, "The Uttermost Farthing" is not worth a brass farthing as a literary accomplishment. Even the flippant *Sun* reviewer is apparently shocked. "Anatole France might have justified his choice of such a theme as this; possibly Paul Bourget might have managed it with some propriety, but it is not often that a thesis of delicacy is more shockingly mauled than in this instance by the English author of 'The Uttermost Farthing.'"

And the none too squeamish editor of *The Mirror* delivers himself in this fashion:

"This is the fine flower of the fictive art as imported into English from the French. It is de Maupassant filtered through the literature of 'Bertha, The Cloak Model,' and the problem is solved by a trick that is beyond all artificiality in fiction since Horace Walpole's 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' The gentle reader is brought up at the end with the lover caring as a tender father for the son of the dead woman, and the husband gone off to his race horses with a light-o'-love, and as the lover suffered, and nobody knew, and the husband was a big coarse chuff anyhow, the affair was sanctified because it was love and glamour with death. Now this is the sort of thing that any girl or boy may pick up at any bookstore or on any train and read enchantedly. What does it prove? First, that two wrongs make a right. That if a woman's husband is bad she has a right to get even by doing to him what he does to her. Then the love was sacred because it was the culmination of long suffering, particularly because the woman so deliberately went to her lover, even without his asking her. It used to be the fashion to excuse such things to hot blood, but now they are finer, more 'divine,' the more closely they are reasoned. . . . In France there is much such fiction and no one much complains, but the young person doesn't read in France. French literature is for those who are dry behind the ears, and at that French fiction probably has colored French life as much as French life has given the tone to French fiction. Is there any excuse for such a novel being published in this country where the boys and girls can lay hold of it unhindered? I think not."

We hold no brief for salacious fiction, but we cannot, in this instance, escape the conviction that the author's feminine viewpoint somewhat prejudices masculine reviewers who accept much bolder challenges to conventional morality by masculine writers, written from masculine angles of vision, without hesitation. Edwin Markham, in the *New York American*, with a poet's finer appreciation, entirely waiving the moral issue involved, acknowledges the dramatic quality of the story and the wonderful vividness of the figures that live in this swift sketch "like figures caught sight of in some flying passage through a street, with their past and future never explained to us."

THE RAG—A STORY

This is a story of patriotism undermined and then restored. It is written by Leon Berthaut, published in *Le Petit Journal*, and translated by Helen E. Meyers. It is a French story and yet it is not French. It appeals to every man that has a country and a flag. It hits the center of the mark—the same mark hit by Dr. Hale's "The Man Without a Country."



JEAN PORNIC, seaman in the ship commanded by Romainville, had conducted himself well. He had been a good sailor, faithful to duty. He was frank, exact, neat and willing. His officers regretted that his lack of education forbade his promotion. As he was active and quick-witted (a quality even more desirable at sea than ashore), Romainville had taken him for his personal attendant. While the ship was in the harbor of Brest, Pornic was admirable. If he was a little the worse for cider once or twice, the fact was not known to the crew. What was known was that he was obedient, faithful, and, in short, everything that a seaman ought to be.

But Romainville was ordered to a ship in the harbor of Toulon, and in a wine shop near the wharves Pornic fell under the spell of an anarchist propagandist. Sitting in the wine shop, elbows on the table, chin in hands, he listened on until, won by the fiery eloquence of the radical, he believed and felt in his inmost soul all that he heard.

His calm nature and the lack of occasion prevented an exposure of his new ideas. In the ship he was close to the commander, and the commander's indulgence gave him no excuse for revolt. But as his convictions gained strength, his manner changed and his mocking air and the strange look in his brown eyes attracted the officer's attention. Romainville attributed the man's defiant looks to consciousness of some secret business of a purely personal character; so, shutting himself in his room with Pornic, he talked as a father talks to a son of temptations and the dangers of life.

Pornic did not answer.

A little later the ship received sailing orders. The roll was called. Pornic was not there.

"I guessed aright!" thought Romainville. "He has been bewitched by a girl, and now, when I am ready to sail, he is gone!"

He held the ship and a search gang went ashore.

They found Pornic in a wine shop with three anarchists. All four were on fire with drink. Pornic cursed the navy, threatened to blow up the ship, and, aided by the anarchists, fought the seamen. The seamen sent them rolling under the tables; then they dragged their drunkard back to duty.

In the commander's office, alone with Romainville, Pornic opened his heart.

"Absent without leave? I'm a free man, ain't I? The Navy? Sheep! The country? One country's as good as another! The flag? A rag! Let it go hang!"

Romainville eyed him; then, taking him by the

arms, he shoved him toward the door.

"Go to bed!" he said sternly. "Turn in at once! You are drunk and a man drunk is a beast. I will talk to you tomorrow."

Pornic glared. "I'll sleep here!" he said roughly. "I like this place. What's good for you is good for me!"

Romainville spoke in a low voice. "Be still! If you are heard discipline will force me to punish you."

A flood of abuse rushed to the sailor's lips. The commander forced him to the door. At the door Pornic turned and struck the commander in the face; the blow fell just above the jaw. "If it leaves a mark," Romainville said to himself, "I can say that I ran against my door in the dark. The man is drunk; he is not responsible."

Using but little of his herculean strength, he threw the sailor, held him down with one hand and with the other opened a cupboard and took out a roll of stout webbing. With that he bound Pornic hand and foot. Then he laid him on the floor by the wall.

"Lie there," he said calmly. "Sleep off your drink. In the morning we will talk."

Morning came. Pornic was sober. Romainville set him free.

"Now, Pornic," said he, "*Attention!* Mark well what I say to you. This matter is between you and me. Last night, when senseless from drink, you struck me. May the Eternal Judge deal with me as I deal with you! . . . In my own country I have a brother. His eyes are like your eyes. . . . When I look at you I think of him."

In silence Pornic listened. Romainville said in a low voice: "You may go, Pornic. The ship sailed at midnight. We are on blue water. When the sea has spoken to you with all its voices, I will talk to you again."

Pornic saluted, and without a word passed from the commander's presence. Romainville said to himself, "I have ignored discipline, but before the law of Arms comes the law of Love. It was not the man that did the evil; it was the drink. He is in my hands, he is weak, I am strong. The vast solitude of the sea will bring him to himself. He will come back to me, and at the last I shall be glad that I spared him."

But the days passed and Pornic showed no sign of softening. He did his work, but his averted eyes were hard. They reached the west coast of Africa. The ship entered a harbor shut in by mountains. The day was closing, and the flag, hailed by the clarions, had fluttered down. The rich light of the African sunset gave mysterious meaning to the always impressive beauty of the salute to the colors. Romainville's eyes rested

on the grave faces of the seamen and his heart thrilled. Pornic saw the tears on the bronzed cheeks of the sailors. His voice sounded in suppressed mockery on the commander's ear.

"Crying like babies for that rag!"

As if he had heard nothing, Romainville entered his cabin and closed the door.

That night the commander ordered the ship's company to be ready to go ashore early in the morning to visit the graves of two sailors who, having died near the harbor, had been carried to land and given burial. Romainville held it a sacred duty to visit the graves of his countrymen and, if necessary, replace the wooden crosses habitually used by French soldiers to mark the resting place of the French dead.

The men were on deck. The ship swung at anchor, and at the masthead the colors floated against the deep blue sky. On the gray-blue sea the dawn light shivered in silver spears.

Close to the ship's rail the men stood waiting. Romainville prepared them for their solemn work. He told them how the two Frenchmen had left their homes to lie down in the shadow of the African mountain, and with grave faces the seamen listened.

The small boats danced below the ship. The men were ready. Romainville, with feet on the ladder, turned to the master of arms.

"Give that parcel to Pornic!"

Pornic, carrying the parcel, followed the commander, and the men entered the boats.

Back from the shore, in a field of ferns, where the mountain planted its feet above the sea, under a tangle of wild vines, they found the graves. The crosses planted when the men were buried had rotted and fallen. Working fast in the hot light of the rising sun, the sailors made two new crosses. When they had set them in the earth one of the men knelt, covered his face with his cap and bowed his head. One by one the seamen followed his example, until all but Pornic were on their knees.

Knee deep in the wild verdure, troubled and irresolute, the little Breton stood, looking down.

Sighing as the winds sigh, the tide lapped the shore; and away up on the mountain the eagles screamed.

Romainville gave the men time to repeat the simple prayers learned in their villages, then he took the parcel from Pornic's arms, called to the master of arms to give him the staff left in one of the boats and opened the parcel.

It was a flag, one of the flags held in reserve until needed for some unlooked for ceremonial.

"Pornic!" called the officer.

"Commander!"

"Take this flag, nail it to the staff, then set it deep in earth between those graves!"

Pornic trembled. He nailed the flag to the staff; dug deep in the ground; planted the flag and braced it with earth and stones. Romainville crossed the field, halted beneath the flag, stood for a moment with head bowed, with his

cap in his crossed hands; then, calling the men to attention, he spoke:

"My children, we are in this silent place, alone with the eternal mountains and the eternal sea, to do the simplest of the soldier's duties. Here where the voice of man is never heard, two of our brothers lie, far from the land they loved; and we, whom they never knew, have come to do the work of love, of memory, of the gratitude of the country."

"We have marked these graves with the Cross, because the soldier's first duty is to respect the Nation's faith. But we must not forget that there is another duty and another faith, the faith that binds together the believer and the unbeliever—the Faith of the Patriot! Love of the Country—that belongs to every one of us, and to all who come after us."

"The Country! There is no other word that means so much. It means the plot of ground where we and all who came before us were born. It means all that we remember: the care-free sleep of those early years; the mornings when we met around the simple table to share the good things prepared for us by the toil-worn hands. It means the partings, the heartache, the heroic labor—everything, even to the nation's blood given freely to make of us one great family; a family known wherever man speaks to man as the protector of the weak and the defender of the wronged."

"It means the soul so individual and so distinct that seeing it among the nations the world recognizes it as ours."

"Strength, the integrity of the People—we mean all that when we say 'Our Country.'"

"Now the country has one representative: the Flag. The Flag stands for our faith, our honor, our homes, our graves. It stands for all that we hold sacred, from the mothers bending over the cradles to the old ones bending towards the tomb."

"The Country means the People and the Flag means the Country. And so, to honor them who died in the service of the Country, we leave the Flag to float above these graves, until, worn by time and by tempest, it falls to mingle with the atoms of the dust. We leave it in place of them who cannot murmur here their love and sorrow. In its folds the spirit of our land will linger in the sighing of the wind, in the voices of the sea and in the silence, to keep watch for the country; to guard the eternal sleep of them who walk the earth no more."

Through the tangled vines the seamen followed their commander to the boats, and solemnly, in silence, they climbed the ladder to the ship.

At sunset, when the men were swarming to salute the tricolor, Romainville opened his door.

Pornic, with arms crossed before his face, barred the way.

"What is it?" asked the commander. *"Have you come to tell me that you refuse to stand with us when we salute that rag? . . . No! no! Pornic! Not there!"* For Pornic had fallen at his feet.

"Commander . . . forget . . . forgive! . . . You had mercy, . . . you gave me my chance!"

Romainville cut short his prayers.

"I know all you would say. It is all past. You and I can begin again and, this time, hand in hand. You shall stand for me; you shall voice all that is in my soul: *Faith in God, Love of our Country*. Will you do that for me, Pornic?"

"Yes, commander, yes!"

"Come, then; they are waiting."

So the two were as one when the clarions pealed and the flag ran down from the masthead.

From that hour Pornic stood for the Flag.

When the ship anchored again at Toulon, when the sailors clinked glasses in the wine shops, the spellbinder was still at work. But the Breton scorned him. Doubt, bitterness, contempt—he had left all that down there in Africa where the flag floats against the deep green of the mountain, or droops in the hot mists above the graves.

THE GARDEN—A PROSE POEM

This beautiful little pastel, by May Preston Slosson, appeared in *The Independent* over a year ago. It is a rare and dainty bit of symbolism.



HEY had drawn very near each other, altho twenty years lay between them. Both were tall and strong and beautiful, tho in the eyes of one Hope smiled and in the eyes of the other Memory brooded. The woman spoke softly to the girl: "Will you walk in my garden?" And the girl knew she had received the highest honor.

They entered the garden through a low gate about which morning-glories twined. And the girl smiled at the flowers all about her, for they were the frank favorites of childhood. They grew in her own garden.

As they passed on they reached paths flecked with doubtful sunshine, wandering among tall lilies like white dreams, and the girl looked at her companion sisterwise, for it was all like her own garden.

But they strayed on into a band of rose-hued light athwart the path. Red roses were all around them, climbing over sweet arbors, flinging sprays of vivid color to the very top of the garden wall, which had suddenly grown high, shutting them into a secret place of glowing crimson and rich fragrance, as tho they had paused in the very heart of a rose. Red petals fluttered about their feet. The girl blushed, for she knew the meaning of the riot of roses. Still, she did not speak, for the spell of silence lay upon them in the ruby close.

Then came they into a sweeter place still, where the flower beds were little and low and fringed with the feathery plant known as

"Baby's Breath," and the girl spoke not for reverence of the place. At last they stood by such a little bed covered with white violets, and their breath was faint and sweet. The girl spoke at last:

"How could you bear it?"

And again in a sort of passion:

"How *can* one *ever* bear it?"

The woman said:

"It *must* be borne!"

But the girl's tears dropped fast upon the bed of violets and rebellion filled her heart for a grief she had not known.

"How came the violets here?"

"They did not grow at first. The ground was raw and red, like a wound—but they came—at last—one by one—dear little memories and tender thoughts, until the bed was covered as you see."

Peace filled the troubled heart of the girl. She lifted her head and both faced the western wall of the garden.

Against it flamed the rich colors of autumn foliage, asters and goldenrod gleamed among the purpling grass, their faces glowed in the sunset light. The woman spoke softly:

"The garden is not quite finished. There are new flowers to be planted at the end, rue and rosemary and heartease. I have shown you all that Innocence, Love and Grief have planted, but there are more beds to be made by hands unseen. But I do not fear them."

And the garden was very sweet as the twilight fell.

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This noted author has returned to the region of his greatest triumph, Africa, and set his scenes in that wonderful country. It is a powerful drama—a contest between materialism and idealism, between a man who loves the soul and a woman who adores the body. *Ready early in October.*

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Humor of Life

WHAT HE GOT

A good many years ago, in the State of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said: "Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

TRUTHFUL JAMES

Short: "If Long calls with that little bill tell him I'm out."

Mrs. Short: "But that would be telling a falsehood."

Short: "Nothing of the kind. I'm out of cash."—*Exchange*.

A DIAGNOSIS

"How's yer 'usband after the accident, Mrs. Ginnerty?"

"Faith, sumtoimes he's betther an' sumtoimes he's wurse, but from the way he yils an' takes on when he's betther, Oi think he's betther whin he's wurse."—*Exchange*.

HIS BEST JOB

"What was the best job you ever did?" inquired the first barber.

"I once shaved a man," replied the second barber.

"Go on."

"Then I persuaded him to have a hair cut, shampoo, facial massage, singe, sea-foam, electric buzz, tar spray, and tonic rub."

"What then?"

"By that time he needed another shave."—*Exchange*.

JOHNNY'S FEAR

An ambitious politician who has at various times been a candidate for public office has a son, a lad of eight, who, meditating upon the uncertainties of kingly existence, at last asked his mother:—

"If the King of England should die, who would be King?"

"The Prince of Wales."

"And if he should die, who would be King?"

His mother turned the question off in some way, when the boy with a deep breath, said:—

"Well, anyway, I hope pa won't try for it."—*London Tit Bits*.



WONDERFUL MAN

He (declaiming): "Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll."
Week-old Bride: "Oh! Edward, it's doing it."



"GOOD 'EVENS, BILL! D'Y 'EAR THAT? IT'S
THE DINNER BELL"

—The Tatler.

ENTERPRISE

That the passion for exclusive news "stories" is by no means confined to the newspapers of the big cities was amusingly illustrated, not long ago, by an editorial notice in a country paper in Iowa.

"We were the first journal in the State," ran this notice, "to announce, on the 11th instant, the news of the destruction in Des Moines, by fire, of the mammoth painting establishment of Jenkins & Brothers. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report was absolutely without foundation."—*Harper's Magazine*.

NOT A ROWBOAT BETWEEN THEM

Former Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who has been in Washington for a time this past session, heard an argument out in Boise City between two Irishmen concerning the advisability of a great navy. It was at the time of the Japanese scare, and the people in the far Western country were all wrought up.

"I'm wid Teddy on this," said one. "We must have a big navy. The bigger the better, says I. No nation can be thrully great without a navy. No nation ever has."

"Whist!" put in the other Irishman. "No nation has never been great without a navy? Luk at Ireland an' th' Jews, an' thim widout a rowboat bechune thim!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

WHY WOMEN'S MINDS ARE CLEANER

"Of course women should vote," he said. "Women deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing he had taken to dinner. "Of course they are, ever and ever so much cleaner! But how do you know that?"

"Because they change them so much oftener," said he solemnly.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

VERY DRY GROUND

A young man who lived in Chicago was drinking more than was good for him. His friends tried to stop him, but were unsuccessful.

Finally, one of them took him to Peoria, Illinois, where there are many great distillers. They arrived about eight o'clock one evening and walked around.

"Now, look here, Jim," said the good Samaritan friend, "all these big buildings you see here are distilleries. I just brought you down here to show you that your idea you can drink all the whisky they make is foolish. You can't beat them. You can't consume what they make and you'd better quit."

"Maybe I can't consume all they make," the young man replied, "but," he added with much pride, "I'll have you notice I've got them working nights."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

NO OFFENCE TAKEN

Indignant Passenger (to railway manager): "Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me ten shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye. What do you propose to do in the matter?"

Railway Manager: "Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our property—the cinder, of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought."—*Spare Moments*.

DOLLY'S RETORT

"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly defiantly. "Naughty, naughty," reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes, and now look at it!"—*Everybody's*.

ON INSTALMENT

Boile: "The Binkses must buy everything on the instalment plan."

Hammer: "What makes you think so?"

Boile: "I heard Jimmy Binks ask his father whether their new baby would be taken away if they couldn't keep up the payments."—*Exchange*.

INTERNAL BATHING: AN ESSENTIAL FACTOR IN MODERN LIVING.



If you had an automobile and never cleaned it internally, but allowed the oil, the residue from the fuel and the particles of waste which the machine itself produces to accumulate, you would not be surprised if it not only clogged up, but wore out.

If your watch is left to its own resources and not cleaned internally in the most thorough way, it will, even though "dust-tight," gather to itself enough foreign matter to put it out of business.

And every day that an "unclean" watch, auto, or any other machine is compelled to run wears seriously its vital parts and saps its vitality.

Just so is the human vitality sapped and the "works" of humans worn—not, mind you, if we lived strictly up to the simple, primitive, but rigorous laws of nature; but who does, and who can?

Man of today is as near a machine as he probably ever can become and still exist, and to keep him in perfect "running order" he has to be treated as such. Now, if your watch or auto were "clogged up" with foreign matter threatening its very existence unless removed, would you apply acid to rid it of this foreign matter? You could get an acid that would do it, but you know that it would also injure the mechanism.

So I don't think you would use it—you would cleanse with that which Nature has provided to make and keep it clean with no injury to the "works."

I wonder why everyone does not treat the most precious thing on earth to them, their physical bodies, in the same considerate fashion. Everyone knows that their internal organs make waste which is rank poison to the blood and the system, and, under our present mode of living, the functions ridding it of these are, without aid of some kind, unable to accomplish it.

Their first thought is of the drug-shop and medicine. Never a thought of whether Nature can be assisted by her own provisions, but "Acid to the machine"—that's just what it means.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

The waste in the system can be effectually reached, and the intestines cleansed and kept pure by Nature's greatest cleanser and healer, Warm Water, which, if properly introduced, is the only rational, safe and sure way of purifying, sterilizing and keeping in perfect working order the internal organism.

No poison, no violence here. Just as sensible and sure a method as is external bathing certain to keep the pores open and the external organism sweet and clean.

That dangerous and incidentally very expensive disease, Appendicitis, is caused solely and directly by accumulated waste. Indirectly I would hesitate to name the complaints attributable to this same cause. It is a well-known fact that the blood, in circulating, comes in contact with the contents of the colon twice in twenty-four hours, and, taking up by absorption the poisons they contain, distributes them throughout the entire system.

The system is gradually weakened until it is no longer able to fight successfully against the microbes which are taken into the body through the air and otherwise, and are continually struggling for the mastery—those germs which are dominant at the time inevitably gain the upper hand and the particular illness which they produce develops.

I would advise everyone who is interested in keeping as near a perfectly healthy condition as possible without racking the system by unnatural drugging to write personally to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 135L West 65th Street, New York, mentioning that they have read this article. He will be glad, under these conditions, to send, without cost, a treatise on Internal Baths, called "The What, The Why, The Way."

It will be very interesting to everyone, as it shows clearly how rational is the system of Internal Bathing, and in what way it differs from and is superior to forcing and injuring the functions by drugs—much clearer and in greater detail than can be covered by this brief article.

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The FLUTE of the GODS

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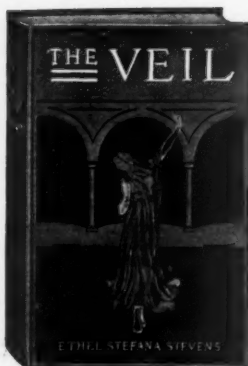
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